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ANEC DOTES
OF
THE ARISTOCRACY,

AND
Episodes of Ancestral Story.

BY
J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE."

Second Series.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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LONDON:
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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE
THE HEIR OF THE GLANVILLES	1
THE DECADENCE OF FAMILIES	28
THE DREAM OF SIR THOMAS PRENDERGAST, BART.	40
THE TRAGEDIE OF SIR JOHN ELAND OF ELAND	52
THE EARL OF ESSEX.	80
THE IMPRISONED LADY	83
THE BEAUTIFUL MISS AMBROSE	88
THE MASTER OF BURLEIGH	90
THE ST. LAWRENCES, (EARLS OF HOWTH)	98
AN IRISH LANDLORD	102
THE RADIANT BOY; AN APPARITION SEEN BY THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY	105
SIR JOHN DINELY, BART.	109
THE LEGEND OF CHILLINGTON	118
A WELSH TRADITION	126

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE SIEGE OF CORFE CASTLE, DORSETSHIRE . . .	128
PEMBROKE AND WHARTON	142
QUEEN ANNE'S GREAT-GRANDMOTHER	147
THE BYRON FAMILY	156
LADY HARRIET ACLAND	161
THE LENS	172
THE WHITE KNIGHT'S TOMB; A TALE OF KILMALLOCK	181
A TALE OF BULGADEN HALL	191
THE GOOD EARL OF KINGSTON	203
LISNABRIN	210
THE DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	
AND THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA	230
THE EARL OF CHESTER	246
CALVERLEY OF CALVERLEY	257
GRACE O'MALLEY	301
RODERIC O'CONNOR, THE LAST KING OF IRELAND .	320
SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM AND THE WHITE HORSE .	327
OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY	331
ACTRESSES RAISED BY MARRIAGE	335

ANECDOTES
OF
THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE HEIR OF THE GLANVILLES.

It was the late hour of nine at night—late that is for the days of Charles the First—and yet the tavern of the Golden Hawk was well nigh deserted, and had been so for the last three hours, although one of the most favourite resorts of the gallants in the neighbourhood of Powles, as St. Paul's was then familiarly called. Three visitors alone were to be seen there; one occupied a corner by himself; the other two were lazily discussing a quart of sherry amidst clouds of smoke of their own raising, while they half reclined upon the benches. As regards these last, there was a considerable difference in their ages, and even more

so in their manners; the younger had all the appearance of a man who had been bred up amidst the luxuries of fortune, and although his face was haggard, and his cloak was soiled, it was plain enough to see that he was, in the language of the times, a cavalier; the elder was in the prime of life, or even something beyond it, and had an air of good humoured swagger, which, with the farther evidence of his buff belt, sun-burnt cheeks, and enormous black moustaches, gave ample grounds for setting him down as a soldado,—as one, that is, who had seen service.

For some time the worthy computators persevered in this sleepy silence, when the soldier, who had just brought his pipe to an end, suddenly burst out with—"Sir Francis, as I hope thou wilt be one day, when thy old father, the excellent Sir John, exchanges the furred robe of a judge for a woollen shroud—I pray of thee to expound me one small matter?"

"And what is it?" asked the other.

"Why, is it not strange now, that Frank Glanville should sort and consort with a fellow like me, wasting his time in taverns, drinking, dicing, and brawling, when he might be a man of worship, and, for ought I know, sitting on the same bench with his father? I should like to know the reason of it."

"The same reason, I suppose, that makes a tavern-hunter, drinker, dicer, and brawler, of Master Dick Tavestock."

"The cases are not alike," replied the soldier, filling up his pipe again. "My money went long ago, so did my character, so did my good fortune; but you have prospects—at least you would have, if you played your cards better."

"I defy any one to play his cards better, or troll the doctors better than I do," replied Francis, wilfully mistaking him, though in a manner that shewed he felt the rebuke.

"In that sense, I grant you; but I spoke of playing your cards with the grave judge your father—humouring the old man in his whims—foiling the plans of the fox, your brother."

"What plans?" demanded Frank.

"Folks say he's a good young man, a nice young man, a steady young man, one that wears a well-starched ruff, wipes his mouth cleanly after a single glass of sherris, sticks to his law-books—in short, a chip of the old block!"

"And what then? what is it to me whether he drinks one glass or a dozen? I'm not to pay for them, am I?"

"No, you're only to pay for what he does *not* drink."

"The devil I am."

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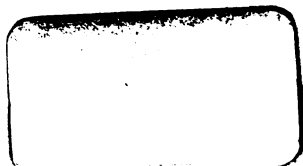
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ing quietly left the room ; in passing them, however, he gave them a brief but searching glance, which made the soldier's wrath blaze up in an instant ; he dashed down his cup, and swore lustily that he would crop the merchant's ears for him, a threat he was likely enough to have executed, if Francis had not interfered. It was not that the latter had in general the slightest objection to these tavern-brawls, but there was something in the mild, sympathizing glance of the stranger, that for a moment called into action the better feelings, which, though they had long lain dormant in him, had never been totally extinct. Neither was the soldier's wrath of a very enduring kind ; laughing at himself, he returned the half drawn sword to its sheath, and applied himself once more to the wine-cup. But even this occupation, it seemed, had lost its relish, for he set it down again with a grimace as if it had been physic.

"It's a queer thing," he said, "but drink as I will I can't comfortably get drunk like other people. And yet I have been soaking till sack and sherris have no longer any taste in my mouth, more than so much water."

"Why then since no one appears likely to visit the Golden Hawk to-night, suppose we hunt abroad for something to amuse us. If we can find no jolly fellows like ourselves who are willing to

exchange a few blows with us in the way of love and good fellowship, we must e'en content ourselves with drubbing the watchmen, or being drubbed by them—it does not much matter which."

"Not a fico, lad—not a whit—not a jot, so as we have a row of some kind."

And forthwith the boon companions sallied forth into the night.

At the time of our narrative—our true narrative, be it remembered—the streets of London were lighted in a way that was only calculated to shew the darkness, and to dispel so much of it as might better enable the thieves and the disorderly of all sorts to carry on their separate vocations. The watchmen were for the most part selected, not from their fitness to the office but because they were fit for nothing else, and with their brown bills, and cressets instead of lanterns, they were anything but remarkable for maintaining order. The spirit of the age too was favourable to coarse indulgence; robbery itself, though a crime in the eye of the law, was far from being so severely condemned by public opinion, and he who felt disposed to play the midnight robber either in the city or on the highways might do so in exceedingly good company. In general therefore it was unnecessary to go far or wait long in search of adventures suited to the tastes of a roystering

blade, as they then called the wild debauchee and Mohock of a later period. Accordingly they had not gone far beyond St. Paul's church-yard, when from one of the many small streets opening into the greater thoroughfare, like so many lesser blood-vessels opening into a larger artery, they heard the clash of swords, mingled with brutal oaths and cries for help. Such sounds were music to the ears of our two wild-bloods, who instantly started off for the spot as if by mutual consent, when upon turning the corner they saw a man with his back against the wall defending himself as best he might against three ruffians. The moon being bright and shining full upon the scene, they had no difficulty in discovering that the weaker party was the stranger of the Golden Hawk.

"Voto de Dios!" exclaimed Tavestock; "'tis the old fellow we took for a citizen; but when did a flat-cap ever stand upon his defence in such soldierly fashion?"

"He may be the devil for aught I care," said his companion; "but being as he is, one against three, I'll do my best to help him."

"Agreed," replied the soldier; "fair play for ever!"

And with this cry they both drew their swords, and without more warning set upon the assailants, who finding themselves thus opposed to equal

numbers when they least expected it, immediately took to their heels. The aid, however, had but just come in time. It is true that the two or three wounds the old man had received were too slight to be worth speaking of, but even in this brief struggle his strength had begun to fail him, for it was only by the exercise of an activity far beyond his years that he had succeeded in keeping the ruffians at bay. In another minute the affair had probably been settled by his death. The first impulse of the two allies was to pursue them, but the authoritative tone of the old man checked their purpose.

“You shall run into no useless danger on my account,” he said; “there is no telling how near others of the gang may be.”

The valiant captain scouted the idea of danger from such scum of the earth, as he called them, protesting that he had often stood single-handed against a dozen taller fellows; but the stranger was peremptory; his age and manner both carried command with them notwithstanding his gentleness; and farther, to assure himself of their obedience he requested they would see him safe home to his lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Savoy. To such a request there could be no decently demurring, and the captain complied, the rather as he hoped on some future occasion to make the night's

adventure a means of drawing the old gentleman's purse-strings.

On reaching a narrow street not far from the Savoy, the old man knocked at the door of a house which stood at the extreme end, where it was closed in by an iron railing preventing any thoroughfare.

"Here," he said, "we must part for the present, for mine is an orderly household, and brooks no late hours. But you now know my lodgings, and when I farther tell you that I am William Crymes, of Killworthy, near Tavistock, in Devonshire, no more need be said to-night."

"Tavistock! why they call me Tavestock," exclaimed the captain. "By Saint George and his dragon to boot, I would we were as near in blood as in name."

"I said my name was Crymes," replied the old man drily.

"Did you?" retorted the unblushing soldier; "then it is your estate which is my namesake; and no offence to you, old gentleman, it were the better kinship."

"Be it so; I have no inclination to dispute that or anything else you may choose to advance at this late hour. Let me see you both to-morrow at midday, 'till when God be with you."

The street door opened while he was thus speak-

ing, and the old man having entered it was closed again without farther question. The two boon companions stood looking at each other for a few moments in dumb surprise at such laconic proceedings, and then simultaneously burst into a fit of laughter.

"The old gentleman," said Francis, "stands on little ceremony with his friends."

"As little," replied the soldier, "as I would with a tavern-drawer, or my landlord's fubsy wife when there's no rent owing;—marry, when I'm six months in arrear, as will sometimes happen, 'tis another matter. But nevertheless, and notwithstanding, as your lawyers say, I'll make something out of the old fellow—something handsome, too—and of *that* you may rest as certain as of death, or quarter-day, or any other thing equally agreeable."

The next day, as the appointed hour drew nigh, Francis began to think that however excellent a companion the captain might be in a tavern, his buff jerkin and military oaths were not the best suited to the meridian of a grave family; what was still worse, the *noscitur e socio*—or, according to the vernacular proverb, *Birds of a feather flock together*—might be applied in the present case, which he was sensible would be little to the honour of Master Francis Glanville—an individual

whose interest he felt himself particularly bound to study. Now, without exactly knowing why, he had a strong desire to stand in the good graces of his new acquaintance, which he thought could not be better done than by paying his intended visit alone; and, as good luck would have it, when he had mounted up to the dingy attic tenanted by the captain in the purlieu of White Friars, he found that worthy fast asleep, from the effect of the previous night's debauch.

"It would be a pity to wake him," said Frank to himself, with a smile expressive of much internal satisfaction; and, having crept down the stairs no less gently than expeditiously, he speeded off to his appointment.

To his demand of whether Mr. Crymes could be seen, the servant who had opened the door to him replied by shewing him into a small, oak-panelled chamber, and requesting that he would sit down, and wait awhile.

Thus left to himself, Francis began to examine the family portraits that made a part of the paneling, being let into it without frames, and almost seeming to be painted upon it. Amongst this goodly collection, which from the various costumes looked marvellously like a masquerade, he had no difficulty in recognising the picture of his new acquaintance—a stiff, wooden affair, but still

so formidable a likeness that it was impossible for the most unpractised eye to mistake it for a moment. By its side was the portrait of a young girl, the work of a different hand, or else the charms of the original had inspired the artist, and taught him to paint in a way very different from his usual style. Francis became irresistibly smitten.

"Was ever anything half so beautiful?" he exclaimed. "What eyes! what a forehead!—white and polished as ivory! what cheeks!—the carnation blending with the lily!"

The rustling of silk, and a light "Ahem!" made him suddenly turn round, when who should stand before him but the undoubted original of the portrait he had been so much admiring. It would be hard to say which blushed most deeply, the gentleman or the lady; and yet there was an arch smile about the lips of the latter, that seemed to say she enjoyed the joke not a little.

Frank bowed, and stammered out something, he scarcely knew what; but the lady—blessings on the modesty of the ladies! they have ten times the assurance of your male animal—the lady, making a profound courtesy, at least as much in mockery as in compliance with etiquette, informed him that her father, though in no danger, was still too much indisposed, from the affair of the night

before, to see any one just then, but would gladly receive his preserver the moment his health would allow of it.

To this Frank replied by expressing his hopes, and his thanks, and his delight that the old gentleman was in no danger, till, having exhausted these topics, he was suddenly brought to a stand-still, unwilling to quit the charmer, and yet not knowing how to prolong the conversation. A few minutes only had wrought a marvellous change in the bold reveller. The fact was, he had fallen in love—over head and ears—love at first sight; and, like most gentlemen in that unhappy situation, was disposed to make himself pre-eminently ridiculous. But, as such scenes, however pleasant to the actors therein, have little or no amusement for the spectator, we may as well drop the curtain.

The next day he repeated his visit—the next, and the next—still without seeing the old man, but always growing more enamoured of his daughter. In this way a fortnight passed, when instead of being invited, as usual, into the little oak parlour, he was informed that the old gentleman had set off that very morning for Tavistock.

“Set off this morning for Tavistock, and it was only yesterday that he was too ill to see me! Is Miss Elizabeth at home?”

“Miss Crymes has gone with her father.”

By the time the door was shut—and it did not long remain open, the servant seeming but little disposed to protract the conversation—Francis had satisfied himself that the old gentleman, like many other great promisers, was inclined to forget the service of the past, and turn his back upon him. The first feeling, naturally enough, was that of high indignation against Mr. Crymes; but it in the next moment took another turn, recoiling upon himself, and he began to think that if the old man had discovered his passion for his daughter, and had in consequence taken this way of nipping it in the bud, he had only acted after the fashion of the world.

“How,” he exclaimed, in the bitterness of self-accusation, “how could I think that any man of name and substance would bestow his daughter’s hand upon one like myself, a bankrupt alike in character and fortune? If I am neglected, spurned like a hound from the door, it is no more than a fit reward for my own folly. He who plants a briar, has no right to look for grapes; he who sows the storm, must expect to reap the whirlwind. And yet, methinks the old man might have used more courtesy in his scorn or his prudence, whichever it may have been. He need not have shut the door in my face, as if I were a beggar whose importunity must be got rid of, the sooner

the better. But it is ever thus; once wrong, and always condemned!"

For the next week his mood underwent so many changes, and all of such extremes, that the Captain, who in his way was really attached to him, began to tremble for his reason. It was alternately a scene of the wildest debauchery, and a remorse that bordered upon madness, till by the tenth day he was so wasted, and had become so altered from his former self, that his best friends would scarcely have recognised in him the gay and handsome Frank Glanville of a short time previous. His chambers were in the Temple, and there he lay, extended upon a sofa, gazing vacantly on the river and the white sails of the boats that danced along merrily in the breeze and sunshine. It was a pleasant sight enough for any one who had been in a fitting temper to enjoy it; but such was not the case with our unlucky friend Francis.

As he lay in this state, there came a gentle knock at his chamber door; and upon his calling to the person without to enter, a serving-man made his appearance, clad in a sober livery, such as beseemed one who followed a substantial rather than a fashionable master. He was the bearer of a note, which proved to be from the old gentleman, containing a laconic invitation to visit him without delay. Upon reading this letter, a flush

of indignation passed over Frank's cheek, and starting up under the impulse of this new current of feelings, he exclaimed: "Tell your master I can't come—I won't come!"

The domestic looked at him with surprise.

"Have you not heard me, fellow? or are you so dull that you can't understand me? Say to your master, I won't come; and the sooner you are off with your message the better. I wish to be alone."

And the terrified domestic, fully convinced that he had a maniac to deal with, bolted out of the room, and flew down the stairs at his utmost speed. By the time, however, that he had got to the bottom, Frank repented of his violence, and hurried out to recall him; but in the next instant his mood changed again, like the weather-cock veering about on a gusty day, and, closing the door hastily, he flung himself again upon the sofa.

An hour or more had passed in this way, when, without any previous notice, the old man made his appearance. He cast a hasty, enquiring glance at the invalid, as if to satisfy himself that what he had heard of his state was true; and then, before the latter could make up his mind how to receive him, he began in a tone of sympathy, that shewed anything but diminished interest in the fortunes of his young friend:

"I am sorry," he said, "to find you in this condition—sad! sad!—and I much fear the tidings I bring are not of a kind to heal mental or bodily suffering. *Fear*, did I say? it was an ill-chosen word, I am only too certain."

Frank gazed at him with wonder, and no slight degree of interest, but he made no reply. The old man, his eye still intently fixed upon him, continued.

"Since we last parted I have been busily engaged in your service, and I did hope at one time to have been the bearer of more pleasant tidings in requital for the good office you rendered me the other night. Your father—"

Frank started at the word, and seeing the old man hesitate, requested with some impatience that he would proceed.

"Have you then the courage," he replied, "to hear the very worst that can be told you?"

"I can guess it without telling; my father has disinherited me. But if not a kind man, he is a just man, and so may Heaven prosper me as I will give him good cause to revoke that sentence ere many months have gone over my head. The tale of our Fifth Harry, who from a wild prince became a sober king, shall no longer be a doubtful one; I will shew by myself that it is possible—very possible. Yes, by heavens, I will fling

aside my follies as I would a garment that I had grown ashamed of, and my father shall see that the disinherited Frank is as well worthy of his regard as the cold, prudent John, he who does nothing from the heart but all from the head, and is charitable without sympathy."

"A wise and wholesome resolution," said the old man, who had listened to this wild tirade with a peculiar look that could hardly have escaped Frank's notice, had he not been so much carried away by his own feelings,—“a wise and wholesome resolution. It cannot fail to bring a blessing with it, though not in the way you expect. But you have not as yet invited me to seat myself, and I am old as well as somewhat weary from my yesterday's travel."

Francis started up with many apologies, and placed a chair for his visitor, who as he seated himself took him kindly by the hand, and continued in a tone of the deepest sympathy.

"Bear with me if I am tedious, for it is the fault of age, and moreover there is a part of my tale that I am in no haste to come to. I had learnt by chance, at a time when I least thought I should ever take the interest I now do in your concerns, that Sir John Glanville intended to disinherit you in favour of your younger brother. From the conversation which passed between you and your

companion at the tavern the other night, I could not help thinking, whatever might have been your follies, you deserved better than to be made a mere cast-away. Still this was no business of mine, and assuredly I should not have felt myself justified in interfering but for what followed. When you saved my life from those same midnight ruffians the case was altered; it became my duty to exert myself in your behalf, and I lost no time in calling at your father's lodging; he had gone down to his hall of Tavistock; I followed him; he was too ill to see any one. I called again the next day—the next—and the next—still the same answer, with the addition that he was much worse than before. Now I am not suspicious—Heaven forbid I should be, for it is the mark of something wrong in one's self—but I saw that in any case the time was come for decisive measures, and I requested an immediate interview with your brother, who I understood was in attendance upon Sir John."

"And my brother?" exclaimed Frank.

"He acceded to my request. I explained the reason of my coming down, that I was determined to open Sir John's eyes to the injustice he was about to commit, or had committed rather."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I used no reserve for the matter—very

foolishly you may perhaps imagine, but it's a way I have ; I always go straight to the mark without disguise, and so I hope I always shall do."

"And once again, my brother? what answer made my brother?"

"That Sir John was in a state of delirium, and therefore unfit to hold communication with any one; but the moment a change took place for the better he would let me know, if I thought proper to remain in the neighbourhood."

"Go on, sir, I beseech you."

"Well, I had not come so far to return without my errand, so I gave your brother notice that I should take up my abode in Tavistock at the Green Eagle, where I would abide until I heard from him. Upon this understanding we parted. And sure enough upon the fifth day after my first visit came a messenger in hot haste to summon me back to the Hall again. Your brother was below waiting to receive me, and in few words informed me that as Sir John was now sensible, I might see him if I pleased, but that he felt assured it would be useless as regarded yourself, and painful to your father, who had not long to live."

Francis groaned heavily, and, turning away his head, exclaimed, in a suffocating tone, "What needs any more?—he is dead!—my poor father!"

"Nay, but hear me out; for in this cup of

misery, bitter as it is, there is yet one drop of comfort, which may help to render more tolerable the draught that must be swallowed. I persisted; whereupon, your brother said in his usual cold manner, 'It was my duty, Sir, to warn you of what would be the likeliest results of your proposed interview. I have done so; you refuse credence to my assertions, and it is now, therefore, my duty to let you put them to the proof, by bringing you to Sir John. I am ready.'

"Ah, there, indeed," cried Frank, "I recognise my brother—his duty—always his duty. How often have I mocked him for that very phrase! And now, go on, Sir,—go on, I entreat you; keep me not a moment longer on the rack than needs must be."

"Briefly, then, I was conducted to the bed-side of the dying man; and, seeing at the first glance that not a moment was to be lost, I entered with little preface upon the object of my mission. I told him all I knew, and all I hoped of you—for I do hope *of* you, and *for* you—so much so indeed that I could verily—but *that* is for another hour. And your poor father! believe me, his heart once again warmed towards you. While I spoke, his broken eye lighted up with a joy that seemed to me something more than earthly; he pressed my hand feebly to his bosom, and

struggled to say something to your brother John, but all we could make out was your name, and he died with it upon his lips. Be of comfort then, my young friend; you have indeed lost your father's estate, but you have not forfeited his blessing."

We have dwelt upon these details, gleaned with much labour, and almost grain by grain, from various sources, because without them the singular catastrophe of this family tradition, though borne out by facts, would seem incredible. What next intervenes may be hurried over without much injury to the general understanding of the story.

Stimulated by his love for Elizabeth, the disinherited followed his law-studies with an unflinching ardour that made weeks do the work of months, and months the work of years. His lamp burnt late at night, his curtains were drawn early in the morning; and no sooner had the old gentleman convinced himself that this was no passing impulse but a fixed and enduring determination, than he helped the student liberally with his purse, and at length gave him indirectly to understand that if he would persist in the same course for two years longer there should be no opposition made to his union with Elizabeth. The goal, thus set before him was indeed a distant one, a speck it might be called in the horizon of the future, but it was

clearly visible notwithstanding; and in addition to all this his pride—and what stronger impulse does the human heart acknowledge?—urged him to continue as he had begun; above all, he would shew his brother that he could do without him.

The two allotted years had at length passed away, employed by Francis with little or no cessation in laying the foundations of that knowledge which distinguished him in after life; and, what was more, he had fully convinced his friendly monitor that his reformation was real, and likely to be permanent. It was now, therefore, agreed that he should be shortly married to Elizabeth; and, as such things are seldom long in getting abroad, to the extent at least of the parties' immediate circle, the news came to the ear of John Glanville; for what else could have induced him to invite his brother as he now did, to a solemn feast of reconciliation? Frank had still so much of the ancient Adam in him as made him strongly inclined to reject this proffered kindness; but Mr. Crymes happened to be present when the note came to hand, and urged him in a way that admitted of no denial to accept it. "Fraternal hatred," said the kind old man, "is a bad preparative for the holy sacrament of marriage. It is most fitting, that when you approach the altar it should be

with a heart void of offence to man and Heaven, or little good will come of it."

It was with no pleasant feelings that Frank prepared for the meeting with the brother from whom he had been so long divided; but Elizabeth and her father had also been invited, and, though with some strugglings of the spirit, he determined so to play his part as not to shame himself in their eyes. Upon entering the hall, into which he was at once conducted by the servant, he found the party was to be limited to themselves; the table was spread for four only, and the old man, who was there already with his daughter, stood leaning on the back of a chair, and anxiously watched the scene of meeting. In the next moment, John had stepped forward, and, having welcomed him kindly but gravely, led him to the seat at the head of the table.

"Excuse me, brother," said Frank, drawing back; "the seat of honour in my father's house is yours by my father's will, and to me that will must be sacred. Long may you live to enjoy it!"

Old recollections came upon him as he spoke, opening up the fount of all his better feelings; and when he pressed John's hand, it was with a warmth of which but a minute before he would have thought himself incapable. The old man's eyes filled with tears; Elizabeth trembled and

turned pale, but smiled at the same time ; and in that smile Frank would have felt himself amply rewarded for any sacrifice. Even the stoicism of John was evidently affected, though he endeavoured to maintain his usual staid demeanour.

"It is well said," he replied, "but, nevertheless, you must, for once, oblige me in this small matter. And now, brother Frank, that we are all seated, be pleased to uncover the dish before you."

Frank complied, but started back upon opening it, and dropt the cover.

"What have we here?" he exclaimed. "Parchments!"

"Even so," replied his host; "the deeds that transfer our father's estates to his natural heir—that is, to yourself."

Frank, for the moment, was absolutely struck dumb by the bewilderment of his feelings, and looked from one to the other, his lips quivering, but unable to give utterance to any intelligible sound. In the benevolent smile of his old friend, it was plain to see that the latter had been prepared beforehand for what had just taken place ; while poor Elizabeth between joy and surprise seemed on the very point of going into hysterics. At length Frank exclaimed, yielding to the irresistible

impulse of the moment: "And yet, for two years, you have left me to struggle single-handed with the world!"

"It was my duty, Frank; for so our father would have acted while unassured of your constancy in better courses. Had he lived to see this welcome change in you, there can be as little question that he would have restored to you your natural inheritance. In his name, therefore, I give back to your reformation what you had forfeited by your misconduct;—for IT IS MY DUTY."

To tack a moral to our tradition—for why should not truth have its moral, as well as fable?—the rigid fulfilment of a duty brought, as it generally does, a blessing with it. In due process of time, John Glanville became a Serjeant-at-Law, was elected Recorder of Plymouth, served in several parliaments, and received the honour of knighthood from Charles at Whitehall (7th of August, 1641), and died in high repute, on the 2nd Oct. 1661, when he was buried at Broad Hinton. Of the principal personage of our story, little more has come down to us; but we may safely infer that his age fulfilled the promise of his youth, for he, too, received the honour of knighthood, and died Sir Francis Glanville.

THE DECADENCE OF FAMILIES.

*"Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?"*

It has often occurred to us that a very interesting Paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families. Truly does Dr. Borlase remark that "the most lasting houses have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death." Take, for example, the Plantagenets, the Staffords, and the Nevills, the three most illustrious names on the Roll of England's Nobility. What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards? and yet we find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a Cobbler! at the little town of Newport in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that

“The aspiring blood of Lancaster”

had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, butcher, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square.

The last male representative of the great Dukes of Buckingham, Roger Stafford, born at Malpas in Cheshire, about the year 1572, was refused the inheritance of his family honours on account of his poverty, and sunk into utter obscurity. This unfortunate youth went by the name of Fludd; indignant that his patronymic of Stafford should be associated with his humble lot.

Of the Nevills—the direct heir in the senior line, Charles, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, lived to an advanced age in the low countries “meanly and miserably,” and George Nevill, who was created Duke of Bedford by King Edward IV., that he might be of suitable rank to espouse the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, was eventually degraded

from all titles and rank, on the ground of indigence.

En passant, the mention of these "men of royal siege" recalls to mind the family of one who at a future period ruled where they had ruled. The Cromwells were of consideration and high county standing, in Huntingdonshire, seated at the fine old mansion of Hinchinbroke, and descended in the female line, from Cromwell, Earl of Essex, of the time of Henry VIII. Its chief, as well as many of its members, fought manfully under the royal banner. At the present time, seven Peers of the realm trace descent from the Lord Protector, viz., the Earls of Morley, Chichester, Rothés, Cowper, Clarendon, De Grey, and Ripon, but, as a contrast to this fair side of the picture, we must honestly confess, that within a hundred years after Oliver's death, some of his descendants were reduced to the depths of poverty, almost begging their daily bread. It is a singular fact, that an estate, which was granted to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, for *restoring the monarchy*, should, by intermarriages, eventually vest in the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Cheshunt, who died in 1821, being then the last male descendant of the Protector.

Such has been the decadence of our Royal Plantagenets, and the mournful decay of many a

peerage family that "had been glorious in another day." This natural decline is the inevitable destiny—sooner or later—of all things human. In the ranks, too, of the unennobled aristocracy, Time has affected wondrous changes. The most stately and gorgeous houses have crumbled under its withering touch. Let us cast our eye on what county we please of England, and the same view will present itself. Few, very few, of those old historic names that once held paramount sway, and adorned by their brilliancy a particular locality, still exist in a *male* descendant. It has been asserted, we know not exactly with what truth, that in Herefordshire, a county peculiarly rich in ancient families, there are but two or three county gentlemen who can shew a male descent from the proprietors recorded in the Visitations. In the North, these genealogical vicissitudes have been hastened by the influence of manufacturers' gold, which has done so much to uproot the old proprietary of the soil, that we marvel how in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire such families as Townley, Gerard, Blackburne, Blundell, Trafford, Fairfax, Foljambe, Hamerton, and Wentworth, "have stood against the waves and weathers of time." Others, of no less fame and fortune, have passed altogether away, and others have dwindled from their proud estate to beggary and want.

The story of the Gargraves is a melancholy chapter in the romance of real life. For full two centuries, or more, scarcely a family in Yorkshire enjoyed a higher position. Its chiefs earned distinction in peace and war; one died in France, Master of the Ordnance to King Henry V.; another, a soldier too, fell with Salisbury, at the siege of Orleans; and a third filled the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. What an awful contrast to this fair picture does the sequel offer! Thomas Gargrave, the Speaker's eldest son, was hung at York, for murder; and his half-brother, Sir Richard, endured a fate only less miserable. The splendid estate he inherited he wasted by the most wanton extravagance, and at length reduced himself to abject want. "His excesses," says Mr. Hunter, in his History of Doncaster, "are still, at the expiration of two centuries, the subject of village tradition, and his attachment to gaming is commemorated in an old painting, long preserved in the neighbouring mansion of Badsworth, in which he is represented playing at the old game of Put, the right hand against the left, for the stake of a cup of ale."

The close of Sir Richard's story is as lamentable as its course. An utter bankrupt in means and reputation, he is stated to have been reduced to travel with the pack-horses to London, and was at last found dead in an old hostelry! He had mar-

ried Catherine, sister of Lord Danvers, and by her left three daughters. Of the descendants of his brothers, few particulars can be ascertained. Not many years since, a Mr. Gargrave, believed to be one of them, filled the mean employment of parish clerk of Kippax.

A similar melancholy narrative applies to another great Yorkshire house. Sir William Reresby, Bart., son and heir of the celebrated author, succeeded, at the death of his father, in 1689, to the beautiful estate of Thrybergh, in Yorkshire, where his ancestors had been seated, uninterruptedly from the time of the Conquest, and he lived to see himself denuded of every acre of his broad lands. Le Neve states, in his MSS. preserved in the Heralds' College, that he became a tapster in the King's Bench Prison, and was tried and imprisoned for cheating in 1711. He was alive in 1727, when Wotton's account of the Baronets was published. In that work he is said to be reduced to a low condition. At length he died in great obscurity, a melancholy instance how low pursuits and base pleasures may sully the noblest name, and waste an estate gathered with labour and preserved by the care of a race of distinguished progenitors. Gaming was amongst Sir William's follies—particularly that lowest specimen of the folly—the fights of game cocks. The tradi-

tion at Thrybergh is (for his name is not quite forgotten) that the fine estate of Dennaby was staked and lost on a single main. Sir William Reresby was not the only baronet who disgraced his order at that period. In 1722 Sir Charles Burton was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a seal; pleaded poverty, but was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation, which sentence was afterwards commuted for a milder punishment.

In Ireland the vicissitudes of families have been the most remarkable. The civil wars of Cromwell and William III. doomed many of the old native houses to utter spoilation, and reduced the descendants of royal and noble lineages to the lowest grade in the social system. Under the frieze coat of many an humble peasant may flow the blood of Ireland's ancient kings; and in the sun-burnt, starving mendicant, a genealogical enquirer might perchance discover the representative of the O'Rorkes, the O'Reillys, the O'Briens, or the O'Sullivans, of those times—

When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the red-branch knights to danger;—
Ere the Emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth Baronet of Claneboys, a scion of Ireland's ancient dynasty, lived, a

very poor man, on the estate of the late Lord Netterville, at Douth, near Drogheda, where he rented a small farm from his Lordship, at one fourth its value; unable, however, to pay that, he was ejected. This unfortunate descendant of royalty had the patent of Baronetcy in his possession. One of his sons was employed, about thirty-five years ago, at a small inn near Duleck, in the capacity of "Boots and Ostler!"

Fifty years hence, when the Encumbered Estates Act shall have worked its course, a future genealogist may add some curious instances to those cited.

In Scotland family annals exhibit examples of the same striking vicissitudes. Fraser of Kirkhill relates that he saw John, Earl of Traquair, the cousin and courtier of King James VI., "begging in the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1661." "He was" (these are Frazer's own words) "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and panniers breeches, and I contributed in my quarters in the Canongate towards his relief. We gave him a noble, he was standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovat, Culbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself, were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant."

Lord Lindsay, in his enchanting volumes, "The

Lives of the Lindsays," gives a pathetic description of the fate of Lady Jean Lindsay, the only child of the 12th Earl of Crawford, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1609, and is known as "the Prodigal Earl."

"Much indeed," proceeds Lord Lindsay, "may be said in palliation of this nobleman's excesses,—his life was one of suffering from the cradle to the tomb. Left motherless at an early age and neglected by his father, (whose suspicious heart may possibly have wronged his second wife, as he had previously broken the heart of the bride of his youth, the fair Liliass Drummond,) the young Master was left entirely to the care and superintendence of Mr. Peter Nairn, his 'pedagogue,' whose letters to Edzell and Lord Menmuir from the University of St. Andrews pourtray most touchingly the desolation in which they lived.—'Our letters,' he writes in 1598, 'are not received, the bearers boasted and threatened, our board is not paid in time—our meat therefore is 'panis angustiae' to us—we are in all men's mouth for the same,—three years since the Master gat any clothing, saif one stand (suit) at the King's beand in our town. I have supplyit thir defects as my poverty and credit could serve,—there is no hope of redress but either to steal of the town, or sell our insight (furniture), or get some extraordinar

help, gif it were possible. Haifing therefore used your Lordship's mediation, [I] thought guid to crave your counsel in this straitness—as it were betwix shame and despair. The Master, beand now become ane man in stature and knowledge, takes this heavily but patiently, because he is, for his strait handling, in small accompt with his marrows,—yet, praisit be God ! above all his equals in learning. We have usit,' he adds, 'since your Lordship's beand in St. Andrews, all possible moyen, in all reverence (as we ought) and humility,' in dealing with the Earl, 'but little or nothing mendit.' And an earlier letter mentions the tears shed by the Master when, after long expectancy, his father visited the town—and left it without seeing him. His heart crushed, his self-esteem wounded, his attempts to win his father's love rejected, all the sweet affections of his nature were turned to gall, his intellect ran to waste, and, on attaining the independence of manhood, he gathered a band of broken Lindsays around him, and revenged his childhood's misery upon society. Love might yet have reclaimed him, but his marriage proved unfortunate—and a divorce released both wife and husband from what had become a mere bond of bitterness. I have little more to relate of him except the strange circumstances of his latter years. Reckless and profuse, and alienating the posses-

sions of the Earldom in a manner which, however unjust, could not, it would seem, be legally prevented, a solemn council was held by the family, who determined to imprison him for life, in order to prevent further dilapidation; they accordingly confined him in Edinburgh Castle, where he spent his remaining years under surveillance, but acting in every respect otherwise as a free agent.* Hence the epithet by which he is frequently distinguished by contemporary genealogists, of 'Comes Incarceratus,' or the Captive Earl. He died in the castle, in February, 1621, and was buried in the

* "This singular procedure is related as follows in an 'Information,' or Memorial, by Jean and Margaret Lindsay, daughters of Sir John Lindsay, K.B., eldest son of Sir Henry Lindsay, afterwards twelfth Earl of Crawford, 'anent the feuing and wadsetting' (mortgaging) the lands of Finhaven and Carriston—Earl David, they say, 'being a great spender, his friends took upon them to put him in the Castle of Edinburgh, and give him ane provision yearly, all his friends consenting thereto, except Sir Harry, his uncle, who was our goodsire (grandfather), who was at London in the mean-time, and how soon he heard of his imprisonment, came to Scotland to see what the business meant; so the said Earl David, knowing that Sir Harry was his nearest heir, the said Earl David, having but one daughter, presently enterit the said Sir Harry in his hail lands, [he] taking the burden of the debt upon him. The said Sir Harry sold Kilfauns and Charteris Hall, and payit the said debt,' &c. *Haigh Muniment-room*.—Nevertheless, Earl David remained in duress the rest of his life, though executing deeds, and carrying on correspondence, evidently proving that his confinement was not on account of mental incapacity."

chapel of Holyrood-house, leaving only one child, Lady Jean Lindsay, an orphan, destitute and uncared for, and fated to still deeper debasement, having run away with a common 'jockey with the horn,' or public herald, and lived latterly by mendicancy—'a sturdy beggar,' though mindful still of the sphere from which she had fallen, and 'bitterly ashamed.' An aged lady related her melancholy history to Crawford the antiquary, who flourished during the early years of last century, adding that she remembered seeing her begging when she herself was young. Shortly after the Restoration, King Charles II. granted her a pension of one hundred a-year, 'in consideration of her eminent birth and necessitous condition,' and this probably secured her comfort during the evening of her days."

THE DREAM OF SIR THOMAS PRENDERGAST,
BART.

EARLY appointed to a regiment of horse, Thomas Prendergast, the heir of a distinguished Anglo-Norman family, long seated at Newcastle, co. Tipperary, had already risen to the command of a troop, when the revolution took all chance of promotion away from the Irish Catholics. Ardent and sanguine in temper, he was persuaded to promise adhesion to Lord Aylesbury's conspiracy for the restoration of King James, which was unfortunately altered by some of the inferior leaders into the Assassination Plot. From such a perversion of the original plans his honourable mind recoiled with horror; and it is well known to readers of English history how, when compelled by religious feeling to place the King upon his guard, he nevertheless withstood with fortitude both promises and threats, even when they came from the mouth of William himself; absolutely

refusing to give the names, or assist in convicting any of the conspirators, until that friend at whose solicitations he had become a party to the original plot, gave information against him. For his conduct then, and subsequently, he was warmly praised in both houses; and the King having marked his own sense of it by a grant of one of the forfeited estates, the Parliament, when subsequently revoking even the grant to the successful De Ginkell, Earl of Athlone, confirmed that only which was made to Sir Thomas Prendergast.

His subsequent life was a busy one. In love, war, and politics, the three main objects of human ambition, he was alike successful. In Love's gay realms, he obtained from that gentle god the fair and well dowered hand of Penelope Cadogan, the only sister of the gallant General Cadogan, whose dashing bravery, worthy of his ancient lineage and descent from Britain's earliest monarchs, subsequently won him the Earldom and high commands which doubly ennobled his later years. In those bloody but glorious fields which owned Mars as presiding deity, and which at that period were to all Europe the only valued school of good breeding, he found himself where early inclination and education led him. He was again placed on active service, and of the many achievements which added glory to the banners of England in Anne's stirring

reign, there were but few where his charger was not foremost in the fight. In politics, also, he performed his part. Returned member for Monaghan in 1703, on the interest of Lord Cadogan, he attached himself to the party of that nobleman, the friend of Marlborough, in England—whilst in matters which only concerned Ireland, he voted with his illustrious cousin, the great and unfortunate Duke of Ormonde.

The periods when war and politics left him leisure for calmer enjoyments he spent in the company of Love—now in London mixing in the gay bubble-wafting stream of fashion—now in Ireland adorning his new properties with woods and gardens, or resting his busied mind amid the time honoured towers and groves of Newcastle. Its proud battlements, the safeguard of his family for five centuries, looked over the broad expanse of the lovely Suir, which after leaving Cahir Castle, the seat of the tragical event in his family, we have already described, here washed the walls of his ancestral residence, on its picturesque way to Clonmell and Waterford—towns which had once looked to the Prendergasts and their kinsmen the De la Poers, for feudal protection and friendly aid, but where commerce was already beginning to create a class hostile to the rough and proud aristocrats who formerly ruled them. But the Irish towns

still contained many a sturdy retainer whose fathers had bled for the old Catholic chieftains, in the disastrous wars which may be said to have gone on without ceasing from the time of Elizabeth to that of Anne, and who looked with clanish love and respect upon each son of the house they fought for of old.

James Cranwell was one of these. Born in Clonmell, his father's residence was close to old St. Francis' Abbey; and though the humble brethren who once inhabited the venerable monastery had been banished from its now mouldering walls, yet Catholic devotion still brought many to pray with sighing among its ruins. Here young Cranwell read with interest the time-worn epitaphs on the grey stones which marked the graves of the bygone Prendergasts; here he heard his mother recount with pride the many gallant deeds in which his father and his grandfather had been the humble partners of the great lords of Newcastle, whose territories then extended from Cahir to Cappoquin, and from Fethard to Clogheen; mingled with the lands of other powerful Barons, but stoutly defended by the good swords of their owners. In her son's estimation, they were the first family in his native land, the great house of Ormonde, the Lords Palatine of his county, alone excepted; for *they* were almost looked upon as a sovereign race

in bold Tipperary. He determined to attach himself to one of a name which thus possessed such strong hereditary claims upon his loyalty, and he soon prevailed upon Sir Thomas to take him into his service.

And never was master more faithfully served. Cranwell lived in an age when the distance between master and servant was kept with less strictness than with us in the nineteenth century; and he belonged to a country where even now a stranger is struck with the almost family interest manifested by dependants in the success or misfortunes of their superiors in "the great house." And he fulfilled his various duties with such zealous honesty, that it was with a heart truly heavy that Sir Thomas, after he had lived many years in his service, received the information that his favourite attendant had been suddenly and dangerously attacked by illness. Every care that money could procure, every attention that affection could prompt, was lavished upon the worthy patient; but all was in vain: Death had marked him as his own, and a few brief days' struggle saw him yield up his honest spirit to the relentless monarch. "How calmly resigned Cranwell is!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, as he paced up and down the dying man's room; "and yet his call has been very sudden." "You and I have risked a more sudden one before now, Sir

Thomas," answered the faithful domestic, "when we have rushed together past the cannon's mouth, and yet it is not every soldier who is prepared for death."

Three years passed by—three busy years—distinguished not so much by the war of words and parties at home, as by that of monarchs and armies abroad. The campaigns in Spain, marked alternately by victory and reverse; those in Flanders, where the fight of Ramillies in itself was worth a hundred minor checks, had been brought to a glorious climax by the great battle of Oudenarde, where Cadogan's brigade, to which Prendergast was attached, bore a prominent part in the fight, carrying the post of Heynem after a very brilliant contest. The rest of the campaign, turning mostly upon the slow success of siege operations, Sir Thomas took advantage of some changes of the forces actively employed, to apply for leave to join for a short time his fair consort at her house in London: a permission which her brother, so entreated, and for such a motive, could not refuse. September was already shedding its autumnal lights about the foliage which even then covered the banks of Father Thames, when the returning soldier found himself gliding along from Greenwich to London, as fast as the smartest watermen on the river could make their well trimmed vessel fly.

And now he disembarked at the crowded stairs—and now rushed along the hurried streets—and now was clasped in the loving arms of his expecting wife. An evening of anxious and exciting enquiries, of pleasant anecdotes of the past, and gay hopes of the future, followed. Sir Thomas had to recount the dangers and glories of the unended campaign; Lady Prendergast, the progress of the dear little ones, who enlivened the hours wearied by her lord's absence, with charms and graces of body and mind.

At length dark night compelled the long separated pair to stop, for a few hours, their fond communings about past and future, and to yield to sleep their wearied limbs. Hardly had they retired to rest when the drowsy god plunged them both in the deepest slumber. The lady dreamt of her husband and children, of peace abroad and pleasures at home, of London luxuries, and Irish improvements. She thought her loved spouse should never leave her more, but stay where he could train the mind and curb the spirit of his handsome and only son, then in his sixth year, the age of all others when a child is most charming to its parents.

But Sir Thomas—of what dreamt he? A figure appeared before him which for many years he had not seen. He looked and doubted, and looked

again; but could doubt no more. The figure wore the old livery of the Prendergasts; it was James Cranwell. The gallant Baronet, who had never trembled at the battle's loudest roar, felt an unaccountable dread at seeing again this old and faithful servant: and he could hardly muster the words necessary to bid him that welcome which his heart refused him, and to enquire wherefore he came. "It is well to be prepared for death, Sir Thomas Prendergast," was the answer. "You will die upon this day year." The warning delivered, the figure vanished; and when Sir Thomas, shuddering, raised himself in his bed, and looking round, saw the room empty, daylight yet far from the horizon, and the smouldering embers still reddening the grate, he felt it was but a dream—a singular, but still undoubted dream. Nevertheless the circumstance struck him so vividly, that he made a memorandum in his tablets the following morning, stating the warning he had received—a memorandum found among his papers after his death; and in which he professed to "have no faith in such superstitions."

A few months rolled on, and peace was apparently certain to be concluded. Louis XIV. made every concession that could reasonably be asked from a monarch in his position; but the selfishness of those who commanded the allied forces led them

to claim such conditions as they knew would drive the iron into the aged monarch's soul, and force him to another struggle. And they succeeded: the humiliated, but still haughty and powerful monarch broke off the negotiations, and both parties prepared anew to water the plains of Flanders with their blood. Prendergast was ordered again to join the division of the allied forces under Cadogan, but this time he was himself given the command of a large detachment, with the rank of Brigadier General.

Tournay was taken after a long and gallant defence, and Mons was threatened. The French marched to relieve it, and Marlborough, proceeding to support some of the detached portions of the allied army, suddenly and unexpectedly found himself opposed to the vast body of men whom Louis had still been able to bring into the field. 12,000 men were there before him, unprepared for battle, but formidable from their courage, their numbers, and their great commanders. It was on the ninth of September, and whilst Prendergast was placing his brigade in its proper position, his sceptical mind could not help feeling satisfaction at the imminent battle. From the state of both armies, the contest would doubtless be decided that day; it would probably terminate the campaign; the danger would be over with the fight:

and he had that moment remembered that it was on the tenth of the same month in the previous year that he had arrived in London, and consequently on the morning of the eleventh he had received his singular warning. What, therefore, were the feelings which even he could not smother when it was announced to the army that Marlborough would make no attack that day! Some distrust in his own forces made him postpone the engagement until he received expected reinforcements: and as this delay gave time to the French to cover their position with redoubts, the result was to render Malplaquet the most dearly bought victory ever fought by a British general, the number of killed having doubled that which fell at Waterloo.

The tenth passed with none but partial contests; and all was preparation for the awful trial of strength and courage which was to be decided upon the following day. That the battle would be bloody all knew: and Prendergast at last felt there might be truth in the mysterious warning. Whilst others slept he prepared himself, as best he could, for meeting him who is Lord also of the battle: and when the morning light first appeared, struggling through the surrounding fog, he mounted his favourite charger with the feelings of one who has bid adieu to all that is dear to him. Wife

children, and father all appeared before his mind ; the latter, then nearly in his hundredth year. On all he earnestly prayed a blessing ; and then and from henceforth thought only of his Queen and his duty.

The fight was long and fierce, the blood of both armies fell in torrents, and many of those on either side most illustrious for command, personal bravery, and noble descent, swelled the immense list of victims to the sanguinary furies of the day. Among the list of the gallant dead drawn up in the British camp that night was found the name of Brigadier General Sir Thomas Prendergast !

Our story is ended. But we will add a brief notice of the Brigadier's children. Sir Thomas, his only son, was a distinguished member of both the Irish and English Parliaments ; and Postmaster General in Ireland. He died whilst a patent was drawing out raising him to the Viscounty of Clonmell ; leaving no issue by his wife, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Hugh Williams, of Marle, Bart. Of the daughters, Juliana married Chaworth, sixth Earl of Meath ; Anne married Samuel Hobson, Esq., and her eventual heiress married Jeffrey Prendergast Esq., and Elizabeth married, first, Sir John Dixon Hamon, Bart., and secondly Chas. Smyth, Esq., M.P., son of the then Bishop of Limerick. She eventually in-

herited the Galway estates. But though this branch of the family is extinct in the male line the elder branch still flourishes; and Colonel Charles O'N. Prendergast, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, an officer who proved at Salamanca and Vittoria that he was a worthy scion of this time-honored tree, is the possessor of Newcastle, built by his direct ancestor six hundred and sixty years ago.

THE TRAGEDIE OF SIR JOHN ELAND OF ELAND.

CHAPTER I.

IN that romantic district of the West Riding of Yorkshire formerly comprising the extensive Forest of Hardwyke, stands on a bold eminence, which is one of the bulwarks of a higher range of hills, the ancient town of Eland, or, more properly, Ealand. This denomination is Saxon, and well describes the situation of the place, meaning "land on the banks of a river." That some importance was early attached to this town is clear, from the fact of its lord having obtained a grant of a free market in the tenth year of Edward II. Immediately below the town is the lovely valley of the Calder. Taking its rise from those bleak and heathy mountains which separate the counties of Lancaster and York, this beautiful stream flows through a series of picturesque vales, till passing under the arches of Wakefield-bridge, so well known in history, it hastens to join its waters with the ma-

jestic Humber. A little to the westward of the town, where the hill declines almost perpendicularly into the vale, a bold rock jutting out abruptly from the surface, and almost overhanging the river below, affords one of the most beautiful specimens of purely English scenery that the eye ever rested upon. Amid verdant meads and hanging woods, the stream glides swiftly, though calmly along, here displaying a broad, bold reach, there narrow, and deep, and rapid, sweeping round some dark nook, half hid beneath rocks and overhanging foliage; again bending in graceful curves, till it reflects the arches of Eland Bridge and then dashes over the rude and massive weir which arrests its waters for the use of "Ealand Miln," a site coeval with the Conquest. Opposite to the town, and on the northern bank of the river, the land again rises into lofty slopes, and a large wood skirting the level margin of the meadows, stretches far to the westward, exhibiting here and there the grey and tufted front of many an overhanging rock. On a fair and sunny opening of this wood stands the very ancient and timber-built mansion of Eland Hall, its lawn sloping towards the river, and adorned with a few decayed oaks of large dimensions. It is the very spot in all the vale that one would have chosen for the manorial house. The view from this lawn is peculiar and beautiful,

Opposite, and connected by the bridge (a modern erection), stands the town, perched on its eminence like some of the walled cities of foreign lands. The square tower of its church stands out boldly pre-eminent, and many old and gabelled buildings are seen to cluster closely round it. Somewhat to the left is the broad weir, thrown laterally across the stream, at the end of which on the opposite bank, is the mill, with its usual range of out-buildings. A century ago, or probably at a less period, there was no bridge, and the only mode of communication between the Manor House and the town was by a range of stepping stones below the weir, the river in that part, though broad, being shallow, in consequence of the supply drained off for the purposes of the mill. Passing by this building, a winding path up the steep ascent led to the church and the town.

We have been thus particular in describing the spot, as it will throw considerable light on the events we are about to relate. This romantic locality was, in the fourteenth century, the scene of a most lamentable feud, strangely indicative of the unsettled state of society in those days, and it is the more interesting, as the scene, in most of its details, may be plainly and distinctly traced at the present time. There still stands the Hall, embosomed in its own woods—there the oak, coeval

with the tradition itself—the mill, though rebuilt, occupies the same site—Aneley wood, the final scene of the tragedy, still stretches up the higher grounds above the town, and the descendants of the Elands, by the female line, still hold possession of the Manor. There is an old ballad still extant, which recounts the particulars of these stirring events, and is entitled “*Historie of Sir John Eland, of Eland, and his Antagonistes.*” This curious document, from which are ample quotations in the following pages, was probably composed sometime after the facts it records, but is evidently very ancient. That learned and judicious antiquarian, the Rev. John Watson, is of opinion, that the said ballad was written for the use of the minstrels, and was sung or recited at the entertainments of the gentry of those parts; and Brady, in his history of the reign of King Stephen, p. 281, says, that this summary mode of executing private revenge was imported by the Normans into England. The family of Eland was of great antiquity, and had large possessions in the West Riding of Yorkshire, as also in the townships of Spotland and Whiteworthe, in Lancashire. They were liberal benefactors to the great abbey at Whalley. Sir William de Eland was constable of Nottingham Castle, and was the same who betrayed Earl Mortimer, by shewing

the secret passage in the rock. In the early part of the fourteenth century, Sir John was the representative of this powerful family, and he resided at Eland Hall, the seat of his ancestors. In those lawless days, "might was right," and in a district so remote from the scene of government, it may fairly be presumed, that each powerful proprietor "did that which was good in his own eyes," unchecked by anything but the sense of that spirit of private vengeance which often pursued their misdeeds. Spoliation of property, under any pretence, plausible or not, the tyranny of the strong over the weak, family feuds on the most trivial grounds, and that ambition which would gain its ends by trampling on the fortunes of others—these were the prevailing errors of the period of which we speak. And so also sings the ancient ballad to which we have alluded:—

"For when men live in worldlie wealth,
Full few can have that grace
Long in the same to keep themselves
Contented with their place.

"The squire must needs become a knight,
The knight a lord would be,
Thus shall you see no worldlie wight
Content with his degree."

Tradition hands down that this Sir John de Eland was a stern, ambitious man, ever at feud

with his neighbours, and as implacable in his revenge as he was altogether reckless in the means of attaining it. It appears that one Exley,* an adjoining proprietor, had killed the nephew of Sir John in a fray, and flying from his vengeance, was received and sheltered by Sir Robert Beaumont, of Crossland Hall. By the intervention of friends, however, compensation as usual in those days, was accepted, and all might have been well, had not one Lockwood, of Lockwood, renewed the strife, and involved also Sir Hugh Quarmby, another neighbouring gentleman, in the quarrel.

Sir John was not a man to be thus provoked with impunity; he considered his agreement cancelled, and terrible were the effects of his wrath—

“He raised the countrie round about
His friends and tenants all,
And for his purpose picked out
Stout sturdie men and tall.

“To Quarmby Hall they came by night
And there the lord they slew,
At that time Hugh of Quarmby hight,
Before the countrie knew.

* The house where this Exley probably dwelt is still standing in the village of the same name. It is a curious specimen of the style where security sets at defiance convenience. It consists of an inner court with a ponderous gateway.

"To Lockwood then the self-same night,
They came, and there they slew
Lockwood of Lockwood, that wily knight
That stirred the strife anew."

"And yet," as saith the tradition, "not sated with these foul slaughters, they go craftily to Crossland Hall, there hoping verily to play the same murderous game as at Quarmbye and Lockwood. But Sir Robert Beaumont was a brave man and wary. His hall was 'watered well about,' and they found to their great discomfiture that the drawbridge was up, and no forcible entrance to be made therein. Accordingly with evil intent they hide themselves as best they may, and waited till the first crimson blush of morning peeped cheerily over the hill. It was at this hour of early dawn, when every heart should be lifted up to the great Source of Light and Life, that these cruel men, with their hands already stained with the blood of two brave knights, peeped forth and saw a servant wench (little witting what was in store for her master's house) letting down the drawbridge. She looked about warily, but seeing no man, tripped lightly over the moat, and hurried to drive the kine to the mistall,* which were feeding in the pastures close

* The usual name in that district for the cow-house or milk-stall.

bye. She sang a merry stave, and kenned no danger was at hand—but a suddain shriek rends the air—turning, she sees armed men crossing the bridge in haste; they gain the open porch and next the hall, and with a savage shout make their way to the brave knight's chamber. Sir Robert Beaumont was not a man to quail or flee, and seizing such weapon as was at hand, he met them at his door, and made a right good fight, so that at first they were astonished, and began to retreat into the hall. And his trusty servants too, that dwelt beneath his roof, soon gathered together, and a bloody combat it was like to be; but numbers soon prevailed—the serving men were killed, and the knight was driven back into his chamber, where his faire ladye hanging upon him, besought for his life, and placed her precious bodye so as to shield her bleeding lord. But all in vain, for faint with loss of blood, they bound his arms, and heedless of the cries and shrieks of his terrified ladye, drew him into his own hall, and there cut off his head.

“ See here in what uncertaintie
This wretched world is led:
At night in his prosperitie,
At morning slaine and dead.

“ And so after this wicked deed they bethought to regale themselves. And the cloth was spread,

and the meat was brought, and the cellar furnished abundance of good wine, and that stern knight, Sir John Eland, sitting at the head of the table on the dais, sent for the two sons of the slain Sir Robert, and when they came ordered them to eat and drink with them. The younger, who was of a mild and gentle nature, overcome with fear, did as he was bidden, but Adam, the elder, looking angrily at his brother, sturdily refused to eat or drink with the slayers of his father.

“ ‘See how this boy,’ said Eland, ‘see
His father’s death can take,
If any be it will be he
That will revengement take.’

The knight however resolved to forestall this, and he sought opportunity to cut them off stealthily when a fit occasion did present itself. Meanwhile news being carried by a messenger, of Sir John’s determination to attack the family at Crossland Hall, the Townleys of Townley, and the Breretons of Brereton, took to horse, and hastened with their retainers to the succour of Sir Robert Beaumont, but on reaching Marsden, on the borders of the counties, another messenger informed them of his sad end, and they fearing that their force would be of little avail against the cruel slayer of their friend, returned sorrowfully home. But Lady Beaumont stealing away in the dead of the night

from Crossland Hall, in company with her children, committed herself unto the protection of these her friends, and after sojourning some time at Townley, took up her residence at Brereton, in Cheshire, as being most remote from her deadly foe; others too, equally enemies of the bloody knight, resorted thither—

“ Lacie and Lockwood were with them
Brought up at Brereton Green,
And Quarmbye, kinsman unto them,
At home must not be seen.

All these as yet boys, were entertained at Brereton and Townley, and were brought up by Lady Beaumont with a continual sense of the wrong inflicted by the knight of Eland upon their father.

“ The feats of fence they practised
To wield their weapons well,
Till fifteen years were finished,
And then it so befell.”

CHAPTER II.

“ YEARS passed by, and still the young brood of Sir John Eland's enemies abode at Brereton Hall. Of these, the boldest, most froward and reckless,

was young Lockwood of Lockwood, the son of him who had been so cruelly slain on that fatal night. As his father stirred up anew the old feud between the fierce knight of Eland and Exley, and drew Sir Robert Beaumont, and his neighbour Quarmby into the quarrel, so he, with like perseverance in evil, and full of deadly hatred, never ceased to remind his companions of their injuries, and to urge them to take revenge. The gentle Lady Beaumont, spirit-broken by her misfortunes, and fearful of coming evils, would fain have given other counsel, and bade the young men wait till the death of the powerful knight, or the offices of friends might compose these differences, and allow them to return to their own estates in peace. But young men aye think themselves wiser than their elders, and would rather buy their experience, and hazard a draught themselves at the bitter cup of human woe. Hugh Quarmby entered heart and soul into Lockwood's devices. He, too, was a bold and resolute youth, the king of wrestlers, skilful at the bow, and strong as Hercules. Adam Beaumont was not a whit behind the other two in skill and bravery; but he was of a nobler mind, and kindlier heart, and, bating the cruel murder of his father, would have inclined to better courses. He thought it shame to stay behind when his companions were

engaged, and, though he loved his mother well, her words of peace fell idly on his ear, and he was falsely persuaded that honour compelled him to avenge one crime by the commission of another. To these were also joined one Lacy or Lacie, as the ballad hath already taught us. He was of the ancient stock of the Lacies of Cromwellbotham Hall; his lands joined the manor of Eland, and though a kinsman, he too had fled, having had some dispute with the fierce knight, who lived there. These four, having one common cause, held together, firmly linked for good or evil; they spent their days in feats of arms, and oft, at midnight, were planning how they might best accomplish their purpose; revenge themselves upon their enemy, and return to the homes of their childhood. It was, they knew, no easy matter, for Sir John Eland was as wily as he was bold. Quarmby at length grew impatient, and he said gloomily to his friends, that one must go into the country, and learn how matters stood; who this should be, the lot must tell. It fell on Adam Beaumont, but Quarmby, who loved the youth right well, and knew that his mother would oppose such a risk, at once said he would take his place, for all his men at Quarmby were leal and true, and if needs be, they would muster strong in his defence. ♣

"Hugh Quarmby went, and was absent certain days, so that his friends wot not what had happened, but feared he might have fallen into the toils of that fierce knight; but Lockwood was moody and sad, and said bitterly that Quarmby intended 'to bring down the quarry himself,' meaning thereby that he would seek to avenge his quarrel with a single hand. At length Quarmby was seen again at Brereton, and with him two men, hight Haigh and Dawson, retainers of his house, who were witnesses of his father's death, and eager to join and aid in this dark conspiracy. With them was nightly much consultation, and it was at length agreed that they should return to Quarmby, and seek out a fitting time and opportunity for executing their 'deed of vengeance.'" So far the tradition. We gather from other sources that Sir John Eland was sheriff that year, and that it was his custom to hear and determine matters appertaining to his office, at various places within his jurisdiction. It so happened, that on a certain day he gave out he should "keep the turn" at Brighthouse, which is a village situated on the Calder, about three miles from Eland Hall; and it was conjectured that he would return home from thence. Dawson and Haigh lost no time in apprising Quarmby of this fact, and accordingly they received orders to gather

together such of the retainers of the families as they could rely upon, and to meet them the previous night in Strangstrighte wood, which is on the left bank of the river. Here they accordingly met, and before break of day, passing singly over the river, and at different places, made their way to Cromwellbotham Wood, through which the road ran from Brighthouse to Eland Hall. Being near Lacy's house, they rested and refreshed themselves there for a few hours in an outbuilding, and then took their station at a spot whence they could command the road. The place was well suited to the deed. Lofty banks, covered with oaks, and patches of underwood, closely hemmed in the glen, while grey jutting rocks of sandstone, protruding their bold fronts, or raising their massive pinnacles aloft, still further increased the gloom and horror of the place. A small, but noisy brook fretted in the bottom, amid piles of disjointed rock, and close to this the road was seen to wind, sometimes on its very margin, sometimes many yards above, where the smooth front of the cliff, protruding to water's edge, forced the road over the steep ascent. For so dark a purpose, a fitter place could not be conceived. The men occupying each side of the glen, easily concealed themselves in the fissures of the rocks, behind, or in the hollows of the ancient and decayed oaks, or

even among their branches, and it is said that many an inhabitant of Eland Manor, retainers of its lord, passed through Cromwellbotham Wood that day without seeing or suspecting anything amiss.

“ Adam of Beaumont there was laid
And Lacie with him also;
And Liegemen who were not afraid,
To fight against the foe.

“ And Lockwood, too, so eager was,
That close by the road he stood.
And Quarmby stout, who quailed not,
To work this deed of blood.”

“ The day was far spent,” saith the tradition,
“ when Adam Beaumont, from his seat on a high cliff, saw a distant company wind round the hill, and, crossing the river, take the road towards Cromwellbotham Wood. Giving the signal, he hastened down, and planting himself athwart the road, awaited the arrival of the fierce knight, who, little wotting what was prepared for him, had ridden forward apart from his company.

“ From the Lane End then Eland came,
And spied these gentlemen ;
Sore wondered he who they could be,
And val'd his bonnet then.

“ Adam Beaumont was the first to speak, rudely

seizing the bridle of Sir John Eland's horse, and throwing him back upon his haunches.

" 'Thy courts' 'vaile thee not, Sir Knight,
Thou slew my father dear:
Sometime Sir Robert Beaumont I gin,
And slain thou shalt be here.'

" To strike at him still did they strive,
But Eland still withstood;
With might and main to save his life,
But still they shed his blood.

" It was a valiant defence that bold knight made, for, throwing himself off his horse when Aaron Beaumont seized the reins, he drew his short sword, and laid about him with right good will. 'False loon art thou, and cowardly traitor,' shouted he to Quarmby, who had already wounded him sore; 'had I had thee but single-handed, or even with Beaumont only to back thee, I would send ye both to rot with your fathers.' 'How many swords hadst thou, false knight, to back thee when thou camest on our kin, and, like a craven fox, slew them in the night?' quoth Quarmby. As soon as Sir John was slain outright, and his bloody corse lay in the road, pierced with many wounds, besmeared too, with dust and dirt, for in his death throes he had struggled on the ground with Lockwood, whose foot had slipped in the dreadful fray, the party quickly dispersed, each

taking to the deep shades of the rocks and woods, and making the best of his way to a place, where by agreement, they were to meet again that night. And the retinue of the proud sheriff, who had seen him only that self-same day in the seat of power, and all the vigour of his manly strength, now found him upon the bare road a stiffened corse, and conveyed him, on a bier made hastily of oak boughs, to Eland Hall. And all his friends and servants resorted thither, and greatly bemoaned him; for, though relentless and fierce to his foes, he was ever generous and kind to those who lived under him, and shewed himself at all times a steady and bounteous friend to our Holy Church, as the Monkes of Whalley can testify right well.

“ They tolled the bell, and the mass was said,
And the lady sorely wept her lord ;
‘ But mother,’ the young heir questioned,
‘ When may I draw my father’s sword ?’

“ ‘ Forbear, my child,’ the mother said,
‘ That sword hath brought us ill ;
Four noble heads are now laid low,
More blood we may not spill.’

“ On the sad news of the sheriff’s death, all the country was speedily up, and many marvelled who the slayers might be, and the friends of the late Sir John Eland made for many days diligent search for the murtherers, and would gladly have wreaked

their vengeance upon them. But Beaumont and his company had hastily fled, and passing over into Lancashire, had crossed the dangerous sands in Morecumbe Bay, and hid themselves among the dark Fells of Furness, where Beaumont had friends. Here, being in security, they openly 'boasted of their misdeeds,' and how that they had avenged the death of their fathers. And, not even now satisfied with what they had done, they plotted more mischief, and they had spies to inform them of all that passed, and they laid their plans the more openly, inasmuch as that fearful knight, Sir John, was now quiet and harmless in his grave.

"Thus sin to sin doth always lead,
As sure as day to night;
If once the hand is dipped in blood,
The heart is hardened quite.

"The ladye of Eland Hall, however, lived a life so quiet, and surrounded herself and her family with so many faithful dependents of her house, that years passed on, and, as Beaumont and his friends never appeared in the country, it was thought that the feud was now at an end, and that nothing further need be feared. The young knight grew up brave and good, and he lived aye in his father's halls, and among his father's kin, and he, too, was a friend to Holy Church, and demeaned himself in all respects as a good and devout mem-

ber thereof. In his days the Town of Eland did greatly increase; he obtained from the king many privileges and immunities notwithstanding his youth, and he gave and confirmed to the church of Eland for ever, all that close of meadow land called Langstrakes, together with the croft adjoining thereto, and the messuage which was anciently built thereon."

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CHAPTER III.

"VENGEANCE is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Had these vengeful conspirators taken to heart and to practice this saying of Holy Writ, how much evil, misery, and sin, would have been avoided? But men blind their eyes to the truth, when their bad passions are paramount. In our last chapter we left Adam Beaumont, and his fierce and relentless company, among the dark Fells of Furness, where the bleak moors, and savage rocks were in becoming sympathy with their cruel deeds, and yet more cruel designs. For, not satisfied with the blood of their powerful and

wicked foe, they thirsted even more for the blood of his good and knightly son, who was now living in fancied peace and security in Eland Hall, together with his loving wife and darling babes. So many long years had now passed away, that much of the former caution was laid aside, and, occasionally, the young knight and his lady would venture abroad unarmed and unprotected. Quarmby and Beaumont, by means of their spies, soon heard of this, and all the ancient hate returned, and also, that fearful thirst for blood, which had already brought so much woe to both sides. They accordingly laid their plans, and, leaving that savage wilderness, in which they had so long taken refuge, they descended once more like a black cloud charged with the thunderbolt, into the fertile valley, where peaceful Calder winds her beauteous course.

“ Adam of Beaumont then truly,
Lacie and Lockwood eke,
And Quarmbye came to their countrie,
Their purpose for to seek.

“ As if their cruel hearts were hardened, and their memory and their conscience seared, they did not scruple to repair again to their haunt in Cromwellbotham* Wood, and to lie concealed in that very glen where they had whileholme shed the blood of

* Cromwellbotham means the “foot of the winding spring.”

that fierce and puissant knight, Sir John de Eland. And here, receiving food and sustenance from Lacie's house, close by, they lay hid till the eve of Palm Sunday, having spies to keep a close watch upon the family at Eland Hall, and their movements. Upon obtaining therefore more certain information on this holy eve (sad time chosen for such unholy purpose), they stole from their hiding-places, and 'it being mirke midnight' made their way to Eland Miln,* which, as before mentioned, lay on the further bank of the Calder stream, just below the hill on which the Town stood, and a short walk from the old Hall, which was on the other bank, somewhat higher up. Stealthily forcing their way into the miln, they there did hide themselves, till the early dawn tinged the hills, and the cock crew his shrill clarion. Little did the miller guess that he had such unwelcome company so near, and he was up betimes, and charged his wife to go into the miln, and bring some meal from the sacks therein. But, before she could take the moutre, or even she touched a sack, she was seized, and bound, both hand and foot, and her mouth was gagged, so that she lay there as still and quiet as the sacks themselves. Now, it so befel, that the miller being, if not the better, yet the stronger half, and having

* Mill.

his wife in due and proper subjection, could not brook this delay, but, as his custom was when things went wrong, he took his cudgel, determined to chastise her for her delay. But little did he wot what was to befall. As he entered the miln, he was soon felled with his own cudgel, and, being also bound fast and gagged, he was laid close by the side of his loving wife. But while these things were enacting, we will return for a while, to take a glimpse within the walls of Eland Hall. Here the young knight and his fair lady,* were living in sweet security, loving and beloved, right dear to all their people, and especially honoured, and cheerfully obeyed, by all their loyal lieges in the good town of Eland. Under this, their good lord, they lived in peace and plenty, and none could say that he had ever been turned away from the Hall, without tasting well and heartily of the hospitable cheer therein. And as he was a kind lord and master, so was he a right loyal knight, and to Holy Church, as we have before seen, he was a great benefactor, as the parson of Eland could well testify, and the good monks of Whalley Abbey have fully set forth in their Coucher book. It was on this eve of Palm Sunday that, while his relentless foes were skulking in the dark hiding-

* She was a daughter of Gilbert de Umfraville.

places of Cromwellbotham Wood, that this good knight retired to rest with his fair wife, and their lovely babes. There was a storm without; the casements rattled; many a gust descended the wide open chimney, and roared in the old oaks that sheltered that ancient mansion. Shrieks seemed to mingle with the blast, and a hollow moaning ever and anon filled up the pauses of the storm. At length the knight betook himself to sleep, but a fearful dream disturbed his rest. He fancied that the doors opened and shut violently; the storm raged more and more, and faces of hostile men peeped in upon him, now from the open door, now through the casements, till at length, armed men, with sword in hand, surrounded the bed, grinning horribly, and threatening to slay him and those so dear to him. Valiant to the core, the knight started from his bed to grapple with his foes, and with a shout of defiance, flung himself upon the floor, where waking, he found it was all—a dream! He opened the casement; the storm was hushed; not a cloud rode through the sky: the moon gleamed brightly on the passing waters of the river, and tipped with silver the branches of the huge oaks, throwing their dark shadows athwart the grassy glade.

The knight again retired to rest, but rising early in the morning was still disturbed in mind, and an

uneasiness that he could not quell dwelt upon his spirit. Perceiving that all was not well with her lord, his fair lady tenderly besought him to reveal that which had thus ruffled him, and he told her of the dream that he had dreamed, and of the storm, and of the sudden ceasing of it when he looked forth from the casement. And he added that he feared much that some evil accident was about to befall either him or his. The lady mused for awhile, and then bade her lord take courage, for said she, it is the morn of Palm Sunday, and to church we must go, as is our wont, and surely no evil can betide good Christians on such a holy day, and going forth, too, for so holy a purpose. The knight wist not what to reply, but being thus persuaded, prepared to keep his church as was ever his wont; and as the sweet bells threw their merry echoes down the river he left the Hall with his fair lady by his side, and his young son and heir closely following with several of his household. They thus arrived at the river's bank, where a long weir was carried across transversely to conduct the waters to the large wheel of the miln. Below this weir there was a ford, over which was a passage by large stepping-stones, which road, leading round the back of the miln, conducted the passenger up the hill to the church, and also the town. Scarcely had the knight and his lady reached the river's

brink, when a sad and fearful sight met their eyes.
For thus saith the ballad :—

“The drought had made the waters small,
The stakes appeared dry,
The knight, his wife, and servants,
Came down the dam thereby.

When Adam Beaumont this beheld,
Forth of the miln came he,
His bow in hand with him he held,
And shot at him sharply.

“He hit the knight on the breast-plate,
Whereupon the bolt did glide,
William of Lockwood, wroth thereat,
Said—‘Cousin, you shoot wide.’

“Himself did shoot, and hit the knight,
Who nought was hurt with this,
Whereat the knight, had great delight
And said to them—‘I wis

“‘If that my father had been clad,
With armour, such certaine,
Your wicked hands escaped he had,
And had not so been slane.

“‘Oh ! Eland Town, alack,’ said he,
‘If thou but knew of this,
These foes of mine, full fast would flee,
And of their purpose, miss.’

"William of Lockwood was adread
The town would rise indeed,
He shot the knight quite through the head,
And slew him thus with speed.

"His son and heir was wounded there
But dead he did not fall,
Into the house conveyed he was,
And died in Eland Hall."

Thus far did these vengeful men proceed in this
direful tragedie, but if they thought to escape from
the second misdeed as they did from the first, they
counted their chances ill. The wild beast may
pursue his prey into the very net in which he may
be taken withal.

"The Lord's servants throughout the town
Had cried with might and main—
'Up gentle Yeomen, make you bown,
This day your Lord is slain.'"

And right speedily, and with good heart, did
these loving liegemen sally forth, and they hurried
to the miln and guarded the main road, perchance
the murtherers might pass that way. And seeing
the toils in which they were well-nigh beset, Beau-
mont and his party looked around and had short
time to consider what to do. To loiter there was
certain death.

"By Whittle Lane they took their flight,
And to the old Earth Gate,
They took the wood, as well they might,
And spied a private gate.

"Themselves coming craftily,
To Aneley Wood that way,
The men of Eland manfully
Pursued them that day.

"Whittle, and Smith, and Rimmington,
Bury, with many more,
As brim as boars they made them bown
Their Lord's enemies to slo.'

"All sorts of men shewed their good will—
Some bows and shafts did bear,
Some brought forth clubs, and rusty bills,
That saw no sun that year."

Like beasts at bay, Beaumont, and Quarmby, and Lockwood, ere they gained Aneley Wood, turned round upon their pursuers, and fought like men in desperate case. The Eland men pressed upon them till their shafts being all spent, and fearing to come to a close fight with such odds against them, they thought to make good their retreat into the thick copse of Aneley Wood. But Quarmby, who was in truth the hardiest of them, and one who had never ceased stirring up the less deadly vengeance of his companions, refused "to turn his face," and was soon mortally wounded by his foes. And now was shewn a brave spirit that would have well suited a better cause, and shews how noble minds may be turned aside by pursuing evil passions.

"Lockwood he bare him on his back,
And hid him in Aneley Wood,
To whom his purse he did betake
Of gold and silver good.

" ' Give place with speed, and fare ye well,
Night shield you from mischief,
If that it otherwise befall,
It would be my great grief.' "

Leaving Quarmby only when the breath was out of his body, the others well knowing every nook and corner of the huge wood, avoided the deadly shafts of their foes for the nonce, but this second deed of blood was execrated by all men, and a wretched fate overtook, at the last, both Beaumont and Lockwood.

" But as for Beaumont and the rest,
They were undone utterlie,
Thus simple virtue is the best,
And chief felicitie."

Adam Beaumont, deprived of his lands, after lurking in great danger of being seized and punished, made his escape into foreign parts, became a Knight of Rhodes, and after long and greatly distinguishing himself, was killed fighting against the Turks. Lockwood's fate was romantic, and yet more sad. By this last double murder of the Knight of Eland and his son, the Manor of Eland and all the broad lands became the inheritance of the sole surviving child and daughter,

Isabel, who being placed under the guardianship of Sir John Saville, of Tankersley, afterwards became his wife, and founded the great and puissant house of Saville, now represented by the Earls of Scarborough, who still hold the manor. The advice given by the bard to this Saville, who married the heiress, will conclude this sad and fatal tragedie of Sir John Eland of Eland.

“Learn, Saville, here I you beseech,
That in prosperitie,
You be not proud, but mild and meek,
And dwell in charitie.

“For by such means your elders came
To knightly dignitie,
But Eland, he forsook the same,
And came to miserie.”

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

DURING the siege of Rouen in 1591, one of the officers of the garrison, named the Chevalier Picard, received a letter from the Earl of Essex, in which that nobleman told him “that independently of the cause which he had embraced, he was his friend, having known him in England with M. de Marchemont, but in the war he should be very happy

to meet him at the head of his troops, lance in hand." Andre de Brancas de Villars, who commanded in Rouen, himself replied, and sent word to the Earl that he would find the Chevalier Picard "always ready to meet him hand to hand, or with any number which might be agreed upon, and that he would willingly assist in making up the party of combatants. Essex, who commanded 4000 infantry and 500 horse sent by Queen Elizabeth to the assistance of Henri IV., returned the following reply :—

"As to your offer to make up a party for me, I reply that I command an army in which are many of the Chevalier Picard's quality, and I am the lieutenant of an absolute sovereign. But if you yourself have any desire to fight on horseback or on foot, armed or *en point*, I will maintain that the quarrel of the King is more just than that of the Ligue, that I am better than you, and that my mistress is more beautiful than yours. If you do not like to come alone, I will bring twenty with me, the worst of whom shall be worthy of a colonel, or sixty, the lowest of whom shall bear the rank of captain.

(Signed) "Essex."

Villars instantly wrote the following answer :—
"To come to the subject of your letter, in which you defy me to combat, you well know that it is

not in my power to accept your challenge at present, and that the business in which I am employed, deprives me of the liberty of disposing of myself, but when the Duke de Mayenne shall come, I accept it willingly, and will fight you on horseback with the arms to which gentlemen are accustomed; not desiring, however, to fail in replying to the conclusion of your letter, in which you seek to maintain that you are better than me; upon which I will tell you that you have thereby lied, and will lie whenever you attempt to maintain it; as well also you will lie when you say that the quarrel I sustain in the defence of my religion, is not better than that of those who endeavour to destroy it. With respect to the comparison of your mistress to mine, I am constrained to believe you are as false on that score as in the other two, however, that's not an affair which troubles me much for the present.

(Signed) "VILLARS."

Although this correspondence created great excitement at the time, the affair produced no other result.

THE IMPRISONED LADY.

LADY CATHCART was one of the four daughters of Mr. Malyn, of Southwark and Battersea, in Surrey. She married four times, but never had any issue. Her first husband was James Fleet, Esq., of the city of London, Lord of the Manor of Tewing; her second, Captain Sabine, younger brother of General Joseph Sabine, of Quino-hall; her third, Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart, of the kingdom of Scotland, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the West Indies; and her fourth,* Hugh Macguire, an officer in the Hungarian service, for whom she bought a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission in the British army, and whom she also survived. She was not encouraged, however, by his treatment, to verify the resolution, which she inscribed as a poesy on her wedding-ring:—

“If I survive
I will have five.”

* Lady Cathcart's marriage to Macguire took place 18th May, 1745.

Her avowed motives for these several engagements were, for the first, obedience to her parents; for the second, money; for the third, title; and for the fourth, submission to the fact that "the devil owed her a grudge, and would punish her for her sins." In the last union she met with her match. The Hibernian fortune-hunter wanted only her money. Soon after their marriage, she discovered her grievous mistake, and became alarmed lest the Colonel, who was desperately in love, not with the widow, but with the "widow's jointured land," designed to carry her off, and to get absolute power over all her property; to prepare for the worst, her ladyship plaited some of her jewels in her hair, and quilted others in her petticoat. Meanwhile the mistress of the Colonel so far insinuated herself into his wife's confidence that she learnt where her will was deposited; and Macguire getting sight of it, insisted on an alteration in his favour, under a threat of instant death. Lady Cathcart's apprehensions of the loss of her personal freedom proved to be not without foundation; one morning, when she and her husband went out from Tewing to take an airing, she proposed after a time, to return, but he desired to go a little further. The coachman drove on; she remonstrated, "they should not be back by dinner-

time." "Be not the least uneasy on that account," rejoined Macguire, "we do not dine to-day at Tewing, but at Chester, whither we are journeying." Vain were all the lady's efforts and expostulations. Her sudden disappearance excited the alarm of her friends, and an attorney was sent in pursuit, with a writ of *habeas corpus* or *ne exeat regno*. He overtook the travellers at an inn at Chester, and succeeding in obtaining an interview with the husband, demanded a sight of Lady Cathcart. The Colonel skilled in expedients, and aware that his wife's person was unknown, assured the attorney that he should see her Ladyship immediately, and he would find that she was going to Ireland with her own free consent. Thereupon Macguire persuaded a woman, whom he had properly tutored, to personate his wife. The attorney asked the supposed captive, if she accompanied Colonel Macguire to Ireland of her own good will? "Perfectly so," said the woman. Astonished at such an answer, he begged pardon, made a low bow, and set out again for London. Macguire thought that possibly Mr. Attorney might recover his senses, find how he had been deceived, and yet stop his progress; and in order to make all safe, he sent two or three fellows after him, with directions to plunder him of all he had, particularly of his

papers. They faithfully executed their commission; and when the Colonel had the writ in his possession, he knew that he was safe. He then took my lady over to Ireland, and kept her there, a prisoner, locked up in his own house at Tempo, in Fermanagh, for many years; during which period he was visited by the neighbouring gentry, and it was his regular custom at dinner to send his compliments to Lady Cathcart informing her that the company had the honour to drink her ladyship's health, and begging to know whether there was anything at table that she would like to eat? The answer was always—"Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has everything she wants." An instance of honesty in a poor Irishwoman deserves to be recorded. Lady Cathcart had some remarkably fine diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, and which she was anxious to get out of the house, lest he should discover them. She had neither servant nor friend, to whom she could intrust them; but she had observed a beggar, who used to come to the house—she spoke to her from the window of the room in which she was confined—the woman promised to do what she desired, and Lady Cathcart threw a parcel, containing the jewels, to her. The poor woman carried them to the person to whom they were directed; and several years afterwards when Lady Cathcart

recovered her liberty, she received her diamonds safely. At Colonel Macguire's death, which occurred in 1764, her ladyship was released. When she was first informed of the fact, she imagined that the news could not be true, and that it was told only with an intention of deceiving her. At the time of her deliverance, she had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover her; she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupified: she said that she scarcely knew one human creature from another: her imprisonment had lasted above twenty years. The moment she regained her freedom, she hastened to England, to her house at Tewing, but the tenant, a Mr. Joseph Steele, refusing to render up possession, Lady Cathcart had to bring an action of ejectment, attended the assizes in person, and gained the cause. At Tewing she continued to reside for the remainder of her life. The only subsequent notice we find of her is that, at the age of eighty, she took part in the gaieties of the Welwyn Assembly, and danced with the spirit of a girl. She did not die until 1789, when she was in her ninety-eighth year.

In the mansion house of Tempo, now the property of Sir John Emerson Tennent, the room is still shewn in which Lady Cathcart was imprisoned.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS AMBROSE.

THE Lord Lieutenant's Court in Dublin, now approaching so nearly to its extinction, was, in the olden time,—the time of the second and third Georges, when Chesterfield, Rutland, and Richmond represented Royalty in Ireland,—as attractive and fascinating as any in Europe. The brief but brilliant administration of the Earl of Chesterfield, was particularly distinguished. His Lordship's high character, as a wit, an orator, and a litterateur, collected the most celebrated men at his levees, and the fairest ladies at the Castle drawing rooms.

Of the galaxy of beauty that there shone, Miss Ambrose was universally allowed to be the brightest star. She was a Catholic heiress, of very ancient descent, allied to the best families in Ireland, gifted with exquisite beauty, and possessed of considerable mental acquirements. These attractions soon won the notice of the Viceroy, and many were the compliments his Lordship paid, with wit and delicacy, to their surpassing excel-

lence. On the 1st July, it is a custom with the Irish Protestants to wear orange lilies, in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, gained on that day by William of Orange. At one of the balls given on this anniversary, Miss Ambrose appeared, with an orange lily in her bosom. The emblem immediately caught the Viceroy's eye, and elicited these extemporary lines :--

“ Say, lovely traitor, where 's the jest
Of wearing *orange* on thy breast,
When that same breast uncover'd shows
The *whiteness* of the *rebel* rose ? ”

A few days after, a delegation from Drogheda waited on the Earl, to present the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. Miss Ambrose chanced to be present, and, as the offering was of the finest workmanship, jocosely requested that his Excellency would give it to her. “ Madam,” replied Chesterfield, “ you have too much of my *freedom* already.” In allusion to the unsettled state of the Catholics at that period, his Lordship used to say that, in his estimation, Miss Ambrose was the most dangerous Papist in Ireland. Encircled by a crowd of admirers, she had the good sense, in the very heyday of her bloom, to prefer the hand of a plain country gentleman, Roger Palmer, Esq., of Castle Lackin, to all the wealth and titles that offered. The marriage was thus announced in the Dublin paper of the day :

"Dublin, 14th Nov., 1750.

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose, of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of *one*, and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the Temple of Hymen. Her husband is Roger Palmer, Esq., of Castle Lackin, co. Mayo, M.P."

A few lines will suffice to describe the sequel of the Irish Beauty's life. By her husband's elevation to a Baronetcy in 1777, she became Lady Palmer, and as such died, universally esteemed. Her last surviving child was the late Sir William Henry Palmer, Bart., of Palmerstown and Kenure Park, father of the present Sir Roger.

THE MASTER OF BURLEIGH.

ALTHOUGH love has been highly extolled by rhymers and romancers as a very ennobling passion, in proof of which the chivalrous times have been often quoted, there is certainly some small mistake in the matter; Venus herself might, we think, with great propriety be represented like Janus with two faces. To say the least of it, we find abundant instances of love being about as selfish an impulse, and leading to as much evil, as

any that agitates the human bosom. Jealousy in its milder forms may not perhaps afford a sufficient confirmation of our doctrine, but jealousy, when it becomes outrageous and takes to steel and poison, as we often see it doing, is fairly entitled to a verdict of guilty upon any and all the counts of this indictment. "Upon that hint I speak," and it must go hard indeed if the following tradition, too well established to admit of doubt, does not bring with it the proof required. That it is fact, and no fiction, any one may convince himself, who will take the trouble of referring to "Maclaurin's Decisions," and "Rae's History of the Rebellion against George I."

Robert, the eldest son of the fourth Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and commonly known as *the Master of Burleigh*, had, when a very young man, formed an attachment for a girl in a low station, whose name does not appear upon the record, and whom therefore for the sake of convenience we shall call Mary. When this came to the ears of his family they determined to send him abroad, as the readiest and most effective mode of preventing him from contracting an alliance with her, and though in general sufficiently intolerant of all command, the Master of Burleigh found on this occasion his interest was too deeply compromised for him to refuse obedience. He assented therefore, although with as little grace as obstinate

tempers usually exhibit when submitting to unpleasant propositions.

It was in this state of mind that he paid the girl a final visit before his departure, to inform her of his intended journey to the continent, and to bind her to himself, if possible, by such vows as she would not be likely to break in a hurry. The fierceness of his manner, at all times stern and overbearing, but now wrought even above its usual pitch, terrified, if it did not persuade her, and she promised to enter into no engagement during his absence, however long it might be, but to wait patiently till time and the course of events should render him the uncontrolled disposer of his own actions. That she might the more faithfully keep this promise, he solemnly assured her, that if she married, he would infallibly put her husband to death,—“And you know,” he added, “I am a man of my word in such matters.” Upon this understanding they parted, she to return home, and he to set out upon his journey, which the old lord resolved should be of some duration, that the cure might be complete.

“*Out of sight, out of mind,*” is an old proverb, and so it proved on this occasion. Robert had not long quitted the country, before a certain Henry Stenhouse, a schoolmaster at Inverkeithing, fell in love with Mary and paid his addresses to her. His suit met with every encouragement from

her friends and relations, not only as he was an eligible match for a girl in her sphere of life, but because their union was the likeliest way of securing her from what they felt to be the dangerous attentions of the young Master. Thus favoured by circumstances, and being, moreover, just the sort of man to win a young girl's affections, he finally succeeded in rendering himself so agreeable to Mary that she consented to marry him, though her knowledge of the Master's desperate and inflexible temper did not leave her without some apprehensions on his account. All this she frankly communicated to Stenhouse; but when did a man in love ever look to remote consequences? he laughed at her fears, declaring he was quite ready to run *that*, or any other risk, to gain possession of so fair a wife; and such is the waywardness of the human heart, that his gallantry in braving a danger which *she* at least did not consider an imaginary one, was a strong inducement to her accepting him for a husband.

The next scene in this tragic drama followed naturally enough. With Mary's marriage the grounds for the Master's enforced absence were removed in the eyes of Lord Balfour, since, let whatever would happen, the possibility of his son's contracting a low union was now, and for ever, at an end. He therefore permitted him to return home.

The first thing the Master did on coming back was to enquire after Mary, for it seems that neither time nor absence had done anything towards abating his passion. He was told that she had married the schoolmaster of Inverkeithing. Upon hearing this—it was somewhere about the 9th of April, 1707—he armed himself, and set out on horseback for that place, accompanied by two attendants, and going straight to the school demanded to see Mr. Henry Stenhouse. The latter, who did not as yet know the name or purpose of his visitor, came out without hesitation, when the latter briefly and sternly explained that he was Mr. Robert Balfour; that he understood Mr. Stenhouse had maligned him, and that in consequence he had come to challenge him, and settle the affair upon the spot before they parted. Stenhouse was more taken by surprise at this than he ought to have been, considering what Mary had told him before their marriage. He, however, endeavoured to appease his antagonist, protesting his perfect innocence of the offence charged against him; he had not, he said, the remotest knowledge of Mr. Robert or his concerns, that could have led him to the supposed slander. Such a disclaimer of course availed nothing when the real ground of dispute was something very different from what had been alleged. The Master of Burleigh persisted in his

demand for an immediate settlement of the affair, and swore that unless the schoolmaster met him with fire-arms on horseback, he would shoot him at once without more ceremony, as he would a mad dog. Stenhouse, who had no cause of anger against this uncalled-for opponent, was as may be imagined, most reluctant to peril his life without a motive. His principles as a Christian of a somewhat precise order, his habits as a man that had much more in them of the philosopher than of the chivalrous knight, were alike alien from anything of the kind. He pleaded that it was hard to make him fight a person he had never injured, that he had neither horse nor arms, but was in his dressing-gown, having just left the school-room, and, finally, that the whole system of duelling was quite contrary to his ideas, and even ridiculous in his sphere of life. Robert was inexorable. He presented a pistol at the schoolmaster's breast, and, for the last time, gave him warning, that he must either fight or be shot. Thus driven into a corner, and in the hope, however faint, that something might happen to save him, Stenhouse agreed to accept his adversary's challenge. At the same moment—and this is the blackest part of a story already black enough without any additional shadows—the Master of Burleigh fired, and lodged a couple of bullets in the shoulder of his unoffending adversary.

Upon receiving the shot the unhappy man staggered, but did not drop, whereat his opponent drew another pistol, exclaiming "I have missed the dog!" A crowd, however, having instantly gathered upon the report of the pistol, the Master of Burleigh, with that natural instinct which never wholly deserts the bravest or the most ferocious, began to think of his own safety; he drew his sword, put spurs to his horse, and rode off at full gallop, exclaiming, that he might the better delude the people and turn away pursuit from himself, "Stop the deserter! stop the deserter!"

After languishing of his wounds for several days, Henry Stenhouse died, and the Master of Burleigh having been apprehended was put upon his trial for the murder. A most curious and original—not to say impudent—defence was set up for him by the ingenuity of his counsel. It was pleaded that there was no malice prepense; that the wound had not been in a mortal place but in the arm, plainly shewing that the intention had been to frighten or correct, and not to kill; and lastly that the libel—the *indictment*, according to the phraseology of English law—did not bear the wound was deadly; on the contrary, it admitted that the deceased had lived several days after it, and the prisoner would prove *malum regimen* and a fretful temper as the immediate causes of death. Neither the judge nor the jury could be made to

understand these nice distinctions, and the Master was condemned to be beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 8th of January, 1710, and all his goods to be escheat.

No one will dispute the justice of this sentence, for never has a more deliberate murder been committed, or one that had less to palliate it. The culprit, however, had the good fortune to escape out of gaol before the day of execution, disguised in his sister's clothes, a contrivance so palpable and clumsy that one is irresistibly led to believe there must have been some connivance on the part of the gaoler.

From this moment tradition tells nothing of the master till the end of May, 1714, when we find him at the meeting of Lochmaben, for it seems he was a staunch Jacobite, and one of the most decided opponents to the House of Hanover. "He and several others," says a historian, "went to the Cross, where, in a very solemn manner, before hundreds of witnesses, with drums beating and colours displayed, they did, upon their knees, drink their king's health." The Master of Burleigh began the health with a "*God damn them that will not drink it!*" The next year he was openly engaged in the rebellion, "for which he was attainted by Act of Parliament, and his estate of

£677 a year forfeited to the crown," an evident proof that he must, at some time, have got a remission of his earlier sentence, for otherwise his property was already escheated for the murder of Stenhouse. He died in 1757, without issue.

THE ST. LAWRENCES.

(BARLS OF HOWTH.)

THE name of Sir Armoricus Tristram, the illustrious founder of the noble House of Howth, is associated with adventures by flood and field, that rival any recounted in romance or fable. He it was who formed the compact with his brother-in-law Sir John De Courcy, in St. Mary's church at Rouen, that they should become brothers in arms as well as brothers in love, and whatever spoil they should take, in land or wealth, should be equally divided between them. On the strength of this agreement, they sought achievements in various parts of France and England, and turning their prow westward they "steered their bark for Erin's Isle," and anchored off Howth. De Courcy was

confined to the ship by sickness, and the command devolving on Sir Armoricus, he ordered a landing. The Irish assembled in haste, but not arriving in time to prevent the invaders reaching the shore, attacked them at the bridge of Evora, which crosses a mountain stream on the north side of Howth. This conflict was maintained on both sides with the desperate valour of men preferring to die than yield. Seven sons of Sir Armoricus were slain, together with many of his kindred, but the Irish were routed. In clearing out the foundation of a church built on the spot some years since, a quantity of bones were discovered, together with an antique anvil, with bridle, bits, and other accoutrements. This might have been the armourer's anvil used in closing up the rivets preparatory to the engagement. The result of the victory was to give the lands and castle of Howth to the gallant Sir Armoricus, as his share of the conquest. The account of his death is a strong proof of his valour. While engaged with some of his knights in making an incursion into Connaught, they were surprised and surrounded by a superior force—yet a chance of escape existed—the knights suggested to avail themselves of the swiftness of their steeds and save themselves by flight, but Sir Armoricus disdained life on such terms. He dismounted from his gallant charger, drew his sword, and kissing the cross

forming the guard, thrust it into his horse's side. His example was followed by all the knights except two, who acted as videttes, and they alone returned to tell the sad tale that the brave Sir Armoricus, and his companions, died as became Norman knights, with their faces to the foeman. The family name was changed from Tristram to St. Lawrence on the following occasion. One of the chiefs of the race commanded an army about to engage in battle against the Danes on St. Lawrence's Day. He made a vow to the Saint that if victorious he would assume the name of St. Lawrence, and entail it on his posterity. The Danes fled and the name was retained.

A long flight of steps at the Castle of Howth leads from the hall to a chamber, in which is a picture representing a female figure mounted on a white horse, in the act of receiving a child from a peasant. This is supposed to refer to the tradition of the celebrated Granu Uile, or Grace O'Malley, who, returning from the Court of Queen Elizabeth, landed at Howth, and proceeded to the castle, but found the gates shut, the family having gone to dinner. Enraged at this utter want of Irish hospitality, the indignant chieftainess proceeded to the shore, where the young lord was at nurse, hurried with him on board, and sailed to Connaught where her castle stood. An ample

apology being made and promise of future hospitality to all such guests, the child was restored, on the express stipulation that the gates should be always thrown open when the family went to dinner. There is a bed also shewn at Howth in which King William III. slept. And in the saloon is a full length of that curious combination of good and evil—Dean Swift, with the Draper's Letters in his hand. The notorious Wood is crouching beside him, and his half-pence are scattered about.

The antiquity of this family in Ireland may be judged from the foregoing remarks. The title of Baron was conferred so far back as 1177, a few years after the arrival of the English. In 1767 the Barony was merged in the title of Viscount St. Lawrence, then created Earl of Howth. The alliances and offices filled by various members of this noble house would occupy a large space; the fifteenth Baron was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, A.D. 1483; he married the second daughter of the Duke of Somerset, which entitles Lord Howth to claim descent from and to quarter the arms of the renowned English monarch King Edward III. The present peer is the 29th in succession from Sir Armoricus Tristram.

AN IRISH LANDLORD.

THE Duke of Devonshire is the present proprietor of nearly the whole town of Bandon, co. Cork, and of an immense tract of the county adjoining. His grace is, on the whole, one of the best specimens of the class of absentee landlords. An incident, illustrating his disposition to do justice, where he really sees his way in his dealing with his tenantry, was related to us by a person residing in the neighbourhood:—

“ A tenant of the duke's, named Wilson, received notice from one of the duke's agents to quit at the approaching expiry of his lease. Wilson, who had always paid his rent with punctuality, solicited a renewal, at whatever rent could be fairly expected from a stranger. The agent, however, had destined the farm either for himself or for some favourite of his. Wilson's entreaties were fruitless, and when he found it was impossible to soften

the obduracy of the man in office, he said to him :—

“ ‘ Well, sir, as I can't have my farm, will your honour have the goodness, at any rate, to give me a character that may help me to get a farm somewhere else ? ’ ”

“ To this the agent assented with alacrity, as an easy mode of getting rid of Wilson's importunities. He gave him a flourishing character for industry, honesty, and agricultural intelligence. Wilson no sooner got hold of the document, than he sailed for London, where, with great difficulty, he succeeded at last in getting access to the duke. He stated his own past merits as a tenant, his claim to a preference, at the same rent any solvent stranger would be willing to pay. The duke readily admitted the justice of the claim.

“ ‘ Now, my lord duke,’ continued Wilson, tendering to his grace the written certificate of character Mr. — had given him, ‘ will you just look at what your agent himself says about me, and see whether I am the sort of man he ought to dispossess.’ ”

“ The duke read the paper, and expressed his great surprise that his agent should contemplate the ousting of such a valuable tenant. ‘ I'll tell you how we will meet him,’ continued his grace ; ‘ he expects you to give up possession on the next

term day; now, when he comes to receive it, instead of giving him your farm, give him a letter I shall put into your hands, strictly commanding him to grant you a renewal. Meanwhile, be quite silent on the subject, in order that Mr. —— may enjoy all the pleasure of surprise.'

"Wilson kept his counsel until term day, and we may easily imagine the chagrin of the discomfited agent, when, instead of the coveted farm, he received the duke's letter confirming the possession of the tenant."

THE RADIANT BOY; AN APPARITION SEEN BY
THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

It is now nearly fifty years since the late Lord Londonderry, (then Viscount Castlereagh) was, for the first time, on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. The apartment, also, which was appropriated to Lord Castlereagh, was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling, from its antique appointments; from the dark and richly carved panels of its wainscot; from its yawning width and height of chimney, looking like the open entrance to a tomb, of which the surrounding ornaments appeared to form the sculptures and entablature; from the portraits of grim men and severe-eyed women, arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; and from the vast, dusky, ponderous, and complicated

draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funeral trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed.

Lord Castlereagh examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, as they sat upright in their ebony frames to receive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candles had not long been extinguished when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few minutes before, he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily round to the side from which the light proceeded, saw, to his infinite astonishment, not the form of any human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form, like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood at some short distance from the side of the bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting he might be imposed

on by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then visiting in the same house, Lord Castlereagh proceeded towards the figure,—it retreated before him:—as he slowly advanced, the form with equal paces slowly retired:—it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Castlereagh returned to his bed, but not to rest: his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him.—Was it real?—Was it the work of imagination?—Was it the result of imposture?—It was all incomprehensible.

He resolved in the morning not to mention the appearance till he should have well observed the manners and countenances of the family. He was conscious that if any deception had been practised, its authors would be too delighted with their success to conceal the vanity of their triumph. When the guests assembled at the breakfast-table, the eye of Lord Castlereagh searched in vain for those latent smiles—those conscious looks—that silent communication between the parties, by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Every thing apparently proceeded in its ordinary course: the conversation flowed rapidly along from the subjects afforded at the moment, without any of the

constraint which marks a party intent upon some secret and more interesting argument, and endeavouring to afford an opportunity for its introduction. At last the hero of the tale found himself compelled to mention the occurrence of the night. It was most extraordinary. He feared that he should not be credited; and then, after all due preparation, the story was related. Those among his auditors who, like himself, were strangers and visitors in the house, felt certain that some delusion must have been practised. The family alone seemed perfectly composed and calm. At last, the gentleman whom Lord Londonderry was visiting, interrupted their various surmises on the subject, by saying: "The circumstance which you have just recounted must naturally appear very extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my dwelling, and not conversant with the legends of my family; and to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve as the corroboration of an old tradition that has long been related of the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the Radiant Boy. Be content. It is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned."

SIR JOHN DINELY, BART.

AMONG the most important families in Worcestershire, the Dinelys of Charlton held a prominent position. Descended, by the female line, from the Royal House of Plantagenet, and representing, by male filiation, a time-honoured race, possessed of extensive estates, and allied to the old county aristocracy, they continued to flourish in high repute, until the close of the seventeenth century, when the last male heir, Sir Edward Dinely, Knt., died, leaving, by Frances, his wife, daughter of Lewis Watson, Lord Rockingham, an only daughter and heir, Eleanor, who married Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., of Burghope, co. Hereford, M.P. Thus the Dinely estates became the inheritance of her eldest son, Sir John Dinely Goodere, Bart., of Charlton and Burghope, who assumed the surname of his maternal ancestors. For a series of years, this Sir John lived on bad terms with his younger brother, Captain Samuel

Goodere, R.N., whom he threatened to disinherit in favour of his sister's son, John Foote, Esq., of Truro, elder brother of Samuel Foote, the dramatist. This circumstance so alarmed Captain Goodere, that he formed the resolution of murdering his brother, which dreadful purpose he carried out on the 17th January, 1741. On that day, a friend at Bristol, who knew the mortal antipathy that existed between the brothers, invited them both to dinner, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation. His efforts seemed to be successful, and his guests parted in apparent amity. Captain Goodere had, however, watched his opportunity, and taken measures to accomplish his purpose. Several of his crew, placed designedly in the street, near College Green, seized Sir John as he passed, and under pretence that he was disordered in his senses, hurried him by violence to the ship, where the unfortunate gentleman was strangled by two sailors, Captain Goodere himself standing sentinel at the door. Suffice it to add, that the murder was immediately discovered, and the Captain, who of course, had succeeded to the baronetcy, was tried with his two accomplices at Bristol, 26th March following, found guilty, and executed on the 15th April. This wretched man (who was captain of the *Ruby*, man of war, and had distinguished himself in his gallant profession at the

capture of St. Sebastian, Ferrol, and St. Antonio,) was succeeded in the title by his elder son, Sir Edward Dinely Goodere, Bart., who died unmarried in 1761, aged thirty-two, leaving as his heir, one surviving brother, Sir John Dinely, whose eccentricities form the subject of our narrative. The wreck of the family estates which came to him, he soon dissipated, and in his latter years became greatly reduced. At length his friendship with the Pelham family, and the interest of Lord North, procured for him the pension and situation of a poor knight of Windsor, in which town he very orderly resided, and was known by wearing the Windsor uniform. Platonic gallantry was his profession, and to shew the system reduced to practice, he always dwelt by himself, not having a single servant-maid to wait on him in his solitude. Yet, with all his oddities, he was particularly loquacious when abroad, though his discourse was always overcharged with egotism and affairs of gallantry. His chief occupation consisted in advertising for a wife.

In dress, he adhered to one uniform costume, and was exact to time in every thing. For nearly thirty years he was known in town on his occasional visits to the pastry and confectionary shops, where his assignations to meet the fair objects of his advertisements were fixed. On these occasions his

figure was truly grotesque. In wet weather he was mounted on a high pair of pattens. His accoutrements were generally second-hand finery of a fashion at least a century old, and consisted of a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. Thus adorned, and not a little inflated with family pride, he seemed to imagine himself as great as any nobleman in the land; but, on the day following, he might be seen slowly pacing from the chandler's shop near his country retreat—with a penny loaf in one pocket, a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, and a farthing candle in the other. Sir John was in the habit of receiving many answers to his advertisements, and several whimsical interviews and ludicrous adventures occurred in consequence. He has more than once paid his devoirs to one of his own sex, in female attire. But his passion for the ladies was not so easily to be allayed; he appeared resolved to have a wife; and his offers in the *Reading Mercury*, of 1802, appear dictated with the same warmth, and under the very same extravagant ideas, which distinguished them at an earlier period.

The poor baronet, we are told, once practised physic, but, in many respects, the *Medice, cura te ipsum* could never be retorted with more propriety than upon him. Certain it is that Sir John was in

the habit of attending book sales, and always made large purchases of medical works. Twice or thrice a year he visited Vauxhall and the theatres, taking care to apprise the public of his intention through the medium of the most fashionable daily papers. At Vauxhall, he paraded the most conspicuous parts, and at the theatre he was to be found in the front row of the pit; whenever it was known that he was to be there, the house was invariably well attended, especially by females. While in town, Sir John made a point of attending the different auctions, to which he was particularly attached; but if he bought a catalogue, he was sure to make a purchase to the value of a shilling, to cover the expense. Lord Fitzwilliam, related to him through the Rockingham family, ranked among the number of his benefactors, and made him an allowance of £10 per annum.

It appears that Sir John persevered in his addresses to the ladies till the very close of his life. His applications were addressed both to the *young* and *old*.

Those who objected to his age he treated as envious revilers; and as to their saying that he was upwards of fifty, he could refer to his portrait, or his person, and challenge them to believe it *if they could*.

Sir John Dinely lived at Windsor, in one of the habitations appropriated to reduced gentlemen of his description; and in some of his advertisements it appears that he expected the numerous candidates for his hand would present themselves individually, or in a body, before his residence. His fortune (if he could recover it) he estimated at £300,000. He invited the widow as well as the blooming maiden of sixteen, to his longing arms; and addressed them in printed documents that bear his signature; and in which he judiciously enumerates the sums the ladies must possess.

In his statements, he was always remarked to expect less property with youth than age or widowhood, yet he modestly declared, that few ladies would be eligible that did not possess at least £1000 a-year, which, he observed, was nothing compared to the honour his *high birth* and noble descent would confer; the incredulous he referred to Nash's History of Worcestershire. As a finishing-stroke to this portrait, we shall present the reader with three of his latest advertisements—most of which, if desired, might be found in "Captain Grosse's Way to Wealth, Honour, and Riches."

"For a wife.

"As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem, by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest evidently will be superb, honourable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love, and an infant baronet. For 'tis evident I'm sufficiently young enough for you.

"An eminent attorney here is lately returned from a view of my superb gates before my capital house, built in the form of the Queen's house. I have ordered him, or the next eminent attorney here, who can satisfy you of my possession in my estate, and every desirable particular concerning it, to make you the most liberal settlement you can desire, to the vast extent of £300,000. Where is your *dutiful* parents, brothers, or sisters, that *has* handed you to my open arms? Venus, indeed, with her bow and quiver, did clasp me in her arms at the late masquerade; but give me the charming Venus who is liberal enough to name the time and place for our marriage, as I am so much at your ladyship's command."

*An Advertisement for a Wife, Reading Mercury
May 24, 1802.*

“Miss in her Teens,—let not this sacred offer escape your eye; I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. With tears in my eyes, I must tell you that sound reason commands me to give you but one month’s notice before I part with my chance of an infant baronet for ever: for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above fifty, near my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers, giving me a fair hearing, do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewell and Rivet’s opinions convince you to the contrary; and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine command my £300,000 and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. By your ladyship’s directing a favourable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house, in Windsor Castle, your attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month, £11,000 a-year will be your ladyship’s for ever.”

In the Ipswich Journal, August 21, 1802.

“To the angelic fair of the true English breed:
—worthy notice. Sir John Dinely, of Windsor

Castle, recommends himself and his ample fortune to any angelic beauty of good breed, fit to become, and willing to be, a mother of a noble heir, and keep up the name of an ancient family, ennobled by deeds of arms and ancestral renown. Ladies at a certain period of life need not apply, as heirship is the object of the mutual contract offered by the ladies' sincere admirer, Sir John Dinely. Fortune favours the bold. Such ladies as this advertisement may induce to apply, or send their agents, (but not servants or matrons,) may direct to me at the Castle, Windsor. Happiness and pleasure are agreeable objects, and should be regarded as well as honour. The lady who shall thus become my wife will be a Baronetess, and rank accordingly as Lady Dinely, of Windsor. Goodwill and favour to all ladies of Great Britain; pull no caps on his account, but favour him with your smiles, and pæans of pleasure await your steps."

This unfortunate gentleman, the last male heir of his family, finished his career in the continued expectation of forming a connubial connexion with some lady of property; the papers announced his death at Windsor, in May, 1808.

THE LEGEND OF CHILLINGTON.

AMONG the great Norman families that accompanied Duke William,

“Who left the name of Conqueror more than King
To his unconquerable dynasty,”

none were more distinguished than the Giffards. It would appear that this patronymic did not belong to the chief of the family, who took his name from his territorial domain of Bolebec, but that a younger son of the house had distinguished himself not less in the field than in his own private conduct; and, while his acts as a general had won for him from the Duke of Normandy the title of the Comte de Longueville, his liberality, especially to the Church, had obtained for him a name synonymous with that of the “Free-giver.” Such is the result of the best etymological knowledge we can bring to bear on the name “Giffard,” and this is certain, that the original fief of the family in Normandy was Bolebec, and that a chieftain

bearing that title came with William to England; but it is not less certain that two chieftains of the family also accompanied the Conqueror, who were more powerful and more distinguished than even the head of the clan. One was Walter, Comte de Longueville, immediately on the English conquest created Earl of Buckingham, and freely gifted with most extensive grants of land, in the county from which he took his title. The other, Osbert, was almost equally rewarded by grants in Gloucestershire, though no title of nobility was then conferred upon him.

A fate common to many of the pure Norman families, awaited both branches. The title of Earl of Bucks only lived in the second generation. Walter, the second Earl, died childless, and his immense possessions descended to the Clares, with which family his sister had intermarried; the title became extinct, and the higher honour which the second Walter possessed, of Earl Marshal, was estranged to descendants of his sister. Meantime, the Gloucestershire family thrived, and in the reign of Edward I., John Giffard, of Brimsfield, was summoned to Parliament by writ.

But our story does not require us to trace the decline and fall of these two great houses; we only wish to remark here the strangeness of the fate of the genuine Norman race. It appears

certain, of all the great names introduced by the mighty Conqueror into this realm, none have preserved their position except those who have united themselves with the Saxon. The history of the gradual revival of Saxon influence, after the Conquest, has yet to be written, and will be found full of deep interest; but all that we do know assures us that, in spite of subjugation apparently the most perfect, Saxon arts, Saxon language, and, above all, Saxon liberty, had never been thoroughly conquered in this island, and in due course resumed their proper and necessary domination.

Thus fared the Giffards. The two great houses of Buckingham and Brimsfield have had no "local habitation" for centuries; but a cadet of the latter house founded a new domicile, and his descendants dwell on these lands to this day.

When Strongbow made his expedition to Ireland, he was accompanied by his relative Peter Giffard, a cadet of the Giffards of Brimsfield, in Gloucestershire. He was also accompanied by a knight of genuine Saxon descent, who had estates in Staffordshire and Warwickshire. His name was Corbucin, or Corbucion; for this, like all early orthographies, is somewhat uncertain. Peter Giffard distinguished himself in the Irish campaign, and obtained from his general and relative

a liberal grant of lands in the conquered country: but Peter Corbucin fell in the strife, and, with his dying breath, gave to his friend Giffard, the responsibility of comforting his only surviving relative, his sister Alice. Peter Giffard administered the comfort in the most legitimate manner; and on his return from the campaign, married his friend's sister, and sat himself down quietly on one of her Staffordshire estates, where his direct descendant still dwells. Thus commenced the Staffordshire branch of this renowned family, and without failure of heirs male, from that day to this, the descendant of Peter Giffard still enjoys the broad lands of Alice Corbucin, while the Earls of Buckingham and the Lords Giffard of Brimsfield, have gone to the land of forgetfulness. Living, as the Chillington Giffards have done, in the quiet of their own noble manor, there are many glorious stories extant which evince the constant sympathy existing between their neighbours and dependants; but the brief tale we propose telling must have its chief interest in the peculiar nature of the circumstances, and in the universal sympathy which must be felt with one of the actors.

In the early part of the reign of King Henry VIII., the head of the house of Chillington was Sir John Giffard. He held a distinguished po-

sition in his time. He represented his county in parliament, and was a favourite at court. His eldest son and heir was knighted in his father's lifetime, and Sir Thomas represented Staffordshire even before his father's death. At the period to which our story refers, it was one of the common appendages of a great household to keep a menagerie of foreign wild beasts. Some noble acquaintance had made a present to the Lord of Chillington of a splendid panther; but we may suppose there were no efficient means of placing the handsome but dangerous animal in secure custody. One fine summer's morning, the alarm was given at Chillington that the beautiful but deadly beast was at large, and a *levy en masse* of the household ensued. The Knight of Chillington sallied forth, armed with his powerful cross-bow, and attended by his son. The ancient mansion stood on the exact site of the present house, one of the most favourable specimens of Sir John Soane's knowledge of what was comfortable and convenient, as well as elegant. At that time, the park stretched far away right and left, but was somewhat curbed in front by the intervention of some property not belonging to the family. Now a magnificent oak avenue stretches out in a direct line of a mile and a quarter from the portico, descending in its course the sides of

a deep valley, where even the sight of the hall is lost, but re-ascending rapidly to obtain a still finer view of the house and its surrounding demesne. The course followed by Sir John Giffard and his son, on the occasion in question, was nearly that now taken by the avenue, descending into the valley, through which a small stream flows; they were hurried in their ascent of the opposite bank by distant sounds of dismay, which could not be mistaken. Speeding with all possible energy up the steep ascent as it now exists, the knight became aware, on his arrival on the top of the slope, of a frightful state of things. Across the open fields which lay before him, traversed by a road that was indeed public, but not enclosed, he just espied, as he reached the crown of the ascent, the dreaded animal he sought, crouching, in act to spring, on a portion of land standing somewhat raised, while a fond mother, with a babe at her breast, was crossing the space in front of her cottage, screaming in agony, and striving to seek the refuge of her own door. There was not a moment to be lost; and, before the knight of Chillington had taken a second step on the summit of the high land, his crossbow bolt was fitted to the string. At this critical moment—and our reader must remember, that on such frightful emergencies it takes many lines to depict the

action of a moment—at this critical moment the son, who had accompanied his father up the ascent, and witnessed his breathless anxiety, breathed in his ear, in the Norman tongue, which, even at that late date, was the familiar language of the family, “Prenez haleine, tirez fort”—“Take breath, pull strong.” The caution was not unheeded; one deep aspiration was sufficient to strengthen and calm the old knight, and the next instant the bolt flew at the necessary second. The alarmed and enraged animal had sprung; the fainting and failing mother had espied her danger, and sunk on the ground, covering her infant treasure with her own body; but, midway in its fearful spring, the bolt of the knight pierced the heart of the infuriated panther, and, instead of the tearing claws and grinding teeth, a mere heavy and inanimate lump of flesh fell on the half-dead woman.

The distance from which this celebrated bolt was discharged is much exaggerated by the common legends of the neighbourhood; the general belief being, that it was shot from the hall to the well-known spot where the woman fell, being considerably more than a mile; but, without going to this extreme, we cannot refuse our belief to the fact, that the shot was a remarkable one, for two crests were granted to the family immediately

after, one being the knight in the act of drawing his bow, the other the panther's head, and a motto was at the same time added to the arms, giving permanence to the prompt and valuable cautioning of the son, "Prenez haleine, tirez fort."

On the spot where the woman, child, and panther fell—the former two uninjured, the latter slain—a large wooden cross was erected, which stands to this day, and is known not only to the neighbourhood as the locality of this history, but to persons far and near as "Giffard's Cross." Near to it stands a modern lodge, and close before it is the gate to the Chillington avenue. The cross is a strong and rough monument of oak; many a one now stands beside it, and looking down the magnificent sweep of the avenue on to the hall, which is distinctly visible a mile and a quarter off, listens with delightful distrust to the absurd but earnest fables which are poured into the stranger's ear by one or other of the neighbouring cottagers.

A WELSH TRADITION.

SIR NICHOLAS KEMEYS, Bart., of Cefn Mably, was accounted one of the strongest men of his day, and a tradition of him corroborative of his great strength, still exists in Glamorganshire. The story runs, that one summer evening, as Sir Nicholas was walking in the Deer Park at Cefn Mably with some guests, an athletic man, leading an ass, upon which was his wallet, approached and respectfully saluting the company, said, he humbly supposed that the huge gentleman he had the honour of addressing was the *strong* Sir Nicholas Kemeys. The stranger, being answered in the affirmative, declared himself a noted Cornish wrestler, who had never been thrown, and that having heard from a Welshman whom he had met at Bristol of the great bodily strength of Sir Nicholas, had made this journey to see his honour, adding that, if it were not asking too great a favour, he trusted Sir Nicholas would condescend to "try a fall" with him. The Baronet, smiling,

assented, but advised the Cornishman first to go to the buttery and get refreshment. The Cornishman declined with many thanks, saying he was quite fresh; so they fell to wrestling, and in a moment the Cornishman was thrown upon his back. The Baronet, assisting him to rise, asked him if he was now satisfied of his strength. The reply was, "not unless you throw me over the park wall!" The tale continues to say that this request was readily complied with, when the unsatisfied wrestler entreated that Sir Nicholas would throw his ass after him over the wall, which was accordingly done! A place is still shewn in the ancient park wall, as the scene of the exploit. A fine picture now at Cefn Mably, in the possession of Colonel Kemeys Tynte, represents Sir Nicholas as of great stature and apparent gigantic strength. He was subsequently killed at Chepstow Castle, in defending it against the troops of Cromwell, having slain many of the enemy with his own hand in the *sortie* in which he fell.

THE SIEGE OF CORFE CASTLE, DORSETSHIRE.

'Twas then they raised, 'mid sap and siege,
 The banners of their rightful liege
 At their She-Captain's call,
 Who, miracle of woman kind,
 Lent mettle to the meanest hind
 That mann'd her castle wall.

THAT same spirit of chivalry that nerved and animated the cavaliers of Charles's time, enlisted in the king's cause the heroism of his lady-subjects, and proved, in many an important instance, that courage and determination can exist, to the fullest extent, in the female breast, when great occasions call forth its energies. The Countess of Derby's defence of Lathom House, and Lady Bankes's of Corfe Castle, are brilliant cases in point. They both in the absence of their liege lords, who were, in person, with the royal forces, "manned their castle walls," and held them boldly and successfully against "the rebel commons," and both rendered, by their intrepid daring, essential service to their sovereign. Of Lady Bankes's re-

sistance we have the good fortune to possess the following contemporaneous narrative, as given in the "*Mercurius Rusticus*" of 1646; allowance must be made for the strong party bias of the writer.

"There is in the Isle of Purbeck a strong castle, called Corfe Castle, seated on a very steep hill, in the fracture of a hill in the very midst of it, being eight miles in length, running from the east end of the peninsula to the west: and though it stand between the two ends of this fracture, so that it may seem to lose much advantage of its natural and artificial strength as commanded from thence, being in height equal to, if not overlooking the tops of the highest towers of the castle; yet the structure of the castle is so strong, the ascent so steep, the walls so massy and thick, that it is one of the most impregnable forts of the kingdom, and of very great concernment in respect of its command over the island, and the places about it. This castle is now the possession and inheritance of the Right Honourable Sir John Banks, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, who, receiving commands from the King to attend him at York, in Easter term, 1642, had leave from the two Houses to obey these commands. After the unhappy differences between the King and the two Houses, or rather between the King and the

faction in both Houses, grew high, it being generally feared that swords would decide the controversy, the Lady Banks, a virtuous and prudent lady, resolved, with her children and family, to retire to this castle, there to shelter themselves from the storm which she saw coming, which accordingly she did. There she and her family remained in peace all the winter, and a great part of the spring, until 1643, about which time the rebels, under the command of Sir Walter Erle, Sir Thomas Trenchard, and others, had possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Pool (Portland Castle being treacherously delivered to the rebels), only Corfe Castle remaining in obedience to the King: but the rebels, knowing how much it concerned them to add this castle to their other garrisons, to make all the sea-coast wholly for them, and thinking it more feasible to gain it by treachery than open hostility, resolved to lay hold on an opportunity, to see if they could become masters of it.

“There is an ancient usage that the Major and Barons (as they call them) of Corfe Castle, accompanied by the gentry of the island, have permission from the lord of the castle, on May-day, to course a stag, which every year is performed with much solemnity, and great concourse of people. On this day some troops of horse from

Dorchester, and other places, came into this island, intending to find other game than to hunt the stag, their business being suddenly to surprise the gentlemen in the hunting, and to take the castle. The news of their coming dispersed the hunters, and spoiled the sport for that day, and made the Lady Banks to give order for the safe custody of the castle gates, and to keep them shut against all comers. The troopers having missed their prey on the hills (the gentlemen having withdrawn themselves), some of them came to the castle under a pretence to see it, but entrance being denied them, the common soldiers used threatening language, casting out words implying some intention to take the castle; but the commanders, who better knew how to conceal their resolutions, utterly disavowed any such thought, denying that they had any such commission; however, the Lady Banks very wisely, and like herself, hence took occasion to call in a guard to assist her, not knowing how soon she might have occasion to make use of them, it being now more than probable that the rebels had a design upon the castle. The taking in this guard, as it secured her at home, so it rendered her suspected abroad: from thenceforward there was a watchful and vigilant eye to survey all her actions; whatsoever she sends out, or sends for

in, is suspected; her ordinary provisions for her family are by fame multiplied, and reported to be more than double what indeed they were, as if she had now an intention to victual and man the castle against the forces of the two houses of parliament. Presently, letters are sent from the committees of Poole to demand the four small pieces in the castle, and the pretence was, because the islanders conceived strange jealousies that the pieces were mounted and put on their carriages. Hereupon the Lady Banks dispatched messengers to Dorchester and Poole, to entreat the commissioners that the small pieces might remain in the castle for her own defence; and to take away the ground of the islanders' jealousies, she caused the pieces to be taken off their carriages again; hereupon a promise made, that they should be left to her possession. But there passed not many days, before forty seamen (they in the castle not suspecting any such thing) came very early in the morning to demand the pieces: the lady in person, early as it was, goes to the gates, and desires to see their warrant; they produced one, under the hands of some of the commissioners; but instead of delivering them, though at that time there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid-servants, at their lady's command, mount these pieces on their carriages again,

and lading one of them, they gave fire, which small thunder so affrighted the seamen, that they all quitted the place and ran away.

“They being gone, by beat of drum she summons help into the castle, and upon the alarm given, a very considerable guard of tenants and friends came in to her assistance, there being withal some fifty arms brought into the castle from several parts of the island. This guard was kept in the castle about a week: during this time, many threatening letters were sent unto the lady, telling her what great forces should be sent to fetch them, if she would not by fair means be persuaded to deliver them; and to deprive her of auxiliaries, all or most of them being neighbours thereabouts, they threaten, that if they oppose the delivery of them, they would fire their houses. Presently their wives come to the castle; there they weep and wring their hands, and with clamorous oratory persuade their husbands to come home, and not by saving others to expose their own houses to spoil and ruin; nay, to reduce the castle into a distressed condition, they did not only intercept two hundred weight of powder provided against a siege, but they interdict them the liberty of common markets. Proclamation is made at Wareham, (a market-town hard by), that no beer, beef, or other provision should be sold to the Lady Banks,

or for her use ; strict watches are kept, that no messenger or intelligence shall pass into, or out of, the castle. Being thus distressed, all means of victualling the castle being taken away, and being but slenderly furnished for a siege, either with ammunition or with victual, at last they came to a treaty of composition, of which the result was, that the Lady Banks should deliver up those four small pieces, the biggest not carrying above a three pound bullet, and that the rebels should permit her to enjoy the castle and arms in it, in peace and quietness.

“And though this wise lady knew too well to rest satisfied or secured in these promises, their often breach of faith having sufficiently instructed her what she might expect from them, yet she was glad of this opportunity to strengthen herself by that means, by which many in the world thought she had done herself much prejudice ; for the rebels being now possessed of their guns, presumed the castle to be theirs, as sure as if they had actually possessed it. Now it was no more but ask and have. Hereupon they grew remiss in their watches, negligent in their observations, not heeding what was brought in, nor taking care, as before, to intercept supplies, which might enable them to hold out against a siege : and the lady, making good use of this remissness, laid hold on the present opportu-

nity, and, as much as the time would permit, furnished the castle with provisions of all sorts. In this interval, there was brought in an hundred and half of powder, and a quantity of match proportionable; and understanding that the King's forces, under the conduct of Prince Maurice and the Marquess Hertford, were advancing towards Blandford, she, by her messenger, made her address to them, to signify unto them the present condition in which they were, the great consequence of the place, desiring their assistance, and in particular, that they would be pleased to take into their serious consideration, to send some commanders thither to take the charge of the castle. Hereupon they sent Captain Lawrence, son of Sir Edward Lawrence, a gentleman of that island, to command in chief; but he coming without a commission, could not command monies or provisions to be brought in till it was too late. There was likewise in the castle one Captain Bond, an old soldier, whom I should deprive of his due honour not to mention him, having a share in the honour of this resistance. The first time the rebels faced the castle, they brought a body of between two and three hundred horse and foot, and two pieces of ordnance, and from the hills played on the castle, fired four houses in the town, and then summoned the castle; but receiving a denial for that time, they left it,

but on the three-and-twentieth of June, the sagacious knight, Sir Walter Earle, that hath the gift of discerning treasons, and might have made up his nine-and-thirty treasons, forty, by reckoning in his own, accompanied by Captain Sydenham, Captain Henry Jarvis, Captain Skuts, son of arch-traitor Skuts, of Poole, with a body of between five and six hundred, came and possessed themselves of the town, taking the opportunity of a misty morning, that they might find no resistance from the castle. They brought with them to the siege a demi-canon, a culverin, and two sacres; with these, and their small shot, they played on the castle on all quarters of it, with good observation of advantages, making their battery strongest where they thought the castle weakest; and to bind the soldiers by tie of conscience to an eager prosecution of the siege, they administer them on oath, and mutually bind themselves to most unchristian resolutions, that if they found the defendants hesitate not to yield, they would maintain the siege to victory, and then deny quarter unto all, killing without mercy, men, women, and children. As to bring on their own soldiers, they abused them with falsehoods, telling them, that the castle stood in a level, yet with good advantages of approach; that there were but forty men in the castle, whereof twenty were for them; that there was rich booty, and the like;

so, during the siege, they used all base, unworthy means, to corrupt the defendants to betray the castle into their hands: the better sort they endeavoured to corrupt with bribes; to the rest they offer double pay, and the whole plunder of the castle. When all these arts took no effect, then they fall to stratagem and engines. To make their approaches to the wall with more safety, they make two engines; one they call the sow, the other the boar, being made with boards, lined with wool to dead the shot. The first that moved forward was the sow; but not being musket proof, she cast nine of eleven of her farrows; for the musketers from the castle were so good marksmen at their legs, the only part of all their bodies left without defence, that nine ran away, as well as their battered and broken legs would give them leave; and of the two which knew neither how to run away, nor well to stay, for fear, one was slain. The boar, of the two (a man would think) the valianter creature, seeing the ill success of the sow to cast her litter before her time, durst not advance. The most advantageous part for their batteries was the church, which they, without fear of profanation, used, not only as their rampart, but their rendezvous: of the surplice they made two shirts for two soldiers; they broke down the organs, and made the pipes serve for cases to hold their

powder and shot; and not being furnished with musket bullets, they cut off the lead of the church, and rolled it up, and shot it without ever casting it in a mould. Sir Walter and the commander were earnest to press forward the soldiers; but as prodigal as they were of the blood of their common soldiers, they were sparing enough of their own. It was a general observation, that valiant Sir Walter never willingly exposed himself to any hazard, for being by chance endangered with a bullet, shot through his coat, afterwards he put on a bear's skin; and to the eternal honour of this knight's valour be it recorded, for fear of musket shot (for other they had none), he was seen to creep on all four, on the sides of the hill, to keep himself out of danger. This base cowardice in the assailant added courage and resolution to the defendants; therefore not compelled by want, but rather to brave the rebels, they sallied out, and brought in eight cows and a bull into the castle, without the loss of a man, or a man wounded. At another time, five boys fetched in four cows. They that stood on the hills, called to one in a house in the valley, crying, "Shoot, Anthony;" but Anthony thought it good to sleep in a whole skin, and durst not look out, so that afterwards it grew into a proverbial jeer, from the defendants to the assailants, "Shoot, Anthony." The rebels

having spent much time and ammunition, and some men, and yet being as far from hopes of taking the castle as the first day they came thither ; at last, the Earl of Warwick sends them a supply of an hundred and fifty mariners, with several cart-loads of petars, granadoes, and other warlike provision, with scaling ladders, to assault the castle by scaladoe. They make large offers to him that should first scale the wall ; twenty pounds to the first, and so, by descending sums, a reward to the twentieth ; but all this could not prevail with these silly wretches, who were brought thither, as themselves confessed, like sheep to the slaughter, some of them having but exchanged the manner of their death, the halter for the bullet ; having taken them out of gaols. One of them being taken prisoner, had letters testimonial in his hand whence he came ; the letters, I mean, when he was burnt for a felon, being very visible to the beholders ; but they found that persuasion could not prevail with such abject low-spirited men. The commanders resolve on another course, which was to make them drunk, knowing that drunkenness makes some men fight like lions, that being sober, would run away like hares. To this purpose they fill them with strong waters, even to madness, and ready they are now for any design : and for fear Sir Walter should be valiant against his will, like

Cæsar he was the only man almost that came sober to the assault: an imitation of the Turkish practice; for certainly there can be nothing of Christianity in it, to send poor souls to God's judgment seat, in the very act of two grievous sins, rebellion and drunkenness; who to stupify their soldiers, and make them insensible of their dangers, give them opium. Being now armed with drink, they resolve to storm the castle on all sides, and apply their scaling-ladders, it being ordered by the leaders (if I may without solecism call them so, that stood behind, and did not so much as follow), that when twenty were entered, they should give a watch-word to the rest, and that was Old Wat, a word ill chosen by Sir Watt Earle; and, considering the business in hand, little better than ominous; for if I be not deceived, the hunters that beat bushes for the fearful, timorous hare, call him Old Watt. Being now pot-valiant, and possessed with a borrowed courage, which was to evaporate in sleep, they divide forces into two parties, whereof one assaults the middle ward, defended by valiant Captain Lawrence, and the greater part of the soldiers: the other assault the upper ward, which the Lady Banks (to her eternal honour be it spoken), with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, undertook to make good against the rebels, and did bravely perform what she under-

took; for by heaving over stones, and hot embers, they repelled the rebels, and kept them from climbing their ladders, thence to throw in that wild-fire, which every rebel had ready in his hand. Being repelled, and having in this siege and this assault lost and hurt an hundred men, old Sir Watt, hearing that the King's forces were advanced, cried, and ran away crying, leaving Sydenham to command in chief, to bring off the ordnance, ammunition, and the remainder of the army, who, afraid to appear abroad, kept sanctuary in the church till night, meaning to sup, and run away by star-light: but supper being ready, and set on the table, alarm was given that the King's forces were coming. This news took away Sydenham's stomach; all this provision was but messes of meat set before the sepulchres of the dead. He leaves his artillery, ammunition, and (which with these men is something) a good supper, and ran away to take boat for Poole, leaving likewise at the shore about an hundred horse to the next takers, which next day proved good prize to the soldiers of the castle. Thus, after six weeks strict siege, this castle, the desire of the rebels, the tears of old Sir Watt, and the key of those parts, by the loyalty and brave resolution of this honourable lady, the valour of Captain Lawrence, and some eighty soldiers, (by the loss only of two

men), was delivered from the bloody intentions of these merciless rebels, on the 4th of August, 1643."

The maiden name of Lady Bankes, the heroic defender, was Mary Hawtrey, only daughter of Robert Hawtrey, Esq., of Riselip. From her descends the present family of Bankes, of Kingstons Hall and Corfe Castle.

PEMBROKE AND WHARTON.

THE name of Pembroke, like the scutcheons and monuments in some time-honoured cathedral, cannot fail to awaken a thousand glorious recollections in the bosoms of all who are but tolerably read in English chronicle. Sound it, and no trumpet of ancient or modern chivalry would peal a higher war-note. It is almost superfluous to repeat that this is the family of which it has been so finely said that "all the men were brave, and all the women chaste;" and what nobler record was ever engraved upon the tomb of departed greatness? Yet the worth of this illustrious house stands upon a surer base than monument of stone, or brass inscription,

for stone will moulder, and characters though written on brass may become illegible, but when will time be able to efface from memory Ben Jonson's exquisite epitaph upon that Countess of Pembroke for whom Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*, and who died at a ripe old age in 1621?

"Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

The hero of our present narrative was the son of the lady so celebrated in the above epitaph by "rugged Ben"—*rugged* indeed ! if the writer of such lines deserves to be called *rugged*, one would like to be told what poet was ever smooth. But leaving this knotty point to the critics, we must preface our story by observing that its outlines are strictly taken from a letter of Sir Thomas Coke's to the Countess of Shrewsbury preserved in the Talbot papers. Very few liberties have been taken with the original beyond reducing it from the epistolary form to that of narrative, and throwing in such few lights and shades as seemed indispensable to the completion of the picture. Not a fact, nor a single word that is said to have been uttered by the parties at the time, has been in the slightest degree altered.

It fell out one evening that Lord Pembroke was playing at cards with Sir George Wharton, the eldest son of Philip, third Lord Wharton, a young gentleman of whom we should have formed no very exalted notion but for this intimacy. Some dispute arose with regard to the game, in the course of which Sir George evinced so much bad temper, that his lordship thought fit to decline playing with him any longer.

"Sir George," he said, "I have loved you long, and desire still to do so; but by your manner in playing you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore choosing to love you still, I will never play with you more."

The business thus ended to all outward appearance for the present, but it seems to have rankled deeply in the mind of him, who, fairly speaking, must be considered the aggressor.

The next day they were both out hunting with the king, when Sir George suddenly came up with the earl's page as he was galloping after his master, and lashed him over the face with his rod. The boy naturally informed his master of the way in which he had been handled, and his lordship upon a strict examination finding he had done nothing to provoke it, rode up to Sir George and demanded the reason of such conduct.

"I meant nothing towards your lordship," he replied.

"I ask not *that*," said the earl, "but what the cause was why you did strike the boy?"

"I did not strike him," answered Sir George.

"Then I am satisfied," replied Pembroke.

"God's blood!" exclaimed the knight, "I say it not to satisfy you."

"But, sir, whoso striketh my boy without cause shall give me an account of it."

"You are a fool," said Sir George.

"You lie in your throat," retorted the earl, now fully incensed; but the Duke of Lenox, the Earl of Mar, and others coming up, the conversation was broken off for the moment, and Pembroke rode off with them to rejoin the hunt.

Wharton brooded over his imaginary wrongs for a few moments in sullen silence, when unable any longer to restrain himself he dashed after the earl at full gallop. He was seen, and his intention perfectly understood by Lord Montgomery, who immediately cried out, "Brother, take heed: you will be stricken." The earl instantly turned round at the warning, and dealt his antagonist so hearty a buffet in the face that he nearly fell back on the horse's crupper. But again the presence of so many strangers prevented the affair from coming to a final issue.

When the stag was killed in Bagshot town, Sir George took the opportunity to deliver a written challenge to the earl, who soon afterwards sent him the measure of his sword by Sir John Lee. Before however the affair could be brought to a bloody arbitrement it came to the ears of King James, and he being constitutionally averse to every thing in the shape of a broil, immediately commanded the belligerents to his presence. With some ado, and by the help of Touchstone's IF, he contrived to patch up a peace between them—"If," said the earl, "Sir George will confess that he did not intend to offend me at the time, I will acknowledge that I am sorry I have stricken him."

As Touchstone sagely remarks, "your IF is the only peace-maker; much virtue in IF."

But although Wharton thus escaped for the present, it was written in the book of fate that he should not die in his bed. In the November of the following year he was slain in a duel, upon a trifling punctilio, by his friend, Sir James Stuart, the Master of Blantyre, who himself fell mortally wounded at the same time.

QUEEN ANNE'S GREAT GRANDMOTHER.

It was a fine April day—for the English almanack many years ago had a month called April, a beautiful mixture of rain and sunshine—*gratæ veris vices*—when a handsome but barefooted young girl might be seen on her way to London. She had been journeying since the early morning, and it was now mid-day when she left the highway to rest herself on a patch of heath which skirted it, and which had the farther temptation of a pond of clear bright water, collected in one of the gravel-pits. The sight alone, after the dusty road, was in itself refreshing, for the rains had fallen only the day before, and the pool in consequence was well-nigh transparent. With this water for a looking-glass, she began arranging her hair and dress to the best of her power, with that instinctive regard to personal appearance which so seldom deserts a beauty even in the humblest walks of

life, and then proceeded to indulge in the luxury of bathing her feet, heated and swollen by the long travel. Like Narcissus of old she found the image reflected by the pool was lovely in the extreme, and though she did not exactly imitate him by falling in love with herself, there was a smile upon her lips that not only added to her beauty but shewed how well she was satisfied with what was then presented to her. What would she have said if the bright surface could have mirrored the splendour of her future life, a splendour that was to go on swelling and deepening in her own proper person, till it ended in two of her descendants wearing the crown of England.

Refreshed by the coolness of the water and this short interval of rest, she again set out upon her way to London, and by the time she was almost too much worn to proceed any farther, she found herself at the door of a road-side public-house in Chelsea. The landlord, a portly, good-humoured personage, who was sitting on a bench before his house, with a pipe and a mug of strong home-brewed, observed the poor girl's weariness, and being struck by her exceeding beauty, invited her to stop awhile and refresh herself. Anne replied that she had no money for meat or drink, but if he would allow her she would gladly rest till she had somewhat recovered, for though London

seemed so near, she was too much tired to go even that little distance.

"Wheugh!" ejaculated the landlord, taking the pipe from his mouth and staring at her—"And what the plague do you expect to do in London without money, more than in any other place? do you fancy that the streets are paved with gold, as I have heard some of you country-folks say?"

"I have come so far in hopes of getting into service," replied Anne.

"Wheugh!" again ejaculated, or half whistled the landlord, "you want a place, do you?"

"If you please, sir."

"Why then I think I can help you, my girl. But sit down—sit down with you, and when you have taken a bite and a sup, we'll see if we cannot help you."

To this offer the weary and famished traveller gladly acceded. The usual refreshments of a roadside public-house were placed before her, which she attacked with an appetite acquired by an eight hours' fast, and a journey on foot since day-break, the landlord good-humouredly encouraging her to make the best of the opportunity. When this hasty meal was despatched, he proceeded to explain that his pot-girl had just left him, and he was willing to promote her to the vacant post upon no other recommendation than her good looks. The

offer, as may be supposed, was readily accepted, and Anne was fairly enlisted in the service of the Blue Dragon.

Amongst the numbers who were attracted to this Dragon's den by the excellence of the cheer, or the merry mood of the landlord, was a certain rich brewer, whose name the chroniclers have most unaccountably forgotten to record. Being still unmarried, and, though wealthy, of no very refined habits, he was wont to pass his evenings here with surprising regularity; in fact, it formed his only relaxation after the fatigues of business, and he often protested, and even swore upon occasion, that of all his acquaintance Master Jorum was the man most after his own heart. "I don't know how it is," he would say, "though Jorum has all his ale from my brewery, yet somehow or another the liquor tastes twice as well at the bonny Blue Dragon than when it comes straight from my cellar. I have heard folks say that your sherris improves by a voyage to hot parts, and I suppose it's the same with my ale; it ripens in its journey from my house to Jorum's."

The brewer was from the first mightily taken with Anne's appearance, but being a prudent man he would not venture upon so bold a step as a matrimonial proposition till he knew a little more. Every evening for three long trial-months his first

enquiry upon entering the den of the Blue Dragon was, "Jorum, how does Anne get on?"—and that answer being always satisfactory, and confirmed moreover by his own observation, at the end of that time he thought he might venture to marry her.

The humble pot-girl had thus mounted the first round of Fortune's ladder. She now enjoyed all the comforts of affluence, and what may seem surprising she not only rose up to the level of her new condition, but even went beyond it, so that in a short time she seemed rather to have descended from her proper sphere in marrying the brewer, than to have been elevated by him. Nature had evidently intended her for a lady, and Fortune now seemed resolved that such good intentions should not be disappointed.

It was not long before the honest brewer took it into his head to die, leaving her possessed not only of independence, but of considerable wealth. It was therefore not at all wonderful that she met with many suitors, rich and handsome young widows being always at a premium in the matrimonial market. Amongst the rest came Sir Thomas Aylesbury, a staunch friend to the throne, the inheritor of considerable landed property in the county of Buckingham, and some time Master of the Requests and of the Mint. Such a man was not likely to be an unsuccessful wooer and few will be surprised upon being told, that in a

short time he carried off the widow from all competitors. Here then, Anne had mounted the second round of Fortune's ladder, and to her credit it must be recorded of her, that she never allowed herself to be dazzled for a moment by the height thus attained, but evinced her usual calmness and sagacity in this exalted situation.

Years had passed on, when some dispute arose—it is never too late or too early for law-disputes—about the property of her first husband, the brewer. This made it requisite for her to have recourse to legal advice and assistance, and chance so determined it that she was recommended to a young barrister of Lincoln's Inn, who was thought by some to give a fair promise of rising one day to eminence in his profession. This young man, of whom a few more sagacious spirits ventured to predict such favourable things, but who was little known in general, was Edward Hyde, the future historian of the great civil war, and the Lord High Chancellor of England that was to be, after a series of events which still strike us as being amongst the most wonderful recorded in English chronicle. The business of the brewer's relict being of a complicated nature, and protracted after the usual fashion of all law proceedings, it made many visits requisite to her legal adviser, in the course of which she was often accompanied by her daughter, Frances, with whom the young barrister incon-

tinently fell in love. The young lady's affections were quickly won, and there were many points in his favour with her parents, though he was deficient in the grand requisite of fortune; to make some amends for this he was the nephew of the celebrated Sir Nicholas Hyde, was fast rising to eminence in his profession, and could plead the same political opinions as the very loyal and devoted Sir Thomas, although he did not as yet carry them to the same excess; at all events the knight's consent to their union must have been obtained, for we hereafter find him bequeathing all his property to his daughter.

Troubled times now came on. The king raised the standard of civil war at Nottingham, where he was speedily joined by Sir Thomas, who rendered good service to the royal cause, and in consequence was set down by the Parliamentarians in the roll of inveterate malignants. His hall in Buckinghamshire was burnt, and after many hair-breadth escapes, upon the execution of Charles, he fled, first, to Antwerp, and afterwards to Breda, where he died at the advanced age of eighty-one, in the year 1657. Having thus followed the old gentleman to his grave, we return to his descendants, supposing always this Sir Thomas was really the father-in-law of Hyde, and that there was no other knight or baronet of the same name. There is

some mystery in the matter, which the young counsellor himself was at no pains to clear up ; he simply states in his autobiography, that he married the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, who succeeded to her father's estates.

For about two years after the death of Charles the First, Hyde remained in the island of Jersey, where he amused himself with composing the great history, which has done more towards making him known to us than all his services in the royal cause, or than even his subsequent alliance with the House of Stuart. How he afterwards exerted himself in bringing about the Restoration, and rose to the highest dignities of the state, belongs to another chapter, and needs not to be recorded in this place. It is sufficient to observe, that he became Lord Chancellor, in which situation, notwithstanding his eminent abilities, he contrived to make himself unpopular with all parties, and even to lose the favour of the king, whom he had served with so much zeal and talent. The fact is he was too austere and unbending to be a favourite, especially in a court like that of Charles the Second, which not a little resembled that of Milton's enchanter, Comus.

It was now that the king's brother, James, fell in love with Anne Hyde ; his first effort was to seduce her ; failing in that, he contracted a private

marriage with her. Of course such an event could not be long kept secret, and on coming to the Chancellor's ears greatly excited his indignation. With more loyalty than paternal regard, and perhaps with more selfishness than either, he strongly urged the king to commit his own daughter to the Tower, but Charles, who was less sensitive about the royal dignity than his Chancellor, behaved with great justice and propriety in the matter; he forgave the young lady's indiscretion, used his best influence to soften the resentment of the queen mother, and compelled James to acknowledge the wife whom he had basely denied and even slandered.

Anne was now publicly received as Duchess of York. She gave birth to two children, Mary and Anne, and although she herself never had the good or ill fortune to share the crown of England, which in due time devolved to her husband, yet both her daughters in succession attained that honour. In this way was a brewer's wife, who had travelled barefooted to London, the grandmother of Queen Anne.

Such is the popular tradition that has been very generally received with little doubt or hesitation. Much of it, however, was in all probability mere slander, invented by the numerous enemies whom Clarendon had provoked by his austerity no less

than by his political conduct, and who finally succeeded in driving him into unmerited exile. There are no proofs, so far as we can see, of the low origin of his mother-in-law—none at least upon which a sober historian would choose to rely; at the same time it must be candidly admitted, that there is no direct or positive evidence to disprove that a brewer's wife was **QUEEN ANNE'S GREAT GRANDMOTHER.**

THE BYRON FAMILY.

THE following pleasing anecdote, told of the Byron family upon unquestionable authority, will hardly be without interest to most readers. Sir John Byron, who flourished in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, had two sons, Richard and John. The elder married against the wishes of his parents, and although the object of his choice was virtuous, beautiful, and accomplished, she was the daughter of a private gentleman only, and her good qualities availed her little in the scale against paternal pride and ambition. Sir John, however, received his son and his daughter-in-law with the

outward show of hospitality, although he had secretly determined to discard him from his affections, and substitute the younger brother in his place. He carried out his object by marrying the latter, John, to the daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam, Lord Deputy of Ireland, ancestor of the Earls Fitzwilliam, at the same time settling half the patrimonial estates, by a solemn deed, upon him and the issue of the marriage. The rare beauty and accomplishments of the lady are thus recorded: "She had an honourable aspiring to all things excellent, and being assisted by the greates education her father gave her, attained to a high degree of learning and language, to such an excellencie in musick and poetry, that she made rare compositions in both kindes, and there was not any of those extraordinary qualities, which are therefore more glorious, because more rare in the female sex, but she was excellent in them; and besides all these ornaments of soule, she had a body of as admirable forme and beauty, which justly made her husband so infinitely enamour'd of her as never man was more." If this paragon of female excellence had any fault, it was perhaps a slight feeling of jealousy towards her less noble, but no less beautiful, sister-in-law, the wife of her husband's elder brother. This feeling, however, was but of short duration, as a melancholy

accident, which speedily dissipated every thought but pity and compassion for the object of her previous envy, occurred. Richard Byron, like all the members of his family, was passionately fond of hunting, but at the same time he was no less fond of that description of sport which passes under the denomination of practical jokes, and which, to any excess, generally terminates unpleasantly to the contrivers. One morning, as Richard Byron was going out to hunt with his father, he caused some chemical preparation to be placed under the saddle of one of his attendant grooms, in order to render the animal unmanageable, that he might divert himself and his young friends at the poor servant's expense. This sorry joke succeeded to his utmost wishes, and caused much laughter to many of his thoughtless associates, but to none more than the contriver of the plot, who, in the exuberance of his mirth, fell off his horse, and expired in convulsions. As he left no issue, his younger brother, John, afterwards Sir John Byron, became the heir of the family, and was the father of a numerous issue.

From the description we have given, from a contemporaneous authority, of the personal graces, virtues, and acquirements of the wife of this gentleman, we may readily conceive how happily they lived in the enjoyment of each other's so-

ciety, and years rolled on in one uninterrupted course of domestic peace and happiness, and again, for the fifth time, Lady Byron was *enciente*. The period of her *accouchement* drew near; a child was born; but the little Margaret, for so it was afterwards named, brought no happiness to her father; for with her birth fled the reason of her mother. Sir John was inconsolable; physicians of the greatest eminence were consulted, everything that love and duty could suggest were essayed in vain; Lady Byron was pronounced an incurable lunatic. Her ravings were described as "a pretty delirium, more delightful than other women's most rational conversation;" and from subsequent events we may conclude that her malady was some curious hallucination, an aberration of mind, not an entire alienation of intellect. From this moment, Sir John Byron retired from public life, devoting himself to the object of his affection, and the care and education of his children.

Years rolled on, but without diminishing the madness of the wife or the sorrow of the husband. Sir John's only exercise, no longer an amusement, but practised for the maintenance of his health, was hunting. Each morning, before he started for the field, he prayed with his domestic chaplain, supplicating Heaven to prolong his

beloved one's life, for the health of Lady Byron now began to decline. We omitted to state that he slept constantly in the same chamber with his lady ; but from the moment of her illness two female domestics sat by her bedside night and day, to watch and administer to her comfort. One night, while Sir John was sleeping profoundly in another bed, at the further end of the dormitory, his still beautiful wife gave up the ghost, upon which her women stole from the room, and flew to the chaplain, begging him to awaken Sir John, and gently break the unwelcome tidings to him. The chaplain rose, and hastened to the bedside of his kind patron, who still slept. The noise, however, caused him to wake, when, instead of asking intelligence of Lady Byron, as he had universally done, up to that day, he said "I beseech thee, Reverend Sir, to pray with me," and referred to some particular prayer. The chaplain obeyed. Sir John repeated it after him with great fervency, when suddenly, his voice ceasing, the chaplain became alarmed ; he went nearer to him, and found that he was dead.

Unless Sir John Byron had risen during the momentary absence of the servants, which, from the fact of the chaplain finding him asleep, is improbable, he knew not of his lady's death, save by that sympathy which we are told sometimes warns

us of approaching danger to the objects of our love. We will not, however, discuss this question : as faithful historians of a singular domestic calamity, we will merely observe that as they lived, so they died, firm in each other's love, and were buried together on the same day in the same vault ; and that the little Margaret, who was the unconscious author of her parents' affliction, became the wife of Sir John Hutchinson, and the mother of Colonel Hutchinson the regicide.

LADY HARRIET ACLAND.

" A little, very little book
Of good and goodly women, a very little one,
So little you might put it in a nutshell."
The Night Walker.

IF the satire of our excellent old dramatists be just—which the spirit of chivalry will not allow us to assent to for a single instant—but if it be, as rarity is a principal ingredient in the value of all merchandize, a good woman, when she can be met with, is a gem of the highest price. In fact she must be inestimable.

In this class, and at the very head of it, Lady Harriet Acland should take her place, the sister of the late Earl of Ilchester, and mother of Elizabeth Kitty, Countess of Carnarvon, and a heroine in every sense of the word except that in which it is used by novelists. There is something exceedingly touching, and even romantic in the story of her life; but it is the romance of truth, which is a very different thing from the romance of fiction.

Colonel Acland, the husband of Lady Harriet, was ordered with his regiment to Canada at the beginning of the year 1776, to bear his part in the proposed campaign under Sir Guy Carleton. She determined to accompany him, and we find her enduring, with a constancy that nothing could ever shake, all the fatigues and privations of a soldier's life, which, in a land like America, must have been far worse than anything suffered by invaders in the cultivated and beaten grounds of Europe.

In the following year General Burgoyne took the command of the expedition from Canada to Albany, the first object of which was to reduce the strong garrison of Ticonderrago. As this place was expected to be defended with more than usual obstinacy, the Colonel would not allow his wife to accompany him, but insisted upon her remaining at Crown Point with the other ladies, who like herself

had husbands engaged in this perilous enterprise. Contrary, however, to what every one had predicted, the fortress was given up after a short resistance by the Americans, who then retreated towards Castle-Town, whither they were closely pursued by the victors. Being overtaken and brought to bay, the Americans turned fiercely upon their pursuers, and a desperate battle was the consequence, in which the rifles of the colonists proved quite as fatal as those of the Tyrolese marksmen. The colonel fell, dangerously wounded.

When the tidings of this event reached Crown Point, Lady Harriet bitterly reproached herself for not having accompanied her husband as usual, and could no longer be restrained by any persuasions, or considerations of hazard to herself, from joining him. Tempestuous as the season happened to be, she embarked in a little boat, with four seamen whom she had induced by high rewards to peril their own lives as well as hers, in taking her across Lake Champlain. Against all reasonable expectation they had the good fortune to reach the opposite shore in safety, and it was not long before she was amply repaid for the perilous experiment by rejoining the object of so much solicitude.

Under her affectionate nursing the Colonel

speedily became convalescent, and was able once more to join the army, but she had now determined that no persuasions should induce her to leave his side again. She felt, as Ruth said unto Naomi, even if she did not so express herself,—“Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.”

In pursuance of the plan she had laid down for herself, Lady Acland purchased at Fort Edward, or the nearest camp, a two-wheeled tumbril by way of carriage. It had been constructed by some of the artillery men, and somewhat resembled the vehicles in use among the mail-carriers upon the cross roads in England. At this time Colonel Acland commanded the British grenadiers attached to that part of the army which, under General Fraser, was employed in harassing the rear of the enemy. It consisted of light infantry selected for this special purpose from all the regiments; and such unceasing activity was required in the service upon which they were employed, that neither men nor officers could take off their clothes for days together. While they were engaged in this duty, the tent in which the colonel and Lady Harriet were sleeping, by

some accident took fire. An orderly sergeant of grenadiers, at the imminent danger to himself of suffocation, plunged at once into the midst of the smoke and flames, and dragged out the first person he could lay hold of. It chanced to be the Colonel. Almost at the same moment Lady Harriet was awakened by the heat and noise, and made the best of her way out at the back part of the tent, when the first thing she saw was her husband rushing wildly into the flames, from which he had just escaped, for the purpose of saving herself. Fortunately the faithful sergeant was at hand, and a second time perilled his own life to save the Colonel, which, however, he did not effect without being burnt in his face and several parts of his body.

This accident, which occurred a little before General Burgoyne passed the river Hudson, had not the least effect upon our indomitable heroine, or if it had any, it was only to make her more keenly alive to the dangers of her husband's situation, and the comfort and solace he must derive from her being present. Under such circumstances her spirit was not to be subdued, either by flood or fire, or even by the scenes of horror inseparable from a soldier's life when employed upon such active duty. She was destined, however, to what a mind so constituted must have deemed the severest of trials.

On the 19th of September, 1777, things had taken such a turn that a desperate conflict might be hourly, if not momentarily, expected between the English and the revolted colonists; and as the Colonel would in all probability have to bear the first brunt of battle, he requested his wife to follow the route of the artillery and baggage. When the action commenced, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted with her three companions, the Baroness Reidesel, and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell.

A more painful situation can scarcely be imagined than that of four anxious females condemned to listen to the thunders of a battle, in which each had a husband engaged, while she had no means of learning how the day was really going on. It is on such occasions, as in darkness, that the fancy is always busiest, peopling the impenetrable space with all manner of terrific images. Every roll of those guns, they well knew, was carrying death to scores of brave men, and why not to those in whom they were taking so painful an interest? At length they were doomed to be eye-witnesses to a part, at least, of the havoc, and that without moving from their place of refuge. The surgeons, finding the number of the wounded increase frightfully upon their hands

with each moment, converted the hovel into a temporary hospital, and the women had thus to face all the horrors of war in cold blood, without any of its excitement to support them.

Few battles have been fought with more determined courage, or with more fatal results, than this, in which Englishmen were waged against Englishmen; for the colonists could hardly be said as yet to form a distinct race; the blood of the mother country was still flowing in their veins, and the war was as much a war of brethren as if it had been fought within the limits of Kent or Surrey. The British bayonet was repeatedly tried in vain; and no wonder, when it was tried against British bosoms. The carnage on both sides was truly frightful, but more particularly on that of the assailants. Of a detachment of forty-eight artillerymen and their captain, thirty-six were killed, and in other parts of the field the destruction, if not as great, was yet enormous beyond all precedent. Of these facts, in their general outline at least, the little party in the cottage was made most unpleasantly aware by the numbers of wounded that were being added every moment to those already under the hands of the surgeons. Presently they had yet more painful evidence of what was going on. Major Harnage was brought in, desperately wounded, and shortly afterwards

news came that Lieutenant Reynell had been shot dead on the field of battle. In the evening, however, the Americans gave way, but effected a confused retreat, the victors being too much exhausted by the events of the day, and their numbers having been too fatally thinned in the struggle, to allow of a vigorous pursuit.

From this period, the bloody game of war was kept up with little or no cessation. Not a night passed without sharp fighting; and sometimes concerted attacks were made upon the advanced corps in which Colonel Acland was always posted, so that his affectionate wife had no respite whatever from her anxiety on his account. At length on the 7th of October, a pitched battle took place of a yet more tremendous character than any which had been fought before. In this Sir Francis Clark was killed, General Frazer was mortally wounded, Colonel Acland was struck down and made prisoner, and the British were defeated.

The next day brought with it a continuation of this calamitous beginning. Not a tent nor a shed remained standing but what was occupied by the surgeons, and Lady Harriet, with her companions, was thus obliged to take refuge amongst the wounded, or lie exposed to all the inclemency of the season. They saw General Frazer expire, and heard him with his dying breath request that he

might be carried by the soldiers of his own corps to the great redoubt where he had received the fatal shot, and where he wished to be buried. Such an injunction was, of course, religiously fulfilled by the survivors. The sun was setting broadly amidst a mass of dark clouds—fit emblem of a soldier's obsequies in the hour of defeat—and the evening wind piped mournfully through the woods, when the corpse was borne along in sight of both armies. Will it be believed? The Americans had so little of the feeling which belongs to the brave and high-minded, that they kept up an incessant cannonade upon the funeral array, the balls more than once striking the ground at a short distance of Mr. Brudenell, the officiating chaplain, and flinging the dust and pebbles upon the book from which he read the service. It was, indeed, a moment of the deepest and yet most painful interest. The stern, silent indignation of the soldiers, who moved neither hand nor foot, any more than if the ceremony had been going on in a peaceful church-yard,—the calm, composed look of the clergyman, intent only upon his office,—the deepening twilight,—the incessant roar and flashing of the guns,—the scattering of the autumnal leaves upon the coffin, as the wind shook them from the near trees,—all combined to

produce a scene which was not soon or easily forgotten by those who assisted at it.

When this melancholy duty had been performed, Lady Acland entreated General Burgoyne to furnish her with the necessary means of joining her wounded husband in the enemy's camp on the other side of the river. The General, though well aware of her courage and devoted affection, was thunderstruck at such a request. She was already well nigh exhausted by want of food and the harassing events of the last few weeks; besides which, it was very questionable how she might be received by an enemy who had hitherto shewn himself but little observant of the rules of generous warfare. All this Burgoyne urged upon her to the utmost; but finding her still resolute, he yielded a reluctant consent. She was then furnished with an open boat, the time allowing of nothing better, and, with Mr. Brudenell for her companion, a female servant, and the Colonel's valet-de-chambre, she rowed down the river towards the enemy's encampment.

The night, which had become both cold and stormy, was far advanced by the time the party reached the American outposts on the banks of the water, when their first reception fully justified the wise fears of General Burgoyne. The

sentinel could hardly be persuaded not to fire upon them ; to allow of their landing before day-break, he declared was out of the question, although Mr. Brudenell displayed a flag of truce, and explained the condition of the lady. To nothing would the man listen, so punctual was he to his orders, and so much was he in fear of treachery. Neither would he consent to their returning whence they came ; there they were, and there they must remain till morning.

Cold and dreary as the night proved, there was now no help for it. Lady Harriet and her companions were obliged to pass the hours till daylight in the open boat, under the very rifles of the American outposts, who were pretty certain, at the first doubtful movement, to keep their word and fire upon them. But the long expected time came at length to their relief, and they were brought before General Gates, after a night of almost intolerable suffering. It is, however, but justice to the American leader, to record that he treated her with the greatest kindness, and upon learning the object of her mission, immediately gave her a safe conduct to her husband.

And here our story must in prudence break off, for, having given the reader so much of the cup as was pure and sparkling, it would be pity to mar its flavour with the dregs of sentiments.

Only, as a *l'envoie*, we must be allowed to quote the beautiful and very pertinent lines of Sir Walter Scott :—

“ O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

THE LEES.

If human evidence is to be taken as a sufficient test of truth, as we seem to allow it in the most important cases, then witches and ghosts—I will not answer for fairies—but witches and ghosts have as good a claim upon our belief as any other of the shadows that come reflected to us from the glass of history ; or if this should seem too general a proposition it must be at least conceded to us that *many* of these tales are confirmed by such testimony as in any other case would be thought unquestionable. A teller therefore of ghost-stories must be a sad bungler in his vocation, who

does not come prepared with witnesses more than his pack can hold, and quite enough to overwhelm poor common sense if she presumes to mingle in the argument. On the present occasion, should any unreasonable sceptic affirm that our ghost is no ghost, I must needs reply as Ancient Pistol replied to his maligners.

Did not the right reverend bishop of Gloucester draw up the narrative, which he received from the lips of the young lady's father? and is it not in print and reprint, and what more could any moderate person desire? To be sure the colouring is a little, and only a little, heightened; the outlines presented so bold a caricature of probability that I could not help throwing in a few touches here and there to render the romance of the thing yet more perfect, just as a drawing-master, without altering the substance of his pupil's work, contrives by a few skilful shadows from his own brush to make a very creditable affair out of a mere crudity.

Our narrative must commence with the birth of her who is destined to be its heroine, for the two extremes of the mortal chain—birth and death—wear a closer connexion in this case than they do in general.

Sir Charles Lee was anxiously awaiting in the parlour of Billesley the moment that was to make him the happy father of a son and heir, and troubled

with no other apprehension but that a girl might possibly be born to him instead, and defeat his expectations. He was soon however to have a more serious cause of grief to deal with than any which could arise from the mere overthrow of his air-built castles. The same messenger who announced to him that he was the father of a girl, brought also the melancholy tidings of his wife's death.

It would afford the reader little pleasure to abide for any time in the house of mourning, or to follow the poor lady in her dreary passage from the death-bed to the grave. There are few amongst us, who are not able to fill up each gloomy picture from their own experience; and, therefore, leaving alike the pomps and the sorrows of a funeral, we shall attend upon the fortunes of the infant heiress, who had thus in a two-fold manner been the wreck of her father's happiness.

Lady Everard, the sister of Sir Charles, had been with the deceased in her last moments, and either at her dying request, or moved by the child's helpless condition, deprived of a mother's care at so critical a period, she offered to take the charge of her. To this Sir Charles gladly acceded, for, whatever poets and novel-writers may aver to the contrary, the fathers of real life are seldom if ever found imbued with any violent attachment for infants, and still

less do we see them troubled with a fancy for playing the part of nurses. At the same time nothing could have been more fortunate for the young heiress. Her aunt discharged her new duties with equal kindness and ability, and under her care she passed the days of childhood in happiness till she grew up to be an accomplished and lovely maiden. But as some alloy to these advantages, she had derived from her mother, or from the peculiar circumstances of her birth, a mental disease that all the care of Lady Everard in her education had not been able to eradicate; indeed it had not assumed so decisive a character as to be any wise alarming till she had attained the first period of womanhood. This was a strong tendency to—shall we call it superstition?—or shall we rather say that she was under the influence of an excitable imagination, which like some delicate instrument vibrated at the slightest touch, and gave forth a wild and almost painful music? There were times when she seemed to have glimpses of another world, the shadows of which fell upon her spirit as clear and distinct as the shadows from tree or rock upon the greensward in the summer moonlight. Many who were in the opposite extreme and had no imagination themselves, could not at all understand such a condition of mind, and held it to be very nearly allied to madness;

those who judged with more discretion as well as kinder feeling, when they noted her pale cheek and its hectic flush, her hands well nigh transparent, and the fire of her eye which burnt with an almost intolerable lustre, they shook their heads, half inclined to believe that in the visible decay of the body, the restless spirit within had assumed a predominance unintelligible indeed but not the less certain. In spite of this eccentricity however, her beauty and amiable disposition did not fail to procure for her a multitude of admirers, and greatly to the satisfaction of Lady Everard she was at length brought to acknowledge a reciprocal attachment for Sir William Parkins. The kind aunt had long witnessed her niece's state with much anxiety, and in the hope that a change of condition might lead to a healthier tone both in mind and body, she used her best influence with Sir Charles to promote the union. Under such strong inducements his consent was easily obtained, and an early day was fixed for the nuptials.

The kind intentions of Lady Everard seemed in a fair way of being realized. There was a visible change for the better in her niece's manner and appearance, for the current of her thoughts being thus diverted from its usual course flowed on in a much more earthly channel than it had hitherto done. Time went on rapidly, as it always does with those

who are in sorts with Fortune, till it wanted something less than a week to the day of marriage, and never had the sun set upon a happier family than it did that eventful evening.

It was now Thursday—so minute is the narrative left to us by the good bishop. Miss Lee had retired to bed at an earlier hour than usual, when, just as she was on the point of falling into her first sleep, she was startled by the sudden appearance of a light in the chamber. She immediately rang the bell for her maid-servant, and demanded who it was that had entered the room at such an hour, and for what purpose; but the girl denied any knowledge of the matter.

“It must have been imagination then,” thought the enquirer, “or rather I was three parts asleep and dreamed it.”

Such was probably the case, yet it left an unpleasant feeling upon her mind, and it was some time before she could again close her eyes. Even then her sleep was broken and feverish, as she well recollected the next day, for on these occasions it is often wonderful with what vividness the shadowy events of the foregone night will rise upon the memory, till the awakened dreamer can hardly distinguish between the real and imaginary. This may perhaps serve in some degree to explain what next happened.

About two o'clock in the morning she again awoke, or fancied that she did so, and was much alarmed at seeing the apparition of a female between the bed-curtains and her pillow. Yet there was nothing in the look or manner of the unearthly visitant to justify any feeling of terror. On the contrary, her face wore a singular expression of benevolence, and when she spoke her voice was more calculated to soothe than to excite fear, had it not been for that instinctive and insuperable dread which frail mortality always feels at the communion with the disembodied, whether real or supposed. To an indistinctly murmured, "Who, and what are you?" the vision replied in tones of unutterable sweetness that she was her mother, and being herself in a state of beatitude had been permitted to come and warn her child that she must quit earth and join her when the clock should next strike twelve. It may seem strange, but Miss Lee was not conscious of feeling any dread at this warning. On the contrary her great anxiety was that the apparition should not leave her, though from some inexpressible cause she was tongue-tied, and could not utter a syllable.

The shade had scarcely ceased to speak than a sweet low music filled the chamber, and a cool air blew upon the maiden's brow as if the casement had just been opened. The next moment a pro-

found sleep came upon her. It could not, however, have lasted long, for when she again awoke the sun had barely risen, and the moon had not yet quite faded away, but wore a pale spectral appearance as if it had been the shadow of itself. Ringing the bell for her servant she dressed herself for the day, and retired into a closet adjoining her bed room, which she was in the habit of using for an oratory.

Nine o'clock was the usual breakfast-hour of the family, when Miss Lee came down with her wonted punctuality. She had a sealed letter in her hand, which she silently presented to her aunt while the tears stood in her large black eyes.

"My dear!" exclaimed Lady Everard in alarm, "what is the meaning of all this?"

An explanation naturally ensued, but Lady Everard, attributing the vision, as most people would have done, to a diseased state of mind or body, or perhaps of both, sent off to Chelmsford for a physician, who hastened to Waltham without delay upon her summons. Neither of them could perceive any thing in the mental or bodily state of the patient which could account for this hallucination, if indeed it were hallucination; her pulses beat temperately, and her conversation on every subject was calm and consistent, unless the story of what she had seen in the night was to be considered an exception. They candidly owned there-

fore that as they could find no disease it was useless for them to talk of administering any remedies. But Lady Everard, led away by her excessive anxiety, insisted upon her niece being bled, and Miss Lee herself made no objection, her temper, at all times mild, being now more gentle and affectionate than ever. No sooner was the operation over, and the arm bound up again, than she requested that the chaplain might be called in to read prayers—"and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and played and sang so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it; and near the stroke of twelve she rose and sate herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, she immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles at his house, Billesley, in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted at the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter."

Now here is a ghost-story as well authenticated as a tale of any kind need be; but for all that, "*credat Judæus!*"

THE WHITE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

A TALE OF KILMALLOCK.

THE place where our younger days have been passed, even if they should have proved days of sorrow, can hardly be left by us for ever without feeling some pangs of regret, and our thoughts must often return to those hours which are lost in the flight of years, the more distant, the more hallowed. But can a stranger pass through Kilmallock, and not be struck with the many remnants of "the olden times" that it presents—its mouldering towers and its magnificent abbey? Alas! each moment adds to the desolation, and soon no trace of even these will be found.

In the middle of the once splendid aisle of Kilmallock Abbey, lies the tomb of Maurice Fitz Gerald, the celebrated White Knight, that singular compound of good and evil, and both upon the grandest scale. Being not only a prodigious admirer of such ancient reliques, but somewhat

long-expected peace revisited this ill-fated country.

“ Time glided on with but little variation to Elgiva; the walls of the convent were the limits of her world, and beyond them she rarely wandered, and then always accompanied by one of the elder nuns. In some of these excursions the Abbess herself became her companion, and as she was a woman infinitely superior to the other nuns, Elgiva felt great pleasure in her society. Few, however, were the pleasures this unfortunate cause of our ruin was to enjoy in this world.

“ The Abbess had successfully endeavoured to conceal from the White Knight the knowledge that Elgiva O'Rourke had found an asylum with her, knowing well from the deadly feuds which had so long existed between his family and the Princes of Brefni, that he would lose no opportunity of obtaining possession of so valuable a prize. Unfortunately, by some accidental circumstance, it was discovered, and you may well judge of the horror of Elgiva, when she suddenly found herself in the power of her father's bitterest foe, and received the command to prepare for immediate removal to one of the White Knight's fortresses. Trusting alone in Him who has the power to save in the greatest extremities, she became an inmate of Mitchellstown Castle; but to do justice

to the memory of its hated master, she was there treated rather as a guest than a prisoner, and enjoyed more liberty than she had even in this abbey.

“Among the children of the White Knight was one, of a very different character from his father. Edmund Fitz Gerald was merciful and just, and many a poor wretch, the victim of his father's cruelty, found in him a comforter. Too romantic, perhaps, in disposition, he at first pitied and then unconsciously loved Elgiva, her young heart could not long be blind to his passion, and he soon found his love not unrequited; their dreams of bliss were never destined to be realized, and all the vengeance that an O'Rourke could hope for, burst on the head of a degenerate child.

“The White Knight quickly discovered their growing partiality, but the wretch cared not if the daughter of his enemy were dishonoured. Finding, however, his son bent on marriage, and too noble to enter into his father's schemes, he determined to remove Elgiva, but his precautions were taken too late; the night before her intended departure, Edmund persuaded her to fly with him, and with one faithful attendant reached this place. The Abbess was forced to give a reluctant

consent to their being united here, but the morning intended for their nuptials brought with it a fearful tempest. The White Knight, frantic with rage, pursued the fugitives, and in the middle of the ceremony burst into the chapel. Yes! perhaps on this very spot, where rest the ashes of the murderer, the life blood of Elgiva sank into the ground—the tyrant stabbed her to the heart. Edmund was banished for many years his father's presence, while his poor servant suffered bitterly for his fidelity. Pent up in a small chasm between two rocks,* as in a clopstick, and supplied with just sufficient food to keep up life, he lingered for several days in excruciating agony, until death released him from his sufferings.

“ From that hour I may date the decline of the once powerful Princes of Brefni. To revenge Elgiva's death, war was carried on for a long period against the White Knight: but his evil genius prevailed. In the dungeons of his castle the bravest of my race expired; one alone, a deformed and crippled being, the tyrant spared, as he tauntingly said, to be the progenitor of a mighty and splendid tribe. Behold *me* the very

* In laying the foundation of the magnificent Castle of the present Earl of Kingston a skeleton was found in the exact situation described above, suspended between two rocks.

image of that man, the last"—he paused and struggled for breath—"the last of the Brefni race. But have I not lived to see all but the memory of his deeds sink into oblivion, and his possessions belonging to another name.

"You have heard my story. From America I came to see this spot, and I now bid you farewell. Sometimes when you wander here, think on Phelim O'Rourke; be assured he will not forget the stranger of the White Knight's tomb."

He darted away before I had time to thank him for his confidence, and was out of sight in a few moments.

We never met again, but some days since by chance looking over an extract from an American paper, the following paragraph caught my eye.

"At Boston, on the 17th of February, 1829, died **PHELIM O'ROURKE**, the last heir male and representative of the ancient Princes of Brefni."

The tomb of the White Knight was broken open a few years since by a soldier who dreamt that there was money concealed in it, but his only discovery was, a part of a rusty sword, a spur, and some broken pieces of armour—a treasure more to be prized by an antiquarian than by him. Since then the memorable stone alluded to in the tale has been lying by, broken into two fragments. The following is the inscription on it:—

HIC·TVIIHLVS·FRECTVS·FV-
 +T+·NMEMOR·IAM+·LL+·VSSTF-
 MMAT+·S·GERALD+·NORVM·QV+
 VVLGO·VOCANTVR·EQV+·TES
 ALB+
 +OHANIES·CVM·F+·L+·OSVO
 EDMVIDO·FT·MAVR+·C+·O·F+
 L+·O·RRFFAT+·EDMVND+
 ETMVL+·AL+·E+·VSDEM·FAM+·L-
 +AFF·B+·C·TVNVLAITAR·PREF
 ATVS

The Abbey and adjoining lands were granted to Sir Philip Coote, brother of the first Earl of Mountrath, and are now in the possession of his descendant, Charles Chidley Coote, Esq., of Mount Coote. From an elder branch of this ancient family came the celebrated Sir Eyre Coote, the conqueror of Hyder Ali. He was the sixth son of the Rev. Chidley Coote, D.D., by Jane Evans, sister of George, first Lord Carbery, and was born at Ashhill, now the residence of Eyre Evans, Esq., though the old house which witnessed the first appearance in life of this hero who was the means of adding so much to our Indian Empire, is now in ruins, the present mansion being on a different site. This neighbourhood also can boast of being the birth place of another hero, General William, Lord Blakeney, the celebrated Governor of Minorca, who was born at Mount Blakeney, about two miles from Kilmallock, but whose immediate

family have become extinct in the male line, the property being now in the possession of Mrs. Fitz Gerald, of Whitegate House, near Cloyne, a descendant of the brother of his Lordship. Lieutenant General Sir Edward Blakeney, G.C.B., the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, derives from the elder branch of Lord Blakeney's family.

A TALE OF BULGADEN HALL.

ON the once much frequented, though now almost forsaken coachroad between Limerick and Cork—for rails and locomotives have intruded themselves even upon the neglected land of Erin—the traveller may observe on his left hand on quitting the village of Bruff, the old Castle of Ballygrenane, which though in ruins, still presents somewhat of its pristine grandeur. It was built by the De Lacys, and came subsequently into the possession of the great house of Desmond, whose territories spread far and wide around, where from many a castle these proud earls could say they were monarchs of all they surveyed; but as all earthly things must fade, so perished the power of the Desmonds, for not one sod of ground, save

the narrow confines of the grave, now owns a Desmond as its master; finally the Castle of Ballygrennane and its broad acres devolved upon the family of Evans, afterwards called to the peerage as Barons of Carbery, in whom the property and title still vest. Colonel George Evans, M.P. for Askeaton in the reign of Charles the Second, who lived and died here, was the last of the name who made the castle his residence, but with them we have nought to do at present, though it is said this gentleman had many a quaint adventure and mishap ere he lay down to die in peace as the Lord of Ballygrennane. We would, however, invite the traveller not to relax his gaze, especially as the march of science has deprived him of the society of the facetious Mister O'Brien, better known as the Gentleman Coachman, and his less pretending, though not less communicative rival, Sullivan, whose labours are transferred to regions more remote, where the rapid train does not as yet offer interruption to the willing ears which still listen to their random recollections of the road. A little beyond Ballygrennane, and somewhat farther removed from the river, exhibiting itself as a slight foreground to the lofty range of the Galtees, may be observed a hill covered with the remains of stately groves, but laid out with the bad taste of King William

and his Dutch gardeners. In this spot stands all that remains of Bulgaden Hall, once, according to Ferrers, in his "History of Limerick," the most magnificent seat in the south of Ireland, erected by the Right Hon. George Evans,* son and successor of the old Colonel, of Ballygrennane, a senator, and privy councillor to three successive sovereigns, who refused the peerage, afterwards conferred, during his life time, on his son, and was honoured at his death with such respect that his body was permitted to lie in state in the Parliament House in Dublin, until removed for interment with his ancestors in the family vault at Ballygrennane. From him Bulgaden passed to the first Lord Carbery, and at his decease became the residence of his second son, the Hon. John Evans. This was the period of its halcyon days, for in addition to the large property bequeathed him by his father, Mr. Evans greatly increased his worldly estate by his marriage, in 1741, with Grace, the daughter, and

* George Evans was created Baron Carbery, county of Cork, on the 9th of May, 1715, the first year of the reign of George the First. Family tradition proclaims him to have been distinguished for great personal attractions, so much so that Queen Anne, struck by his appearance at one of her levees, took a ring from her finger and presented it to him. This ring is still preserved as a heir-loom at Laxton Hall, Northamptonshire, a seat brought into the Evans' family by the marriage of this Lord Carbery with the heiress of the Staffords. He was the great-great-grandfather of George, present and seventh Lord Carbery.

eventually heiress of Sir Ralph Freke, of Castle Freke, in the county of Cork, and thus that property and name were brought into his family. Four sons and an equal number of daughters were the fruits of this happy union. Surrounded as was this delightful spot with such historical recollections and romantic scenery, on one side the romantic range of the Galtees, Castle Oliver, and the Ballyhouras, reaching far in the distance into the county of Cork, and on the other, the beautiful valley (through part of which the innovating railroad speeds its way), with the picturesque towers and mouldering ruins of the ancient town of Kilmallock, its cathedral, its abbey, and its castellated posterns,—surrounded by such prospects, what thoughts must have occupied the minds of the family of Bulgaden, when comparing their magnificent hall and its proud domain with the ruins, however picturesque, and the beautiful desolation by which they were environed. Did they,—could they, indeed,—contemplate the time when their loved abode would become the prey of the destroyer, their noble mansion the dwelling of the screech-owl and the bat? Yet so it was; shewing how speedily the hand of time, when unresisted by man's intelligence, can accomplish its work of destruction,—aye, even in the life-time of those who sported there as children. Various,

probably, were their paths through life, chequered no doubt with joys and sorrows; but we have only to trace and follow the fate of George Evans, the eldest son and heir, who, by the death of his father during his minority, became the youthful possessor of large landed estates, and the master of Bulgaden Hall, while the Freke property devolved at the same time on the second son, who assumed that name in addition to his own, and took up his residence at Castle Freke.

George Evans, of Bulgaden, the hero of our tale, was handsome, gay, manly, and independent; these qualities, added to his wealth and station, rendered him a desirable acquisition to the fair damsels of his county, but for a long time vain were all their efforts to entrap him; like the fair ones in Moore's song of the "Love Knots," who watched for Cupid passing by, but could not catch him, the beauties of Ireland spread their nets to no purpose. But the coldest breast will warm at last, and even the stoic's pulse will throb in homage to his own perception of female loveliness and perfection. Thus it was with George Evans, and thus it is with most people.

Among the many places from which our ever-welcome guest received most pressing invitations, was Cahirnelly, the seat of Colonel Stamer, in the county of Clare. If the reader will pardon a bad

pun upon so serious a subject, we confess we are tempted to observe, that had he been endowed with the gift of *Clairvoyance*, he would have avoided the county. He could not exclaim with Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*, but in plain English he might say, he came, he saw, he was conquered by the bright eyes of his host's beautiful daughter. It was that love at first sight which philosophers deny, but experience shews to be true; nor did the lady use any arts to captivate this cold admirer, and yet in the absence of all these usual inducements to affection, she was the woman of his choice—the mistress of his heart—she must be the sharer of his fortune—she *should* be the Lady of Bulgaden Hall. The family of Colonel Stamer consisted of two daughters. On the beauty and accomplishments of her who had become the idol of our hero's soul we need not expatiate, but our tale requires some slight description of her sister. She was not ugly, for no woman ever was, according to the stringent rules of gallantry, upon which we dare not trespass, but she was truly plain. Our Gallic neighbours have a quaint saying descriptive of female prettiness,—*Il y a de plus laide qui ne sont pas encore mal jolies.*" Of this young lady the saying might have been reversed, as—*"Il a de plus jolie qui ne sont pas encore mal laides,"* added to which, family tradition gave her

a lameness or contortion, not calculated to augment her personal charms, or shew off her figure to advantage in the mazy dance, to which the sons of St. Patrick are so devoted. In the days of which we are writing, courtships were short, and some presume to assert that happiness was, therefore, (as a *sequitur*), the more lasting,—*le mariage de convenance* was in strict keeping with the spirit of the times. Opposition to George Evans would have been attributed to insanity by the world, disobedience to a father's wishes high treason against paternal government. Things of course followed their natural direction, as the stream flows downwards from its source, and the master of Bulgaden Hall proffered his hand and his heart, not at first to the "ladye of his love," but, as in duty bound, to the amiable authors of her existence. Colonel and Mrs. Stamer gladly accepted that offer, for which their less favoured neighbours had vainly sighed, and hastened to communicate the joyful tidings, with the happy prospect of a brilliant settlement, to their lovely daughter. But language is inadequate to describe their mortification when, after detailing the singular advantages of this union, and the brilliant worldly prospects now opening to her, they found her turning a deaf ear alike to gentle wishes and stern commands—for, the truth must be told, she

loved another. To reason with young love was vain—to threaten a determined spirit was fruitless; her disappointed parents saw that she was inexorable, yet still hoped, for their sakes, she might relent. How strange that feeling in a parent's breast which dictates to a child the sacrifice of her happiness through life, to gratify the pride of wealth and station, which they do not enjoy, and can only advantage the object of their strangely-evinced solicitude, as a wealthy set-off, though but a slender compensation, for the happiness she forfeits in obedience to their arbitrary commands. Time, they thought, might do its work; wonders had been achieved through its agency; they left the weeping beauty with her less-favoured sister Anne, and hastened to assure the expectant lover that her natural timidity alone prevented an immediate answer to his suit. Strange things have happened ever since the creation of man, and will continue to surprise the world from time to time, although the royal sage has declared there is nothing new under the sun. Had some bright vision of the future risen before her, or had worldly thoughts, with the broad acres of Bulgaden Hall, overcome her first and early passion? Had reflection and prudence vanquished girlish predilections; or had filial obedience resumed its natural influence over her mind? We

know not ; at least, we will not mar the romance of our tale by any further revelations upon the subject, contenting ourselves with briefly narrating that the very next day Miss Stamer announced to her parents her willingness to obey their mandate, and that Colonel Stamer lost no time in communicating the joyful tidings to his intended son-in-law. Gaily did George Evans fly home to make the necessary regulations for the reception of his bride. The happy day was fixed, and Cahirnelly was now all bustle and activity in preparing everything on a scale of splendour suitable to the rank and station of the families so deeply interested in the event. In the days of which we are writing, strange customs held their potent sway over society. The early wedding banquet was devoted to wine and feasting, while the marriage itself did not take place till the evening, when the chapel was lighted up for the purpose.

The bridal day now came, and, as usual, opened with a feast, when every one according to custom drank to excess, sobriety on these occasions being a positive violation of all good breeding. Not only so, but the guests would have thought themselves highly dishonoured had the bridegroom escaped scatheless from the wedding banquet. None but the ladies and the chaplain (and with regard to the latter it may still remain

a matter of doubt with the sceptic) walked straight to the altar that night; our hero, half unconscious of passing events, was led to where he would have flown at an earlier hour of the day. George Evans was married,—the knot was indissolubly tied; and as the bright gleams of the morning's sun shed themselves into the bridal chamber on the following day, the master of Bulgaden, thoroughly awakened from his dreams, and recovered from the effect of the liberal potations in which he had indulged, discovered, to his horror and dismay, that the bride he had taken for better and for worse—she whom he had solemnly vowed to love, honour, and cherish, was not the woman of his choice—that he was the victim of a cheat—a base deception, that all his hopes of earthly happiness had at once faded, and that his future life was a blank.

Indignant at the deception practised upon him, he left the chamber without a word, and sought what could not then avail him—an explanation from Colonel Stamer. Both the Colonel and his wife denied all share in the imposture, avouching it in language too solemn to be disbelieved; their words bore the stamp of truth upon them; but what did all this avail him? His condition was nowise improved by discovering that the parents were blameless—that the plot emanated from the

woman who till then had been the idol of his soul, and that she had substituted her veiled sister Anne for herself at the altar. To hope that he would pardon the stratagem—that he would try how far his wedded wife could minister to his worldly comforts—to expect that he would not cast a slur upon the family by deserting the woman to whom he had openly plighted his faith within twenty-four hours, were arguments to be adopted by Colonel and Mrs. Stamer, as matters of course, and this line of policy was not neglected; but what reasonable man would have anticipated their realization? George Evans requested an interview with his wife. “Madam,” he said, “you have attained your end. I need not say how you bear my name, and, for the sake of your family, I acknowledge you as my wife. You shall receive an income from me suitable to your situation this, probably, is all you cared for with regard to me, and you and I shall meet no more in this world.” The bride falteringly attempted an explanation, but he was gone, never to return.

George Evans took leave of his home and his country, and sought in the dissipation of the French capital, then sunk deep in vice and licentiousness, a forgetfulness of his sorrows, and died its victim in 1769, leaving the estate of Bulgaden in reversion to the second son of his brother,

Sir John Evans Freke, Bart., then, unlike himself, happily united to the Lady Elizabeth Gore, daughter of the first Earl of Arran, on condition of this child's resuming the family name of Evans. George Freke Evans, thus his successor, married, in 1805, Sarah, Dowager Lady Carbery, widow of his cousin, George, the fourth Lord, and dying himself, without issue, in 1829, he bequeathed Bulgaden Hall to his brother John, the sixth and late Lord Carbery, who had succeeded to that peerage on the failure of the heirs male of the elder branch. But the glory of Bulgaden Hall was gone; for, from the period of its desertion by its luckless master, it gradually sunk into ruin, and to mark its site nought remains but the foundation walls and a solitary stone, bearing the family arms, which no doubt once occupied a prominent place in this splendid pile, though now lying among the rank grass and thistles of its deserted court.

The only member of the Evans family still residing in the neighbourhood of Bulgaden, is Eyre Evans, Esq., of Ashill Towers, near Kilmallock, whose father, the late Colonel Eyre Evans, of Miltown, county of Cork, was a cousin-german of the disappointed bridegroom of our tale.

THE GOOD EARL OF KINGSTON.

It is something to have borne such a title amongst one's cotemporaries, though it is seldom allowed to pass without challenge. Those who know the Earl solely from the account given of him by Lucy Hutchinson in her celebrated memoirs, will be at a loss to understand how he ever came to be called the *good*, and yet nothing is more certain than that he was so designated, not only amongst those of his own class, but amongst a wide circle of the commoners. The difficulty is not got over by referring to the political bias of the fair Independent, or by supposing she was unlikely to view with favour, a man, who after having long hesitated, finally threw all the weight of his influence into the scale of the opposite party, and at a critical moment, when, without such help, it seemed sufficiently inclined to preponderate. From all we know of Lucy Hutchinson, she was much too conscientious to be guilty of wilful falsehood, and one would have imagined, much too

well informed in public matters, to have totally mistaken a character of such celebrity and importance. It will be our part to reconcile these contradictory facts so far as it may be possible.

Upon the breaking out of the great civil war, each of the contending parties was naturally anxious to draw over to itself those who, but for such half compulsion, half persuasion, would gladly have remained neuter. The peaceably disposed were not perhaps many in number, but they were, generally speaking, men of wealth and descent, if not high birth, and their influence was considerable. One of the first amongst this class was the *Good Earl of Kingston*, who though at heart a loyalist, was not so bigoted in his political creed as to admire the despotic tendency of the king's measures ; still less did he feel disposed to involve his tenants, or any who were likely to be led by his example, into the hazards of a war, which, end how it would, must still have in his eyes an unsatisfactory termination. So long therefore as the Parliamentarians preserved a decent show of moderation in their proceedings, and their troops conducted themselves with something like respect to life and property, he resolved to continue neutral. Nothing could have been more displeasing to the gentlemen of Nottingham, who being many of them violent republicans, were indignant

at this lack of zeal in what, to them at least, was the good cause, and thought it high time he should be brought to declare himself. The danger besides, to the republican party, was increasing every hour; Fairfax had been defeated at Ather-ton Moor by the Earl of Newcastle, various other defeats had been experienced by them in different quarters, and what was worst of all, their two favourite leaders, Essex and Waller—for Cromwell as yet had scarcely appeared upon the scene—were inflamed with mutual jealousy, and kept up such constant feuds, that the former wearied of the war, and was with much difficulty persuaded to retain his command. Thus circumstanced, the republicans in Nottingham became doubly anxious to win over the *good Earl*, and accordingly they deputed Captain Lomax, one of the committee, to wait upon him at Thoresby Park, “to understand his affections from himself, and to press him to declare for the parliament in that so needful season.”

In the meanwhile the object of all this solicitude was himself a prey to the liveliest anxiety. While on the one hand he could not bring himself to assist the king in the attainment of what he felt to be his despotic measures, on the other he was too deeply indebted to Charles, who had advanced him to all his present honours, and had

too much personal regard for him to think for a moment of siding with his enemies. It may be imagined therefore with what secret ill will he received the parliamentary envoy, while preserving an outward shew of respect and even of kindness, which, however, did not deceive the latter. In selecting him for this occasion, the committee had made a wise choice, for he was a frank bold soldier, and having less of the Puritan than the generality of his companions, was the more likely to make his mission palatable to the Cavalier. He indeed carried a ton weight of iron at his side, was clad in a sober suit, and wore a high felt hat, but he affected none of the scriptural language so much in vogue with the fanatic party; or if his speech were now and then tinged with Bible phraseology, it was plain to see that it had been unwittingly caught up from his hearing nothing else, and was none of his own seeking. Such was the ambassador who now made his appearance at the Hall in Thoresby Park, which was burnt down in about a century from this time, and was replaced by a mansion much more comfortable within than having any pretensions to external magnificence.

"I am glad to see you, Captain Lomax, in my poor house," said the Earl, "it is long since we have met."

"Of a truth my Lord, it is so," replied the

captain; "and yet considering these troubled times, the greater wonder is that we should meet even now. I promise your lordship I have been in more than one scrape that left me little chance of ever again having such an honour."

"Well, but is this a visit of pleasure or of business?"

"Of both, my lord—of pleasure, because nothing could be more agreeable to me than such an interview; but to own the plain truth, it is business that chiefly brings me here, for without it I shall hardly stand excused for leaving my military duties."

The Roundhead, without more circumlocution, entered upon the subject of his coming, dwelling upon his Lordship's known aversion to the court measures, and that the speedy termination of the war by a victory over Charles, would be the best thing for himself as well as his people. Such an event might indeed reduce his power within stricter and more constitutional limits, but that his Lordship himself must allow, was desirable, both in regard to the country, and as it would establish the throne more securely than ever. To all this the *good* Earl listened with an impatience that he could but ill disguise, and certainly without being in the least moved to alter his determination.

"When," said he, "I take arms with the King against the Parliament, or with the Parliament against the King, let a cannon bullet divide me between them."

This speech was not forgotten in after times; and the Puritans, who must needs be dragging in Providence at all seasons, fitting or unfitting, and construing the most natural events into special interferences of Heaven, did not fail upon his singular death to cry out "a judgment!"

Following the traces left by Mrs. Hutchinson in the memoirs before alluded to, it would appear that only a short time afterwards the Earl all at once broke through his pacific resolutions, and joined the King with four thousand men just when fortune was again depressing the scales of war in favour of the Roundheads. Upon this he was constituted his Majesty's Lieutenant-General for the five counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk, an extensive trust which drew upon him a more than usual share of the enemy's vigilance. He was surprised when at Gainsborough by Lord Willoughby, of Parham, and being, after a gallant defence, overpowered and made prisoner, he was sent off to Hull in a little pinnace. Unluckily, as it turned out, a party of Newcastle's army under Sir Charles Cavendish, happened to be in the neighbourhood,

and the moment they heard of this disaster, pushed forward at a rapid rate to his rescue. Coming up at length with the boat, they demanded the liberation of the prisoner, which being peremptorily refused, they commenced a heavy fire from their field-pieces, quite forgetting that the balls were just as likely to strike their friend as their enemies. The moment the Earl was informed of this, he hurried upon deck "to show himself, and to prevail with them to forbear shooting; but as soon as he appeared, a cannon bullet flew from the King's army, and divided him in the middle, being then in the Parliament's pinnace, who perished according to his own unhappy imprecation."

LISNABRIN.

ON the extreme verge of the county of Cork where—separated only by a brawling brook—it adjoins that of Waterford, lies the secluded valley of Lis-na-brin. Commencing in a narrow defile whose rugged sides and embosomed depths still exhibit some of the finest specimens of primeval timber in the kingdom, it gradually widens into gentle slopes and level glades, as it approaches the vale of the Bride, into which it imperceptibly merges at the village of Carriglass. The last object which marks its identity near this spot, is a gigantic Oak connected by tradition with the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose wide domains—the spoils of the ill-fated house of Desmond—extended over a vast tract of country in this part of Ireland. At the period to which we are about to advert, the sun of his meteor-like prosperity had long set, and of the immense possessions with which the favour of his Sovereign had enriched him not a vestige

appears to have been retained." That he set very little value indeed on his Irish principality, for such, in truth, it was, seems clear not only from the short residence he made in that country, but from the very easy terms on which he retained as tenants, the original occupants of the soil; and it would have been well for the land of his short-lived adoption, if the character of English landlordism then in its ominous infancy had been modelled on the principles so humanely exemplified by him. Among the residents on his lately acquired estates, with whom he had to deal in his new character of proprietor in fee, was the decayed remnant of a once wealthy family, originally of Danish extraction, but reduced by successive revolutions and forfeitures to a shadow of its former importance. The last representative of this branch of the Cop-pingers was, at the time we speak of, eking out an obscure existence in the valley of Lisnabrin—sole relic of the broad acres once held by his ancestors. Hither as to a sure retreat he had betaken himself, amid the storms of civil war, and not unlike the ostrich, which we are told fancies himself in security when his head alone is concealed, here he doubtless flattered himself that he would escape the last visitation of utter ruin. Had concealment indeed been possible no asylum could have been better chosen. Accessible only by bridle paths from the

upper end of the gorge, the site of his mansion, which has only within a few years been replaced by a modern structure, was screened on the side of the more open country by a thick belt of forest trees, apparently shutting out all approach, and could be discovered only by those well acquainted with the intricacies of the place. Within this sylvan enclosure, however, a space of cultivated land interspersed with well stocked pastures of the richest verdure and fertility, afforded an ample supply of all the necessities of life to the proprietor and the few retainers whose rude huts lay scattered around. It does not appear that any attempt was made by Sir Walter to disturb the tranquillity of this specimen of Irish life in the bush. On the contrary, by a deed still in existence and bearing his autograph, possession of the lands of Lisnabrin, with all its rights and appurtenances was secured to Coppinger, under a lease of 4000 years at the easy rent of 4d. an acre. The grace of this concession was enhanced by special marks of friendship and good will. Commiserating no doubt the fallen fortunes of his tenant, who it would seem was a man of cultivated mind and congenial manners, he distinguished him by his friendship, and stood sponsor to his infant son, who accordingly took the name of Walter.

Time rolled on and the fair inheritance thus

happily secured to the Coppinger family passed in due course into the possession of Raleigh's godson.

But a short respite however was allowed to the troubles of the land. To the sweeping confiscations of James succeeded the iron sway of Strafford, and the horrors of the Cromwellian reign of terror capped the climax of Ireland's misery. At the last mentioned period Walter Coppinger was far advanced in years, and resided with his two daughters at Lisnabrin. He had for some years been a widower, and having no son, and being exempted by his age from taking any part in public affairs, he hoped like his father to weather the impending storm in the shelter and seclusion of his native glen.

The internecine war, however, then raging through the length and breadth of the land, was fast approaching these retired precincts. Occasional fugitives from the routed ranks of the royalists sought refuge in the recesses of Lisnabrin, and scared it from its propriety by tales of slaughter and devastation. Cork, Youghall, Dungarvan, Waterford, and Wexford, had successively fallen into the hands of the invaders, and from the stronghold of Lismore, garrisoned by the forces under Lord Broghill, continual excursions were made, carrying fire and sword through the surrounding

districts. Whatever dependence Cromwell might have placed on his generals he was not a man to delegate to others that which by possibility he could do himself. In every spot of the localities we have mentioned, as well as through the entire of Leinster and Ulster, his name is handed down as having been a personal actor in the minutest incidents; and there is hardly a village, however obscure, that has not its tradition of some characteristic trait of this extraordinary man. A collection of these well preserved reminiscences, with which we may hereafter present our readers, would form an interesting chapter, and might serve to throw light on a character on which the disquisitions of historical and biographical criticism are still far from being exhausted. It was not, however, the fate of Coppinger of Lisnabrin to come into personal contact with the Protector. Passing on to more important enterprises, the latter committed to Ireton the task of completing the subjugation of Munster, and well and sternly were his orders carried out by this efficient deputy. One fierce struggle, terminating as usual in the rout of the royalist forces, extinguished the last spark of resistance in the district to which we are adverting.

The village of Conna, on the right bank of the Bride, was the scene of this encounter. The

commanding position here occupied by the loyalists under shelter of the old castle, which still crowns the adjacent slope, and gives to the scenery that stern historic character so full of interest to the explorer of the picturesque in Ireland, appears to have inspired unwonted confidence; and, as the local traditions testify, the contest, maintained to the last with the bravery of despair, was long and bloody. As night closed in, however, the combat was no longer doubtful; and no sooner had the last scattered remnants of the vanquished disappeared, than the parliamentary forces withdrew to more desirable quarters.

That this movement, adopted no doubt on sound military principles, was effected at a trifling expense of humanity, may be inferred from the recorded fact of little or no provision being made by the victors for their wounded, many of whom were left to perish that night on the bloody field. It could hardly be wondered at, if the ordinary chances of survival in such cases, were in this instance fearfully diminished by the strong probability that, in the "wild justice of revenge," a speedy termination would be put to their sufferings by the exasperated peasantry, who for purposes of plunder, if not of vengeance, might be supposed to be the first visitants of the spot.

An incident, however, which we are about to

relate, bears honourable evidence of the existence at that time of better feelings among the rude class than our impressions of the civilization of the period would lead us to expect. Stealthily emerging from their retreats under cover of the night, a party of the routed fugitives returned to the scene of action, and finding its stillness unbroken by any sound, save the occasional groan of a dying man, they cautiously ventured to thread their way among the mangled heaps in search of their comrades and friends. In the course of this anxious quest they stumbled over the apparently lifeless corse of an English officer, who by his uniform was of the rank of Colonel. His broken sword and plumed cap lay beside him, and the soil-stained appearance of his accoutrements, as he lay weltering in a pool of blood, attested the fierce personal encounter in which he had fallen. As the spoils of the slain were a legitimate prize to the first claimants, the usual process of denudation and plunder was about to take place, when the startling discovery was made that a feeble remnant of life still lingered in the supposed corse. Instantly abandoning their first intent, and softened by a touch of humanity, which, coupled with all the attendant circumstances, seems hardly credible, these rugged, and as we should suppose ruthless riflers of the dead, hastily constructed a stretcher, on which they

cautiously laid the body of the wounded Colonel, and thus bore him, in relays, a distance of five miles, to the Castle of Lisnabrin. The echoes of that secluded spot had been startled throughout the day with the fitful din of the Battle of Conna. As these terrific sounds died away, and the issue of the contest was ascertained, a brief interval of calm succeeded to the agitation of the preceding hours, and the household had retired to rest, thankful for their escape from the horrors to which they had but so lately appeared inevitably doomed. Their uneasy slumbers, however, were soon disturbed by glancing lights in the outer court, and calls for admission, not readily granted, it may be supposed, under the re-awakened apprehensions of the moment. At length, re-assured by the well known voice of a faithful retainer, and comprehending the purport of this nocturnal visit, the gates were opened, and the party, bearing on their shoulders the wounded Colonel, were admitted to the hall.

Faint from loss of blood, with closed eyes and haggard countenance, his appearance indicated but little chance of reanimation. The vigour however of five and twenty, a robust constitution, to say nothing of the skill of his host—who to do him justice appears for a private gentleman to have been no contemptible leech—all these circum-

stances, coupled with the probable fact that his wounds were not of a very serious character, soon effected a wonderful change in the state of our patient.

Moreover in Lucretia and her sister he had the advantage of two such zealous and efficient nurses as rarely fall to the lot of military gentlemen in his position. Of these providential dispensations however our hero was for several days wholly insensible. As a dreamy consciousness began gradually to steal over his senses, and as in the stillness of his well furnished chamber, awaking from a troubled slumber, his eye would wander from one object to another, none of them suggestive of any association which could connect the present with the past; as from time to time, in reply to a half articulated enquiry of "Where am I?" a voice, to his ear of unearthly sweetness, would whisper "Pray, don't speak;"—as anon, a graceful form would bend over him, revealing glimpses of an angelic countenance, and a hand of exquisite mould and whiteness would present to his lips the restoring draught which to his fevered palate tasted as nectar; as all these bewildering and delicious influences flitted in broken images around his pillow, it can hardly be matter of surprise that he suffered his imagination to be "lapped in elysium," and that he dreaded by further questioning, to break the spell

by which he seemed to have been transported to some new and brighter scene of existence.

Not long, however, did these rainbow illusions continue. The half emancipated soul, hovering as it were, on the verge of its eternal home may be supposed, when the bodily powers are suspended, to catch on its unfledged wing a faint reflex from those realms of spiritual brightness, into which, as its native element, it seeks to launch itself: but, quickly recalled to its earthly tenement, and bound anew by the ligatures of material organization, it loses in an instant the extatic vision of the ideal, and suddenly sees all things around resume their wonted shapes and hues of sober and work-a-day reality.

So it was with our convalescent. In a few weeks the high-wrought imaginings of his fevered fancy had given place to the plain prose of facts, and he became aware of the very simple and intelligible incidents which had led, as we have above narrated, to his being the guest of Walter Coppinger of Lisnabrin.

In return for this information, he imparted to his host such particulars of his own history as might be supposed calculated to interest these to whom he was indebted for his life, and of these snatches of autobiography the fair Lucretia, it may be surmised, was not an inattentive auditor.

His name it appears was Croker, of an ancient family of Devon. A younger son, he had early entered the army, where, under the auspices of Ireton, he had obtained rapid promotion, and while his sole personal object in coming to Ireland was the thirst of military glory, his more provident relatives sought to make that circumstance contributory to his being ultimately established there as the proprietor of some of the forfeited estates, at that time an exciting object of cupidity to the junior members of the English aristocracy.

For what period Colonel Croker prolonged his stay on this occasion at Lisnabrin, we are not aware; but our information warrants us in affirming that he did not take leave before he had made such an impression on the heart of his gentle nurse, Lucretia, as made it presumable that his return at any future time would, by her at least, be hailed with delight. On her sister too, as well as her father, the commanding figure, polished manner, and amiable disposition of the young Englishman, had produced an effect proportionately favourable; and as these sentiments were cordially reciprocated by him, mutual pledges of the warmest regard were interchanged, when at length, in obedience to a peremptory summons from his commanding officer, he re-

luctantly tore himself from the embraces of his new friends.

At the time we speak of, there existed in London, an office, in which was kept a most accurate register of all the Irish lands then in course of forfeiture, and never in our day have the purlieus of Downing Street been more perseveringly besieged by eager place hunters, than was this particular bureau, by those whose names had been entered in the favoured list, as candidates for their share of the wholesale plunder of the Sister Island. Among these not the least active had been the relatives of our hero. The brilliancy of his services, the wounds he had received, to say nothing of the political influence of his family, and the favour of Iretton, formed indeed strong grounds of claim, and on his arrival in London, he was pressed by his friends to lose no time in urging his suit for an immediate allocation of landed property in Ireland. He accordingly waited in person on the official in charge of this branch of the executive, and on his name being announced, was forthwith ushered into his presence. He could at once perceive, by the bland air and oily suavity of the secretary, that his case had been favourably disposed of. A strong curiosity seized him to ascertain in what part of the Island his

future lot had been cast; but all uncertainty on this head was soon set at rest, when on unrolling the title deeds then and there delivered to him, he found, to his utter astonishment, that the lands therein recited as thenceforth belonging to him and to his heirs for ever, were no other than those of Lisnabrin, including the adjacent townlands, which constituted the whole remaining patrimony of Walter Coppinger.

Recoiling with horror from the notion of repaying with expulsion from house and home the honoured friend to whom he was under such signal obligations, Croker's first impulse was to reject the proffered grant; but a moment's reflection convinced him of the folly of such a proceeding, the immediate consequence of which would be the transfer of the property to the next military claimant, while the betrayal of his sympathy in the misfortunes of a noted "malignant," would at once compromise his loyalty, and mar his rising fortunes. With the rapid decision belonging to his character, he suppressed every indication of his perturbed feelings, and with all the composure he could command, withdrew as speedily as official forms would allow, to ruminate on the strange incidents of the day, and to solve the problem of his singular destiny. In the mean time, the work of confiscation was rapidly going on in Ireland,

and the political economists of that day no doubt argued as favourably of the introduction of a new proprietary into that country, by the summary means then in vogue, as do the state doctors of the present time of the same process now in progress through the slower but no less sure agency of the "Encumbered Estates Act." Not to dwell on these somewhat disheartening juxtapositions of a legislation which, as regards the sister island, seems to have been for ever moving in a "vicious circle," the dwellers in the old chateau of Lisnabrin saw one by one disappear from the county records the time-honoured names of the few who had escaped the exterminators of former periods, and marvelled that they alone, by some unaccountable oversight, had remained unmolested. In this pleasing illusion they were for a considerable time suffered to remain. Exempted by the tranquillity of the times from military duty in Ireland, Col. Croker deferred from month to month his return thither, and it was not until the intimation reached him, that his absenteeism, appearing as it did, to indicate an unbecoming disregard of the favour recently shewn him, would be soon disadvantageously noticed at head-quarters, that he took his final departure for the land of his adoption. That no anti-Irish prejudice had caused him so

long to defer this step, we may confidently assert; —the rather as an adequate reason for the delay will readily suggest itself to every generous mind in the delicate position in which the Colonel now stood in reference to his friend and benefactor. To oust him from his possession in the decline of his days, and send him forth a pauper on the world, was of course utterly beyond the reach of possible contemplation. To obey the impulse of generosity, and cast into the flames the obnoxious grant, would have been a course no less preposterous, as it would have been the sure means of handing over to the tender mercies of another grantee the friend whom he was so anxious to save; and hardly less perilous to all concerned would have been the medium course of temporizing with the difficulty by abstaining from taking possession under his new title, as the busy trade of the spy informer was then in a flourishing state, and the ever active agencies of jealousy and cupidity, would infallibly have drawn the Protector's attention to this negative delinquency, and thus have effectually compassed his ruin. But one alternative remained, and to this Croker promptly made up his mind. Taking leave of his family, he departed for Ireland, determined to link his fate irrevocably with a country endeared to him by the recollection of

the noble traits of humanity to which he owed the preservation of his life, and connected by still dearer associations with the fondest visions of his future existence.

In this agitating, but on the whole, pleasurable excitement of contending emotions, he found himself, at the close of a summer's evening, about twelve months after the period of his former visit, wending his way along the valley of the Bride, and approaching the ancient towers of Lisnabrin by the very road along which he had been originally borne thither from the bloody field of Conna. But in what different guise did he now enter the venerable fabric, and what a contrast did the picture of his present reception exhibit to that gloomy night-piece in which the same figures were first grouped on our canvass! The radiant smile—the joyous welcome—the warm embrace—now diffuse light and animation round that hall which once reflected the lurid glare of the night-torch on features of agony—attitudes of terror—and a ghastly bier: and skilful, indeed, would be the artist who could, in two such different compositions, introduce the same characters with a chance of their identity being recognised.

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amplification, which, without detracting from the historic character of our "Anecdotes," might, nevertheless, appear to trench on the domain of fiction. We forbear, accordingly, to expatiate on those details of which our materials are so suggestive, but for which, we admit, we should have to draw, rather on our imagination, than on our authentic references;—and adhering to plain matter of fact, we hasten to the conclusion of our story.

It was several weeks before Colonel Croker could make up his mind to reveal to his host the altered circumstances under which he was now the inmate of Lisnabrin. With his daughters, indeed, we may presume, that he had been more confidential, and from the good understanding which appears to have subsisted between them, we may infer that his communications—whatever they might have been—were not ill received. Be this as it may, he felt that the time had arrived when he ought no longer to delay putting an end to the false position in which his silence—if farther prolonged—would place all the parties concerned. An opportunity, such as he desired for the purpose of this necessary explanation, soon presented itself. As he and his old friend were sitting one evening, *tête à tête*, over their wine, the latter turned the conversation on the nu-

merous instances of confiscation which had recently occurred in the neighbourhood, and addressing Croker, asked him if he could account for the strange fact of his exemption from the common lot. "I suppose," he added, "that my advanced age, and, still more, the retired life I have for many years led in this solitude, have served to screen me so completely from observation, that my very existence, and the few acres that remain to me, have been overlooked."

With all the tact and delicacy that the occasion demanded, the Colonel proceeded to undeceive his host. But when the astounding fact was announced to him, that the title-deeds of Lisnabrin, under a grant from Cromwell, were in Croker's possession, all the deprecatory eloquence of the latter failed to check the outburst of the old man's indignation. Rising abruptly from his chair, he was about to quit the apartment, for the purpose, as he declared, of instantly withdrawing from an abode in which he now discovered himself to be an intruder, when his companion, with the most passionate entreaties, besought his patience for a moment.

"You greatly mistake, sir," he exclaimed, "our relative positions. By a title far stronger than that conferred by any parchment, you are at this moment the arbiter of my destiny, and he

whom you call the Master of Lisnabrin stands a suppliant before you."

To the increasing surprise of his auditor, he then rapidly explained the singular fatality whereby he had become the grantee of the estate, which but for his acquiescence in its sequestration, would ere now have passed to other hands. "In taking this course, sir," he said, "I felt that I was but discharging a *filial* duty; and to your generosity I now appeal for the realization of the presentiment. To you I owe my life. Render not that boon valueless by denying what alone can make it worth preserving. I love your daughter—I offer her my hand—sanction our union, and between father and son there can be no question of divided interests."

However palpable to our readers may have been the fact of the mutual attachment of Colonel Croker and Lucretia Coppinger, it was a circumstance which had wholly escaped the notice of her father, and his bewilderment at this unexpected "*dénouement*" may be more easily imagined than described. Indeed, astonishment for a moment absorbed every other feeling; but as his eye rested upon the manly figure and expressive countenance of the young Englishman, and his mind gradually took in the generous scope of his "foregone conclusions," the "hctic of a

moment" gave place to very different emotions, and a paternal embrace testified how effective had been the appeal just made to him.

We might here close our narrative, but there is one incident which we must not omit, as illustrating the manners of the times. Though the *younger* of the two maidens had won Croker's love, it was, nevertheless, for the *elder* he proposed. The etiquette of the period required that matrimonial promotion should go by seniority, and dire would have been the affront had any suitor to a noble house overlooked the prerogatives of elder sisters.

It was fortunate for our hero that no unhand-some advantage was taken in this instance of his courtly breeding. All claims were promptly and generously waived by her "*ainée*" in favour of Lucretia. She became the wife of Colonel Croker, and the fair domains of Lisnabrin are still in the possession of their lineal descendants.

**THE DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
AND THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA.**

IN 1829, great excitement existed in political circles, consequent on the introduction, by the Duke of Wellington's government, of the Catholic Relief Bill. Among the staunchest opponents of the measure was the Earl of Winchilsea, whose feelings on the subject became so strongly excited that he addressed a letter, on the 14th of March, to the Secretary of the Committee for Establishing the King's College, London, animadverting, in marked terms, on the motives of the Prime Minister. The passage which gave rise to the subsequent proceedings, was in these words:—

“ I was one of those who, at first, thought the proposed plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University. I was not, however, very sanguine in my expectations, seeing many difficulties likely to arise in the execution of the suggested arrange-

ment; and I confess that I felt rather doubtful as to the sincerity of the motives that had actuated some of the prime movers in this undertaking, when I considered that the noble Duke at the head of His Majesty's Government had been induced, on this occasion, to assume a new character, and to step forward himself as the public advocate of religion and morality. Late political events have convinced me, that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and high-church party; that the noble Duke, who had, for some time previous to that period, determined upon 'breaking in upon the constitution of 1688,' might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward shew of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the state."

This letter appearing in the newspapers, the following correspondence ensued:—

(1.) *From the Duke of Wellington to the Earl of Winchilsea.*

"London, March 16, 1829.

"MY LORD,

"I have just perused, in the Standard newspaper of this day, a letter addressed to Henry

long to defer this step, we may confidently assert; —the rather as an adequate reason for the delay will readily suggest itself to every generous mind in the delicate position in which the Colonel now stood in reference to his friend and benefactor. To oust him from his possession in the decline of his days, and send him forth a pauper on the world, was of course utterly beyond the reach of possible contemplation. To obey the impulse of generosity, and cast into the flames the obnoxious grant, would have been a course no less preposterous, as it would have been the sure means of handing over to the tender mercies of another grantee the friend whom he was so anxious to save; and hardly less perilous to all concerned would have been the medium course of temporizing with the difficulty by abstaining from taking possession under his new title, as the busy trade of the spy informer was then in a flourishing state, and the ever active agencies of jealousy and cupidity, would infallibly have drawn the Protector's attention to this negative delinquency, and thus have effectually compassed his ruin. But one alternative remained, and to this Croker promptly made up his mind. Taking leave of his family, he departed for Ireland, determined to link his fate irrevocably with a country endeared to him by the recollection of

the noble traits of humanity to which he owed the preservation of his life, and connected by still dearer associations with the fondest visions of his future existence.

In this agitating, but on the whole, pleasurable excitement of contending emotions, he found himself, at the close of a summer's evening, about twelve months after the period of his former visit, wending his way along the valley of the Bride, and approaching the ancient towers of Lisnabrin by the very road along which he had been originally borne thither from the bloody field of Conna. But in what different guise did he now enter the venerable fabric, and what a contrast did the picture of his present reception exhibit to that gloomy night-piece in which the same figures were first grouped on our canvass! The radiant smile—the joyous welcome—the warm embrace—now diffuse light and animation round that hall which once reflected the lurid glare of the night-torch on features of agony—attitudes of terror—and a ghastly bier: and skilful, indeed, would be the artist who could, in two such different compositions, introduce the same characters with a chance of their identity being recognised.

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(5.) *From the Duke of Wellington to the Earl of Winchilsea.*

London, March 19th.

“ MY LORD,

“ I have had the honour of receiving your lordship's letter of the 18th instant. Your lordship is certainly the best judge of the mode to be adopted of withdrawing your name from the list of subscribers to the King's College. In doing so, however, it does not appear necessary to impute to me, in no measured terms, disgraceful and criminal motives for my conduct in the part which I took in the establishment of the college. No man has a right, whether in public or in private, by speech, or in writing, or in print, to insult another, by attributing to him motives for his conduct, public or private, which disgrace or criminate him. If a gentleman commits such an act indiscreetly, in the heat of debate, or in a moment of party violence, he is always ready to make reparation to him whom he may thus have injured. I am convinced that your lordship will, upon reflection, be anxious to relieve yourself from the pain of having thus insulted a man who never injured or offended you.

“ I have, &c.

“ WELLINGTON.”

Sir Henry Hardinge delivered No. 5, to the Earl of Winchilsea, and was referred by his lordship to the Earl of Falmouth. The following memorandum is the substance of the communication made by Sir Henry Hardinge to Lord Falmouth.

(6.) *Memorandum of Sir Henry Hardinge.*

“ March 19th, 8 o'clock, evening.

“ Lord Falmouth having expressed a desire to know the extent of reparation that would be expected, two suggestions, of what appeared to Sir Henry Hardinge to be the most natural mode of reparation, were drawn out, upon the distinct understanding that they were not made with a view to confine Lord Winchilsea's explanation, either as to the terms or manner therein stated, but as suggestions as to the course which might be pursued in bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion. Sir Henry Hardinge, therefore, on the part of the Duke of Wellington, expects *one* of the *two* following alternatives:—Either that Lord Winchilsea should forthwith write to the Secretary of the King's College, and express his desire to withdraw his public letter, as one which attributed motives highly offensive to the Duke of Wellington, and stating also that, upon reflection, he was not justified in attributing such motives to his grace, and therefore expresses his

regret at having done so; or, that Lord Winchilsea should forthwith write directly to the Duke of Wellington himself, and make the same acknowledgments to his grace, with a similar expression of his regret for having attributed motives highly offensive to his grace, relating to the occasion of his grace having presided at the meeting of the King's College in —last— (which motives he is now sensible he was not justified in imputing to his grace). In either case, it is expected that a letter, so written, should be published by the Secretary of the London College in the Standard, being the same paper as that which contained Lord Winchilsea's original letter.

“Thursday, half-past nine o'clock, evening.”

“Friday morning, March 20. The paragraph within crotchets was not desired to be retained in the last interview with Lord Falmouth last night.

“H. H.”

(7.) *Memorandum of Lord Winchilsea.*

“March 19.

“Whether I may determine to give an explanation of my letter published in the Standard of Monday last, will depend upon the correctness of my belief that I had grounds for the opinions complained of by the noble duke, as therein supposed. I am ready to allow that I was mistaken

in my view of the noble Duke's conduct, as expressed in my letter to Mr. Coleridge, on the 14th instant, and to state my regret at having so expressed it, provided the noble duke will state on his part, that at the time he came forward to preside at the meeting for the establishment of King's College, London, he did not contemplate the measures which are now in progress for Roman Catholic emancipation; or, to use Mr. Peel's words, 'for breaking in upon the constitution of 1688;' but without some statement to that effect from the noble duke, I cannot withdraw the expressions contained in the above letter.

"WINCHILSEA."

(8.) *Memorandum of the Duke of Wellington.*

"London, March 20th, 1829, in the morning.

"Sir Henry Hardinge has read me a memorandum written by Lord Winchilsea, and delivered to him by Lord Falmouth, from which it appears that his lordship is anxious that I should justify myself from the charges against me contained in his lordship's address to Mr. Coleridge, published in the Standard Newspaper. I may lament that a nobleman for whom I feel the highest respect, entertains a bad opinion of me; but I do not complain, so long as that opinion is not brought before me. I cannot admit that any

man has a right to call me before him to justify myself from the charges which his fancy may suggest. That of which I complain is, that the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham should have published an opinion, that I was actuated by disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago. His lordship, unprovoked, has insulted me by stating in writing, and authorizing the publication of, this opinion. For this insult I believed, and am not willing to part with the belief, that his lordship will be anxious to give me reparation.

“W.”

(9.) *Memorandum of Sir Henry Hardinge.*

“Friday, March 20.

“Sir Henry Hardinge delivered to Lord Falmouth a memorandum, on the 20th of March, from the Duke of Wellington, in reply to one from Lord Winchilsea last night; in the latter of which it was proposed, as a preliminary to any explanation, that the Duke of Wellington should disclaim having contemplated the intentions attributed to his grace by Lord Winchilsea, which mode of reparation was considered inadmissible. In the memorandum of the Duke of Wellington, his grace states that his cause of complaint is in the publication of opinions highly offensive to

him. Whenever, therefore, any terms or mode of reparation, which Lord Winchilsea may be disposed to offer, are communicated to Sir Henry Hardinge, he will make them known to the Duke of Wellington, and inform Lord Winchilsea whether they are satisfactory or not.

“HENRY HARDINGE.

“N.B.—The original of this delivered to Lord Falmouth.”

(10.) *Memorandum of the Earl of Falmouth.*

“March 20, one o'clock.

“Out of respect for the Duke of Wellington, Lord Falmouth has taken to Lord Winchilsea the Duke of Wellington's memorandum, put into his hands by Sir Henry Hardinge this morning at the War-office, with Sir Henry's own note thereon. In reply, Lord Winchilsea does not feel himself in a situation to comply with the expectation therein expressed, as to the withdrawal of his public letter. Lord Winchilsea, therefore, desires that Lord Falmouth will decline so doing on his (Lord W.'s) behalf.

“FALMOUTH.”

(11.) *From Sir H. Hardinge to Lord Falmouth.*

“21st March, two o'clock.

“MY LORD,

“I feel it to be my duty, before I make a final communication to your lordship, to ascer-

tain, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Lord Winchilsea declines to give the reparation which the Duke of Wellington considers himself entitled to receive. I am, my Lord, your obedient servant.

HENRY HARDINGE."

(12.) *From Lord Falmouth to Sir Henry Hardinge.*

" London, March 20, 1829, half-past three, P.M.

" SIR,

" In reply to your note, stating that you wish to ascertain positively whether Lord Winchilsea declines to give the reparation which the Duke of Wellington considers himself entitled to receive, I feel myself unable to say more than to refer you to the note which I delivered to you, as signed by him, in answer to the Duke of Wellington's memorandum of this day; and that if by the word 'reparation,' any withdrawal of Lord Winchilsea's public letter, or expression of regret for its contents, be expected, he does not feel himself in a situation to comply with such expectation. I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

" FALMOUTH."

(13.) *From Sir Henry Hardinge to the Earl of Falmouth.*

" 11, Whitehall Place, March 20, 1829.

" MY LORD,

" I send your lordship a letter from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Winchilsea. I com-

municated to his grace the note of three, P.M., declining on Lord W.'s part to make any reparation, or give any explanation, &c. of his lordship's conduct towards the Duke of Wellington; and, in order to avoid the possibility of any mistake, I repeat what has already been verbally arranged between us, that the Duke of Wellington will be at the place appointed at eight o'clock to-morrow morning.

H. HARDINGE."

(14.) *From the Duke of Wellington to Lord Winchilsea.*

"London, March 20, half-past six, P.M.

"MY LORD,

"Sir Henry Hardinge has communicated to me a memorandum, signed by your lordship, dated one, P.M., and a note from Lord Falmouth, dated three, P.M. Since the insult, unprovoked on my part, and not denied by your lordship, I have done every thing in my power to induce your lordship to make me reparation, but in vain. Instead of apologizing for your own conduct, your lordship has called upon me to explain mine. The question for me now to decide is this—Is a gentleman, who happens to be the King's minister, to submit to be insulted by any gentleman who thinks proper to attribute to him disgraceful or criminal motives for his conduct as an individual?

I cannot doubt of the decision which I ought to make on this question. Your lordship is alone responsible for the consequences. I now call upon your lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give. I have the honour, &c.

“WELLINGTON.”

(15.) *From Lord Falmouth to Sir Henry Hardinge.*

“London, March 20, 1829, half-past eleven, P.M.

“SIR,

“When I received the favour of your note, with its enclosure, soon after eight o'clock this evening, I had just sat down to dinner, and being in company I could not read it without exciting some suspicion, till some time afterwards. I had then to find Lord Winchilsea. All which I mention in excuse for delay, in case you should think it of importance; but I apprehend that, after an arrangement made before five o'clock this afternoon, his grace's letter to Lord Winchilsea, calling upon him for satisfaction in the usual way, was meant merely as a customary form on such occasions. All matters will take place of course to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, according to that arrangement. I have the honour to be, &c.

“FALMOUTH.”

(16.) *From Lord Winchilsea to the Duke of Wellington.*

"Suffolk Street, Friday night, eleven, P.M.

"MY LORD,

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your grace's note. I have already had occasion to communicate to your grace, that, under existing circumstances, I did not feel myself in a situation to comply with what was required of me in regard to my public letter. The satisfaction which your grace has demanded, it is of course impossible for me to decline. I have the honour to be, &c.

"WINCHILSEA."

The Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchilsea met at the place appointed (Battersea fields), on the following morning. The parties having taken their ground, Lord Winchilsea received the Duke of Wellington's fire, and fired in the air. After some discussion, the accompanying memorandum was delivered by Lord Falmouth to Sir Henry Hardinge, and accepted by Sir Henry, as a satisfactory reparation to the Duke of Wellington:—

Memorandum.

"Having given the Duke of Wellington the usual satisfaction for the affront he conceived

himself to have received from me, through my public letter of Monday last, and having thus placed myself in a different situation from that in which I stood when his grace communicated with me, through Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Falmouth, on the subject of that letter, before the meeting took place, I do not now hesitate to declare, of my own accord, that, in apology, I regret having individually published an opinion which the noble duke states, in his memorandum of yesterday, to have charged him with disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago. I also declare that I shall cause this expression of regret to be inserted in the Standard newspaper, as the same channel through which the letter in question was given to the public."

A copy of the preceding correspondence having been sent by Sir Henry Hardinge to the evening papers of the same day, the following memorandum was published by Lord Falmouth on Monday the 22nd:—

"Lord Falmouth first became concerned in the affair between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchilsea shortly before he met Sir Henry Hardinge on the subject, on the evening of Thursday,

the 19th. Until that time, Lord Falmouth knew nothing whatever either of the previous correspondence, or of the publication which had led to it, beyond having seen the letter in the Standard newspaper. It may seem material to state, that when Sir Henry called upon Lord Falmouth, at twelve o'clock at night, with the proposal to omit the words affixed to No. 6 in parenthesis, it was after Lord Winchilsea's answer, No. 7, had been shewn to the Duke of Wellington. This point is not quite clear in the publication of Saturday. Immediately after Lord Winchilsea had received his grace's fire, and had fired in the air, Lord Falmouth was the first to propose satisfactory reparation for Lord Winchilsea's publication of his opinion in the Standard newspaper. Lord Falmouth distinctly declared on the ground, that it never was a question with him whether that publication was wrong, but merely whether Lord Winchilsea was in a situation honourably to subscribe to the terms proposed, after he (Lord Falmouth) was requested to undertake the business. Before the parties took their ground, Lord Falmouth delivered a sealed letter, which he had received from Lord Winchilsea on Friday night, to Sir Henry Hardinge, who returned it after the affair had been settled."

THE EARL OF CHESTER

RANDLE the third, surnamed Blundeville or Blandeville, and by inheritance Earl of Chester, was one of those characters that romancers delight in, and which they most assuredly never equal when trusting to their own unassisted imaginations. He was a valiant and able soldier, for though we find him always engaged in war, he was seldom otherwise than successful; he was an admirable courtier, for we find him acquiring one parcel of land after the other from the royal bounty; he was a devout Christian after the fashion of his age, for he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and built and endowed abbeys; and finally, he must have been an excellent judge of fish, for we see him giving the king a palfrey for a lamprey, an act which might have excited the admiration of a Lucullus, unless we ought rather to consider it as a courtier-like way of making the king a present.

Few in the rank of subjects have been more

highly allied, or have begun life under more favourable auspices. At a very early period of his career, King Henry the Second gave him to wife Constance, the widow of his fourth son, Geoffrey, the daughter and heiress of Conan, king of Little Britain. The regard he bore for his partial master was upon his death transferred undiminished to his son, Richard Cœur de Lion; or, at least, he shewed the same zealous attention to his interests; when John, taking advantage of his brother's absence in a German dungeon, would have possessed himself of the kingdom, Randle joined Earl David, the Scottish king's brother, and Earl Ferrars, and besieged him in the castle of Nottingham, which he had garrisoned for the better carrying on of his treasonous designs. How it happened, we know not, but Randle does not appear to have incurred any very lasting resentment on the part of John by this devotion to his brother, for when Richard died we find him obtaining fresh grants and honours from the favour of the new monarch, and well by his services does he seem to have deserved them. He was constantly employed in beating back the Welsh, who in those days proved as dangerous neighbours to England, as the Scots were at a later period. On one occasion they took him so suddenly by surprise, that he was fain to retreat before them to his Castle of Rothelent in Flintshire, which

they immediately besieged. Indignant at being thus foiled by an enemy whom he despised for their barbarism, however formidable they might be from courage and numbers, he forthwith sent off to his Constable of Cheshire, Roger Lacy, surnamed HELL from his fierce spirit, and commanded him to collect what force he could on the instant for his relief. The undaunted HELL lost not a moment in executing a commission so much to his taste. It happened to be a fair time at Chester, which, of course, was the occasion of the city being filled with a rout of fiddlers, players, coblers, and debauched persons, both men and women. These he collected for the nonce, and forthwith set out to the assistance of his liege lord, when the Welsh taking fright at the appearance of so numerous a host, raised their siege, and fled without allowing themselves to inquire into the real nature of the force so unexpectedly brought against them. For this good service the Earl gave his Constable power over all the fiddlers and shoemakers in Chester. The latter retained to himself and his heirs the authority over the shoemakers, but conferred the authority of the fiddlers and players upon his steward, who at that period was Dutton of Dutton. His heirs have retained their rights up to the present day, in memory whereof upon the

feast of St. John the Baptist, the Lord of Dutton, or his deputy, rides annually in procession through the city to the church of St. John, it being then fair-day, with all the minstrelsy of Cheshire playing before him on their respective instruments. A court is then held, which the latter are bound by their charter to attend; nor have they any right to follow their vocation within Cheshire, or the city of Chester, except by order and license given under the lord's hand, or that of his steward, at this yearly renewal of such privileges.

Upon the death of John, the Earl still retained his attachment to the house of Anjou, and had a greater share than any other noble, if we except Pembroke, in defeating the French dauphin in his attempts upon the throne of England. Nothing short of such determined zeal, assisted by equal prudence and courage, could have upheld the cause of Henry III., who was then no more than a boy of nine years old, and even in his riper years displayed but little capacity for government. The barons in general were as much averse to the son as they had been to the father, and justly fearing that he would follow in the same course of tyranny over the people, they still continued in open revolt, and for a time were determined to extirpate him and all of his blood. With this view they countenanced the claims of

the dauphin, Lewis, who thus supported, and having received the homage of the Londoners, marched with Count de Perche and a large body of French troops, towards Lincoln. Faithful to his principles, Randle convened such of the northern barons as were friendly to the house of Anjou, and taking with him the young Henry, advanced in the same direction. Lewis had arrived there about four days before him. An interview now took place between them in the great cathedral, when the Count de Perche, irritated to find how little was to be made of him, and despising his small stature, exclaimed, sarcastically, "Have we waited all this time for such a little man?—such a dwarf?" To this the Earl indignantly replied, "I vow to God and our Lady, whose church this is, that before to-morrow evening I will seem to thee to be stronger, and greater, and taller, than the steeple."

In those days, when the feelings of chivalry still prevailed to a considerable extent amongst the nobles of either country, the defiance implied in a speech of this kind was enough to set any true knight in a blaze. The next morning, therefore, Count de Perche, armed on all parts except his head, and leaving Lewis in the cathedral, advanced at the head of his troops, and challenged Randle to the combat. The latter had no sooner

received this invitation than he caused the castle gates to be flung open, and sallied forth with a fury that swept all before him. In a very short time he had slain the Count, and many others, who being of inferior note, the chronicler has not thought it worth his while to record them. He then rushed into the church, and having seized upon Lewis, made him swear by the gospel, and by the relics of saints then upon the high altar, to evacuate England directly with his followers. With these conditions, however unpalatable, Lewis found himself obliged to comply; and, indeed, considering that he was a prisoner in the hands of his exasperated enemies, while his allies were fast falling from him and returning to their natural allegiance, he had no cause to complain of their being too severe.

When the Earl had thus fulfilled his vow of making himself seem to the enemy "stronger, and greater, and taller than the steeple," he sent for the young Henry, who during the combat had been lying safely in a cow-house that belonged to Bardney Abbey, near Lincoln. He next "set him upon the altar, delivered him seisin of his kingdom, as his inheritance, by a white wand instead of a sceptre, doing his homage to him, as did all the rest of the nobility then present."

It might have been expected that such services,

so great in themselves and so critically timed, would have secured him a high degree of royal favour. Perhaps they might have done so, but for the ascendancy acquired over Henry's mind by the justiciary, Hubert de Burgh, who had for some time exercised an undue influence in the government, and made himself hateful to many of the most powerful barons. The latter held council together how they might best diminish the power of the favourite, Randle being amongst them, and animated by a spirit yet more bitter than the rest in proportion to the greater firmness of his character. They were on the very point of breaking into open rebellion, when the Church stepped in, and by threats of excommunication compelled them to give up their projects. Yet, even at this disadvantage, Randle, in the phrase of the bowling-green, contrived to turn the ball his own way, and obtained from the fears or the favour of the King a grant for life of a portion of the honour of Richmond. This, however, will scarce exculpate Mother Church, who acted much more politically than gratefully when she directed her thunders against a son so open-handed and so dutiful. We have already observed upon the exceeding bounteousness of his disposition towards churchmen, and we have now to record a fresh instance of it. The monks of Pulton found

themselves in constant danger from the irruptions of the Welsh, who for the most part had very little respect for the ecclesiastical immunities, and considered it no more sinful to plunder a fat abbot, than Robin Hood or any of his merry foresters might have done. Now the monastery of Pulton had been established on the condition of the holy men praying for the souls of the Blundervilles in general, but more especially for the weal of our Randle's grandfather. Hence it happened that when these prayers were frequently interrupted, and in great danger of being broken off altogether, a legend arose of the baron's spirit having appeared in vision to his descendant: "Go," said the supernatural monitor, "go to Cholpesdale, near Leek, where there was formerly a chapel erected to the Virgin. There found an abbey of white monks, and to it remove the monks of Pulton."

The next morning the earl communicated this vision to the countess, who exclaimed "*Dieux encrez*," whereupon he caught at the omen, and said the name of the place should be *Dieulacres*.

According to a common and well-known custom of those days, Randle now took the cross and set out for the Holy Land. Of what happened to him in the course of his pilgrimage neither chronicle nor legend tell us any thing, till we find him on his return home. In the middle of his voyage

a furious storm overtook the vessel wherein he was sailing. He demanded of the mariners how much it wanted to midnight, and upon their replying, "two hours," he said, "then labour 'till that time, and I trust to God the tempest will cease." The result, however, seemed to deceive his pious confidence. As midnight approached, the storm increased so much that the master of the ship came down into his cabin to tell him that he would do well in commending his soul to God, for they were all like to perish. When he heard this he went on deck, and by his example so encouraged the seamen that they renewed their exertions more vigorously than ever, though just before they had been on the point of abandoning themselves to despair. In short, to the great joy and wonder of all, the storm suddenly abated as if by miracle. The next morning it had subsided entirely, leaving only a long heavy swell of the waters, while the sky above was speckled with a few light clouds that scarce interrupted the sun's brightness.

When the danger was thus over, and the ship was again running before a favourable wind, the master could not help asking, "*why he would not stir to assist them till midnight, telling him that his help was then more than all the mariners in the ship.*" Quoth he, because my monks and other devout people, who are of mine and my ancestor's foundation, did then rise to sing divine service ;

for that reason, therefore, did I put confidence in their prayers; and therefore my hope was that God Almighty for their prayers and suffrages would give me such strength as I had not before, and assuage the tempest as I foretold."

How much of the earl's real character—his piety and his dauntless spirit, are opened to us in this apparently idle legend?

Again the old chronicles desert us, or time has made free with volumes that should have been more enduring. But if from this period they are silent in regard to the deeds of the living Randle, they have bequeathed to us some curious information of what chanced to him when dead. While he was yet upon his death-bed, a multitude of wild, unearthly-looking beings passed the cell of a hermit near Wallingford, who just then was enjoying the evening air in front of his solitary abode. The holy man was alike bold and curious, and though their appearance promised nothing good, he did not hesitate to stop them, and demand who they were and whither they were going? To this the leader of the party replied with more courtesy than might have been expected from one of his semblance, "We are demons, and we hasten to the death-trial of Earl Randle, to bear testimony to his sins."

Far from being staggered by this reply, the hermit besought his informant to return in thirty

days and acquaint him with the result. The complaisant demon agreed to do so, and, faithful to his promise, returned at the appointed time to say that the earl had received sentence of condemnation; "but," added he, "the mastiffs of Dieulacres and the other monasteries yelled so loudly when his sentence was executed, that the depths of hell were scared at the noise, and Satan was obliged to release him. No greater enemy than Earl Randle ever entered the infernal dominions, inasmuch as the orisons offered up for him were the cause of thousands of damned souls being liberated from torture, because they had been associated with him in these supplications."

And now having conducted the stout earl to the grave, and even beyond it, little more remains but to gather up those fragments which were passed over in the course of our narrative. He was twice married; once, as we have already noticed, to Constance, the widow of Henry's son, Geoffrey. Being divorced from her he next took to wife Clemence, sister of Geoffrey de Filgiers, in Normandy, and widow to Alan de Dinnam, his taste seeming to incline to relicts. He died on the 28th of October, 1232, when his bowels were entombed at Wallingford, his heart at Delacres, and his body at Chester,—"*apud Wallingford deposita sunt viscera sua, cor apud Delâcres, corpus apud Cestriam.*"

CALVERLEY, OF CALVERLEY.

It is not quite two centuries and a half since the tragedy I am about to relate from ancient tradition was enacted; and yet—to use no very forced or ambiguous metaphor—time has already begun to efface the record, or at least to render some portions of it indistinguishable. As good fortune, however, would have it, the mutilations have occurred only where they were of the least consequence, upon some of the detached outworks as we may call them, and not upon the main body of the building.

They who unite imagination to the love of antiquity, and are familiar with the more perfect remains of the olden time—if the term “perfect” can with propriety be applied to that which is already under the influence of decay—will easily understand us when we attempt to illustrate this part of our subject, by the example of those beautiful ruins, of which, while the outlines still exist,

the details have perished, or are crumbling around in huge disjointed fragments, amidst docks, and weeds, and nettles. There yet stand the walls, the highly-ornamented gothic casements, the flying buttresses, the winding staircases; and yet, how much—and at the same time how little—is wanted to make up the ancient edifice. A groined roof, a few windows of stained glass, an arch restored here, a wall completed there, and the magnificent creation of other days is once again before us. Even so it is with many of the romantic and historical traditions that belong to the same period; they have shared a similar fate in coming down to us, more or less mutilated by time, which, like Saturn of old, or the double deity of the east, is at once both creator and destroyer. Thus much by way of preface—a short one, if not a necessary one—for the romancer requires the preluding chord or symphony almost as much as the singer does.

The family of Calverley—or, as it is sometimes written, Caverley, perhaps from following a corrupt pronunciation—may be traced up to a very early period, their name having been derived from the place wherein they settled—a township in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about seven miles from Leeds, and three from Bradford. According to the custom of those very warlike and pious times, when fighting and praying were looked upon as

the principal occupations of life, the Calverleys made frequent donations upon a large scale to the church, and died right gallantly in their harness; and yet neither the brave nor the bounteous of that name have acquired for it so much celebrity, as one who committed the most atrocious crimes, and ended his career as a malefactor. Indeed, it may be said that the saints and heroes of Calverley are alike forgotten, or at best they are scantily remembered in some dry antiquarian page which few ever read, while our hero, Walter Calverley, figures in blank verse, and has obtained to his own share a much larger space in local history than has been allowed to all the rest of his race from the time when John, called Scoticus, or Scot, from his country, married Lardarina, daughter of Alphonsus Gospatrick, and, in her right, became Lord of Calverley.

The father of Walter Calverley dying while the latter was still in his nonage, the minor fell under the guardianship of an old friend of the family. How far this event influenced the future character of the young heir, it would be hard to say; his guardian was according to all accounts a gentleman of unquestioned worth and honour, yet it is seldom seen that a stranger, even with the best intentions, fully supplies the place of a deceased parent. However this may be, Walter was to all appearance a youth

of the highest promise, sufficiently versed in the accomplishments of the day, well-made, handsome, and—what seems somewhat at variance with his after-life—of a steady and even grave demeanour. Hence it was generally augured, that he would be an honour to his father's house, and a credit to his native county; a point upon which provincials are, for the most part, not a little jealous. But some few, who pretended to look more closely into things, were far from entertaining the same favourable opinions. They saw, or fancied they saw, without exactly accusing him of hypocrisy, that his character was the very reverse of what it seemed to be; he was, said they, like a river smoothed over by the ice, but once let the sun rise in its strength to melt the wintry mask, and they would then learn how fierce a torrent it had concealed.

These forebodings, however, did not prevent the heir to eight hundred a-year from being an acceptable guest in most families, especially where daughters and sisters were on hand, all as willing to be married, as fathers, mothers, and brothers, could be to get rid of them; or, as they more delicately phrased it, to see the fair ones settled in life. Thus it fell out, that he was at once the "invited and welcome guest to a gentleman of cheefe note in his country," whose name the old chronicler, so minute in other respects, having

omitted to tell us, we shall for the sake of convenience, call him Sir Luke Escholt. This gentleman had an only daughter, Emily, a consideration which, it may be supposed without any lack of charity, had some weight in the more than usual kindness he bestowed upon his youthful visitor, though perhaps we should do him wrong in supposing that he acted upon any definite scheme of entrapping him into an alliance. On these occasions the motives to action are in a certain measure a secret even to ourselves, and, while they most influence our conduct, assume to our minds no precise form, but hold on their course quietly, like the thin stream, whose progress is only visible by the fresher and deeper green of the herbage through which it steals its way.

Both Emily and her young guest were at that age when, unless the heart is previously occupied by some other object, it requires little more than constant intercourse to kindle the flames of passion; and this, in the present case, was not wanting. Lonely walks together at early day, or when the moonlight was on the glades, and the dance often prolonged beyond the midnight hour, soon ripened acquaintance into intimacy, intimacy into liking, and, by a process as rapid as it was natural, liking into love. All this was seen and approved of by the politic Sir Luke; nor was he in the least surprised

when one day Walter, who had long before secured the lady's assent, made a formal proposal to him for his daughter's hand in marriage.

"My dear Walter," replied the old gentleman, "so far as I am concerned, I may safely avouch, there is not a man in the whole shire that I would sooner have for a son-in-law than yourself; but you are not yet of age, or entitled to act in this matter for yourself."

"I shall be in six months," interrupted Walter, hastily—"in less than six months."

"Be it so: when that day comes we will resume the subject, unless in the meanwhile you should change your mind."

"Never!" exclaimed Walter.

"Young man," said Sir Luke, laying his hand with much kindness on his shoulder; "*never* is a word that comes the readiest to the lips of youth on these occasions; but, credit my experience, such *nevers* are too often of short date."

"Not with me, sir, I assure yon,—on my life—on my honour. It is impossible for me to change, on a subject like this."

"Well, time will shew, and to time we will refer it. When you are of age—your mind still holding—come back to us, and my consent will not, I dare say, be wanting to your wishes."

But Walter was not to be so satisfied. He pressed

his suit with all the ardour of a young lover; and although he could not extort from Sir Luke his consent to an immediate marriage in private, which might be afterwards publicly ratified at their own convenience, he prevailed so far over his scruples that he allowed them to exchange pledges, and reciprocally bind themselves to each other. It is even possible that his perseverance might have overcome the old gentleman's last doubts and brought about an instant union, could he have remained there a few days longer; but affairs of importance made his presence in the capital indispensable, and he reluctantly prepared to set out, when, as the chronicler is careful to tell us, "the virtuous gentlewoman danced a *loth to depart* on his contracted lips;" or, in plain English, the damsel gave her lover a parting kiss; the *loth to depart* being a popular tune in the olden time, and often used by our earlier dramatists to express an unwilling separation.

The young heir had not been long in town before the wisdom of Sir Luke's doubts was made apparent, and probably in much less time than he himself had contemplated when he gave the warning. Already in the third week of his abode there, the "*never*" was forgotten—obliterated by a single glance from a pair of bright eyes as completely as ever the returning tide of the sea washed

out the wrinkles from the sands, only to leave other impressions in their place. In one evening forgetting his rural beauty, he had fallen desperately in love with Philippa Brooke, and the maiden had listened, nothing loth, to his protestations, for, as we before mentioned, Walter possessed all those external qualifications which make young ladies fain, the eyes and ears being generally their counsellors in such matters without any reference to the sober churl, reason. In brief space Philippa was won; and so far from the course of love never running smooth, as the poet would have us believe, it may be truly said that no ball ever rolled more easily along a bowling-green, than did the ball of love with Walter. Everything, in fact, tended to help on his wishes; his guardian chanced to be a friend to early marriages, under the idea that they settled a young man in life, and kept him out of mischief; the lady, moreover, was his own niece; and the father saw no objection. When therefore Walter, with his characteristic impatience, pressed for the immediate celebration of the marriage, few difficulties were thrown in his way, except by the proverbial delay of the lawyers, and even they were induced by certain golden considerations to quicken their usual pace—if not into a positive gallop, at least into a sort of decent trot.

He thus got married before he had time to change his mind, which with so fickle a temper he most likely would have done, had he allowed himself, or had circumstances forced upon him, any longer probation.

Even in those days, when conveyance from one place to another was a work of much time and difficulty, ill news was as proverbial for its speedy travelling as it is amongst ourselves with all the advantage of railways and electric telegraphs; and these tidings were not slow in reaching Emily. They proved her death-warrant. Yet she indulged in no passionate expressions either of grief or anger on receiving them—it might have been better for her if she had; for wounds that bleed inwardly are always the most dangerous—but contented herself with saying, while a smile lighted up her pale features, “I entreat of God to grant both prosperous health and fruitful wealth, both to him and her, though I am sick for his sake.” Nor were these mere words, such as escape from weakness, or which pride uses when it would hide a deeper feeling. She had loved as only woman can love, and the cruel disappointment of her dearest hopes had struck so home, that she faded away like a stricken lily, and died with a rapidity that might have well nigh seemed marvellous. It is common, as we well know, to laugh at the idea

of broken hearts, in any case; and, least of all, from a cause so shadowy and undefined in its nature as that which bears the name of love; to this it may be replied that our tale is no idle fiction, but one of those dark and terrible pages in the records of human life, which leave far behind them the wildest dreams of the imagination; when, moreover, we have discovered how it is that the immaterial soul acts upon the material body, in the general wear and tear of our earthly trial, it will be time enough to discuss how the heart may be broken,—and broken too by love.

It soon appeared that the friends, who grieved for the premature death of Emily, grieved more naturally than wisely. In a few short months, almost indeed before they had laid the turf upon her head, the character of Calverley began to unfold itself in a way that made the grave seem a happy refuge from his marriage-bed, and shewed the living wife to be much more an object of compassion than her departed rival.

About a week after the marriage, which had been celebrated in London, the young couple took up their abode at Calverley Hall. It was one of those late and beautiful autumns, when the summer brilliance remains still undiminished, and mingles strangely with the symptoms of decay that are the peculiar characteristics of the later season.

To one who really loved a country life, the scene around must have possessed the deepest interest, and, though unused to anything of the kind, it was not long before this was felt in its fullest extent by Philippa, whose gentle and somewhat romantic nature found an inexpressible charm in the sight of this quiet landscape, which she was henceforth, in right of her husband, to call her own. She felt as if all her previous existence had been a dream, and she was now for the first time transferred to her native element.

For some few weeks, Walter appeared to share in the feelings of his beautiful bride; but then, with as swift a transition as a northern winter bounds into spring, a change took place with him, this better feeling turning into discontent, not to say disgust, and an unappeasable desire for pleasures of a more exciting kind. The very gentleness of Philippa had become tameness and insipidity. In consequence he ran into such riot and excesses of all kinds, that he found himself compelled, first to mortgage one part of his estate, then another; then he incurred debts, and, finally, he involved some of his best friends in his difficulties, by persuading them to become bound for him when his own name had sunk so low in worldly estimation that it would no longer obtain him credit. This, of course, had not been done

all at once, or even in a very short time; rapid as is the descent to ruin, it took about four years to bring him to this pass, which, however, when it did come, effectually provided for his future moderation by cutting off all the means of extravagance. There was an end to riot, since the sources that fed it were drained and dried up; the companions of his prosperous hours as naturally falling away from him, as the leaves fall from the trees in autumn. But the moral and physical abstinence forced upon him by this decay of his fortunes, instead of ameliorating his heart, only soured his temper; he grew morose and sullen, and even savage, much to the grief of his wife, who still loved him tenderly in spite of all his follies. For a long time her fear of him kept her silent; at length, in her anxiety to relieve his distress of mind if possible, she took courage, and resolved to try to heal those mental wounds, that from day to day were getting worse, and made him as painful an object to others as to himself. But all her efforts proved unavailing; the only result was that her rapacious husband, availing himself of the gentle affection of his wife, obtained possession of all her jewels, and at length insisted that she should sell her dowry also. Nor did he at all attempt to gild over this proposal by affecting any intention of using the money, when obtained,

for good or useful purposes; on the contrary, he plainly told her that he loved his own pleasures beyond any other consideration, and intended to employ it in maintaining them. Bitter as the insult was, Philippa would have cheerfully yielded to the sacrifice demanded of her, but the interests of her children would be deeply involved in it, and it required all her strong sense of duty towards a husband, and those lingering remains of affection, which, when once sown in a woman's bosom, is seldom wholly eradicated, to conquer her reluctance to thus depriving them of their natural inheritance. She did, however, bring herself even to this point, and as usual submitting her will to his commands, went to London for the purpose of disposing of her dowry. Upon arriving there her first visit was naturally to the uncle who had formerly been her guardian, and had discharged the office both with kindness and the strictest regard to his ward's interest. The old man received her with unabated affection, though the scrutinizing look with which he examined her after the first hearty salutations, brought the blood to her cheeks and even made her tremble.

"How is this, my love?" he began; "you have grown thin—you look ill. I have heard many unpleasant rumours, as if your husband did not

use you well, and there is something in your pale face that confirms them."

"Mere slanders, dear uncle, I assure you; Walter is ever kind to me—most kind."

"I am glad to hear it—marry, a plague upon those lying tattlers, who must needs spread such false reports, for no good as it seems to themselves, except it be the pleasure they find in doing harm to others. But, however, there is some excuse—some shadow of an excuse, I should rather say—in the present case; for I suppose all these fine tales of neglect and cruelty, and what not, have emanated from his creditors, a class of folks that seldom speak well, or think well, of those who owe them money."

"I do not believe he is in debt—that is, so very much in debt," replied Philippa, correcting herself, in the sad conviction that her husband's extravagance and consequent difficulties were too much a matter of notoriety to be glossed over. Most certainly her uncle was not deceived even by this qualified denial; for he shook his head, exclaiming, "Not so much in debt, say you? if you really believe that, it's plain your husband does not let his wife into all his secrets—few husbands do,—but I suspect you are playing the good housewife in this matter, and throwing a veil over Walter's follies, just as you would hide a stain or a darn in

your best carpet. Well, I don't so much blame you for that; and as it seems he uses you well, I will set off his kindness against his follies, and see what can be done for him. I shan't part with you, though, for the next month or so,—count upon that, niece Philippa, as surely as you do upon the snows of winter; indeed, it may take so long to arrange things for Walter in the way that I could wish. But mind, you are not to give him the slightest hint of my purpose till all is settled; nothing I dislike so much as tantalizing any one with hopes; if the thing promised is really got, it loses half the pleasure it would otherwise bring, from having been expected and waited for; and if it fails, why then there's disappointment added to the annoyances of suspense. So, woman though you be, you must for once hold your tongue—all saws, proverbs, and adages to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Rely upon me, dear uncle; since such is your pleasure, I will not breathe a syllable of your kind intentions to Walter, till you shall bid me."

"And that may be sooner than you expect—nay, for aught I know when you go back to the country this same secret may be ripe for telling. In the meanwhile, rest assured I will take such order for Master Calverley as shall continue him in as good estate as the best of his ancestors."

While Philippa was thus busy in endeavouring to restore the broken fortunes of her husband, he was no less busy in dissipating the produce of the jewels she had given him. Riot again filled his sails; and the old companions returned with the seeming return of his prosperity, but ready as before to take wing the moment his means of entertaining them should be exhausted. The supply being moderate where the profuseness was so unbounded, that moment was not long in coming; and when it did, he began to curse his wife for her protracted absence, though till now he had scarcely given her a thought; or if he did, it was only to congratulate himself that she was away, and to wish he could as easily get rid of her altogether. The feeling of hatred he now entertained for her soon extended itself towards the children; for it is astonishing with what frightful rapidity these ulcers of the mind will spread when once they have been allowed to establish themselves. So intense became his aversion to his whole family that he was no longer able to throw a decent veil over it, but must needs proclaim it to the world; and on one occasion this led to a hostile encounter with a neighbouring gentleman, who had courage to defend the innocent and absent wife, from the base calumnies of her husband. In the duel, Calverley was severely wounded in the arm, and he

had scarcely regained the free use of the injured limb, by the time Philippa returned from London, never doubting for a moment that the delight she herself experienced from the result of her journey, would find an immediate echo in the bosom of her husband. She was, however, soon to learn the fallacy of this expectation. His first greeting was—"What! hast brought me the money? is your land sold, and at a good rate? Quick; why dost not answer me? you have not come back empty handed—death and darkness! if you have——"

"My dear husband——"

"Dear me no dears!—the gold—the gold, I say; let me hear it ring, let me see it sparkle! I have lost blood enough through you, she-wolf and devil that you are, and 'tis your gold must pour fresh life into my veins. Why, how the fool stares! Do I carry an evil eye in my head that you stand there gaping as if I had bewitched you."

"You terrify me, Walter."

"I shall terrify you more, presently, if the gold is not forthcoming. I hunger for it—I thirst for it, so produce your money-bags, and lose no more time in talking. I'd as leave hear the raven croak from the hollow oak yonder, as list to that tongue of yours."

It was with some difficulty that the terrified Philippa could contrive amidst this torrent of

threats, questions and reproaches, to slip in an explanation of what had passed between herself and her uncle. Much to her surprise, as she progressed in her tale, the brow of Walter, which had been dark enough before, grew black as the blackest midnight. Seeing that she was giving some new offence, though unable to imagine what it could be, the glibness with which she had set out very soon failed her, and her speech became more and more confused every moment, till at last she was brought to a sudden and complete stand-still. Her silence was the cue for Walter to burst out in a greater rage than ever. Spurning the poor creature from him with his foot, he cried in a voice of thunder, "do you say this to me?—to me, Walter Calverley, of Calverley, whose fathers had name and estate in the land when your beggarly race was never heard of—was it for this you went to London?—to complain of me, God wot, to your fine friends—to tell them how your husband having spent his own had now a mind to your dowry? aye—and will have it too—do you mark that?—will! or he'll do such things as won't be forgotten in a hurry."

"Indeed, dear Walter——"

"Indeed, dear devil!—it won't do. 'Sdeath and darkness! think you I'm such an ass as to put my head under your belt? to be at the beck

and call of these same mighty friends of yours—pick up the crumbs that fall from their tables—stand cap in hand to take their orders.—Woman!" he said, dropping his voice to its lowest yet deepest tones, his whisper being more terrible than his former violence—"woman, I'd kill you—kill you, ere I'd see that day."

Shocked and terrified as Philippa felt at such treatment, it was not in her gentle nature to reply to it with anything like harshness. She endeavoured to take his hand, and he snatched it from her; she knelt to him, and he was again about to spurn her with his foot, but there was something so mild and loving in the dove's eyes that were upturned to him, something so inexpressibly sweet and winning in the sad smile that played about her lips as made him hesitate to give the intended blow. For a moment, at least, the demon within him had lost his power. There was even an approach to tenderness in the regards he threw upon the gentle suppliant, and he pressed his hand painfully to his brow, like one who is endeavouring in the whirl and trouble of his brain to recall some forgotten idea. Philippa saw with the quick apprehension of a woman the better change that had thus come over him, and again attempted to take his hand, which he no longer withheld, though he rather abandoned than gave it to her.

"Dear Walter," she said, "let me implore you to lay aside all these doubts, as wronging the true love I always have had, and always shall have for you. Heaven knows the words I speak have no fashion of untruth; my friends indeed are truly possessed that your lands are mortgaged; they know to whom and for what; but I entreat you to believe that it was not from me that they had the knowledge. For any difference betwixt yourself and me—which would have more offended them than the mortgaging of your lands—I protest to you as yet they do not even suspect such a thing, having my assurance to the contrary."

"Woman!" exclaimed Calverley, "this will not pass with me; I am not one to accept of fair words for foul deeds, or for the doing nothing. Why sold you not your dowry as I bade you, and as you promised?"

"Because—it might be the error of my judgment—but I thought there was now no need of such a sacrifice, to the injury of our dear children, who should inherit the land after me."

"No need?" thundered Walter.

"I must pray your forgiveness, dear Walter, if I have been wrong; but, indeed, it so seemed to me. My uncle has promised—and he is not a man to break his word when once given—he has promised to release you from all your difficulties, and

to set you in a higher estate than ever, if you will only submit to be guided by his counsels."

There was nothing in this to offend—nothing, in fact, but what ought to have conciliated the most angry spirit, if rightly taken: and yet, innocent as the speech was, it brought back Walter's evil mood. But so it always is when reason and religion yield up the guidance of the human heart to passion; we know as little what may be the next temper of the person so impelled, as we can guess where the leaf will fall that we see carried away by the whirlwind.

Fortunately at this crisis a gentleman from Cambridge sent in to desire a private interview. That he would have cruelly misused her in his then state of mind was most certain, and well if he had not proceeded to worse extremities. A parting blow, so violent as to fling her against the opposite wall, with the blood spurting from her face gave sufficient proof of what might have been expected, had the interview been continued only a few minutes longer.

The visitor, who now introduced himself, proved to be a Fellow of Saint John's College, and after the first brief greetings he entered upon a subject least of all calculated to soothe the excited spirit of his host. He had come on the part of Calverley's younger brother, a student at St. John's, and

universally held in the highest regard, both by equals and superiors, for his many excellent qualities. This young man had become security for Walter in a bond for a thousand pounds, which being forfeited, the creditor had entered up judgment and flung him into prison, to the utter ruin of all his prospects in life if he did not obtain an immediate release. The hardship of the case was evident, as well as that heavy scandal would fall upon the principal for neglecting to pay the bond and thus causing his brother's ruin, all of which the kind mediator did not fail to lay before him in the liveliest colours. Walter at once saw how the odium of such an affair was likely to blacken his character with the world, already black enough. It might be too that he was moved by affection for his brother, for in the worst nature there is generally some redeeming goodness, as, in the most barren desert, spots are sure to be found of green trees and fresh waters. With a patience quite foreign to his usual habits, he listened to the admonitions of the stranger, although urged with no little warmth; and when the latter ended by demanding a categorical reply, he assured him that he was not only sensible of the wrong he had done his brother, but would take instant order for repairing it to the very utmost.

"Be pleased," he added, "to walk for a short

space only about my grounds, while I look to what is necessary on this occasion; you will, I think, find enough to amuse you for the time I shall require; and yet farther to shorten it, my servant will bring you refreshments in the conservatory, a place that many visitors have thought worth seeing. My brother shall not be in prison many days—nor even hours beyond what may be necessary for your journey home again.”

The gentleman thanked Walter with much cordiality, and assured him that in fulfilling so natural an obligation he would not only content his own conscience, but greatly advance his reputation with the world.

“For myself,” added the worthy collegian, “I shall account my pains in the business more richly recompensed by this prompt consent, than if I had obtained an award in a suit of my own to double the amount.”

Upon these terms they parted for the present.

Walter now retired to a distant gallery, that he might consider in quiet what it were best for him to do. But the external repose failed to communicate itself to his mind. Whenever he would have turned his thoughts to the one point in question, the deeds of the past rose up like spectres, and mingled wildly, as in some mad dance, with his reflections on the future, until he knew not what

he thought, or whether he thought at all. It was utter darkness and confusion within him, idea crossing and jarring with idea, as wave meets wave when tide and wind are in opposition; at one moment he was all remorse, at another vindictive rage—now tears, now execrations—this moment he reflected with horror on the ruin and misery in which he had involved his wife and children, the next he cursed them as the causes of all he had suffered, or had yet to suffer, and the prospect did indeed look gloomily enough. If that state of mind, wherein a man has lost all mastery over his thoughts, be really madness so long as it lasts, then was Walter, in good truth, mad as the wildest poor creature that ever howled to the full moon; and though it is the custom to talk of crimes committed in cold blood, such things must be reckoned among the rare occurrences of an age.

Exhausted by this inward strife, as indeed the firmest brain and the stoutest heart must soon have been, he had sunk into a window-seat, near to which his eldest son was playing. At first the little fellow, on seeing his father where he had not expected to find any one, appeared half inclined to retreat. He drew back a few paces towards the door, still keeping his eye fixed upon Calverley, and wondering that he did not speak: but when this had continued some minutes, curiosity

prevailed so far over other feelings, that he made a timid advance to the centre of the room, and then again halted. Still no notice was taken of him, and encouraged, instead of being daunted, by what might have seemed more likely to have produced the latter effect, he stole softly forward, and, taking his father's hand, said "O, papa! how your hand burns!"

What a strange thing is the human heart. The gentle voice of the child, which might have been expected to soothe his troubled spirit, as David's harp stilled the demon in the breast of Saul, had just the contrary effect; it lashed him into his former fury, and seizing the terrified boy by the throat, he exclaimed, "What devil has brought you hither? is it to tell me that you must soon starve, and that I have brought you to this pass? Why, fool, I knew it all without your telling me; I know how you will beg on the highways for a penny, and cry, God bless you, sirs, for a crust of mouldy bread, or filch the gold from some rich man's pocket—aye, that's the more thriving trade; better steal than beg. But have a care, young sir; many a man steals his own halter. They'll hang you if they catch you; and there's an old prophecy that one of the name of Calverley shall wear a hempen collar. By Heavens! they shall not say it of you, though."

The glitter of the steel, which Walter drew forth as he said this, filled the child with a vague apprehension of something terrible, though he knew not exactly what, and he began crying and struggling to get away from the clutch of his father.

"Poor worm!" exclaimed Walter; "it's all in vain; the bird would as soon find pity from the hawk that has once pursued her. But kiss me first—kiss me, my boy. Why your lips are cold already. There's a brave boy."

And with these words, having kissed the child repeatedly with a sort of frantic affection, he plunged the dagger into his bosom, with so true an aim that the blow cleaved his heart. But no natural fear nor remorse came upon him when he felt the victim lying a dead weight upon his arm, and saw the little head hanging down, its beautiful bright locks all bedabbled with blood. On the contrary, the sight of the crimson stream appeared to have the same effect upon him that it has upon the bull, rousing him to a higher pitch of fury than before, and making him look eagerly around for another sacrifice. "There is more yet of the brood," he exclaimed; "little use in crushing one snake, if we let the rest live. Bastards all—the raven never yet was father to the dove. And say it were not so—say that it is the blood of Calver-

ley which flows so lustily—what then? the brother, who has lain under the same heart with me—who has drawn life from the same bosom, must not waste his young days in a prison. I will clear away all obstacles between him and the estate—myself the last. Yes, I swear it, brother, by everything that man most loves, or hates, or fears, you shall be lord of Calverley; and that you may be so, to work—to work—to work.”

In this desperate mood he hurried with the dead child in his arms to Philippa's bed-room, where she lay asleep, exhausted by recent illness. A maid servant, who watched for her waking, was nursing a younger boy by the fire. Upon seeing her master rush into the room, his face pale as death, his hands and clothes covered with blood, and the murdered child in his arms, she started up with a cry of horror. Walter immediately dropt his burthen, and catching the other child from her, a struggle ensued between them, during which he inflicted several wounds, only half parried by her efforts to intercept his blows. Finding the strength of the woman likely to prevail over him, for she was young and powerful, while he was feeble by nature, and still more so from dissipation, he grasped her by the throat so tightly that she was forced to let go the child, when, by a last exertion of his strength, he managed to fling

her down the stairs. The noise of her fall awoke Philippa, who had hitherto slept through the scuffle, not soundly indeed, but in that broken slumber, in which the near reality makes itself heard and seen in the sleeper's dreams, though perhaps distorted, and mingled with things foreign to it. The first impulse of maternal instinct led her to catch up the wounded child, that lay moaning heavily upon the floor; but Walter, who, after flinging the servant down stairs, had turned back to complete his bloody work, made a sudden dart, and tried to wrest it from her. This occasioned a second struggle no less eagerly maintained than the former had been, in which the mother received several stabs intended for her child, when at last she swooned away from fright, exhaustion, and the loss of blood.

Not for a single moment did Walter pause to gaze upon this horrible scene. Yet it was no regret for what he had done, no sympathy with the murdered, nor any fears for himself, that made him fly as if pursued by some demon; he recollected that he had a third child at nurse about ten miles off, and in the fever of his insanity he conceived that neither his revenge for his wife's supposed unfaithfulness, nor his desire to help his brother could be carried out, so long as one of his family was living. Down the great staircase

therefore he might almost be said to fling himself, in the hope that his extraordinary speed would outrun the news of what had just happened; but he suddenly found himself brought to a halt at the bottom, by the servant whom the noise had brought there, and who was now listening to the maid's story.

"Oh, sir! what have you done?" exclaimed the man, stopping him.

"Done!" replied Walter, "that which you will never live to see me repent of."

With this, he aimed a blow at him with the dagger, which being dexterously warded off, they closed, and he had the good fortune to fling his adversary, but not before he had so mangled him with his spurs in the course of their short wrestling, that, when once down, the poor fellow lay rolling upon the ground in agony, unable to get up again.

In his way to the stables, whither he now hastened, he was met by the gentleman from Cambridge, who, wondering at his strange plight, and not without some alarm, hoped that nothing unpleasant had happened.

"Oh *that*," replied Walter, "is as men shall see and understand things; for, look you, sir, what shall make some laugh, shall make others weep; and again, that which some shall deem

well and wisely done, shall to others be as a sin and a stumbling-block. But beseech you, sir, go in, where I have taken orders for my brother's business, and will presently resolve you of that and all necessary matters."

The collegian, though unable to comprehend the secret meaning of his words, and suspicious of evil, went in as he had been desired, without attempting to detain his host by farther questions. Here, however, he found an ample comment on the text that had so much puzzled him. The floor covered with blood, the children and their mother to all appearance dead, the serving-man still groaning, and unable to move, from the rending and tearing of the spurs, formed a key to the riddle, that hardly needed any help from the explanations poured in upon him from all sides, for by this time the uproar had collected the whole family. So completely, however, was every one occupied in telling or hearing, wondering or conjecturing, that none thought of pursuing the assassin, till it was suggested by the visitor, and then it would have been too late to prevent farther mischief, had not Providence interfered.

Fully resolved to complete his bloody work by the murder of his remaining child, Calverley set off without the loss of a moment, sparing neither whip nor spur by the way, and was already near

the spot, when his horse stumbled and threw him. Before he could recover his feet and seize the bridle again, the affrighted animal started off. This gave the advantage to his pursuers, who, while he was slowly limping along from the effects of his fall, overtook him, and, after some opposition on his part, carried him before Sir John Saville, at Howley, one of the magistrates for the West Riding. Great was this gentleman's surprise at seeing a person of Calverley's name and estate in the county brought before him on a criminal charge, and much was it increased, when the collegian, as the highest in rank of the party, and the most capable orator, narrated all that he had just heard or seen, and referred to the testimony of the actual eye-witnesses for confirmation. During the recital the magistrate could not so far command his feelings, as not to give from time to time unequivocal signs of them by looks and even by broken words, and when the accusers had brought their several versions of the affair to an end, there was as much compassion as there was horror in the manner of his address.

“ You have heard all this, Master Calverley ; have you anything to say in reply ? Can you deny the whole, or any part of it ? or, if true, what cause,—what motive ?—gracious heavens ! it is almost too horrid for belief ; and you, whom I

have known from a boy! Well for your poor father that he did not live to my years. Surely you must have been mad with wine at the time, and repentance of the deed has sobered you again."

"Repentance," said Walter, sullenly; "I repent of nothing but that I did not kill the other bastard brat."

"Why, Master Calverley, it is your own child you are defaming, your own wife you are slandering. Are you man, or devil?"

"You asked the question, and I answered you. I can be silent, if you like that better."

"I should like best to hear you reply honestly and truly, yet in a manner befitting your condition, which may not harden the hearts of men against you. Was this deed the devil's instigation at the moment, or is it long that you have entertained the idea of it?"

"So long that I only wonder it was not done and forgotten by this time."

"And what moved you thereto?"

"I have already said it; but you do not like the phrase, and so I have the less occasion to repeat it."

After a few more questions, which failed in eliciting any fresh matter of importance, he announced his purpose of sending Walter to the new

gaol at Wakefield, the plague happening just then to rage at York with much violence. For the first time the culprit gave some signs of human feeling, and asked "if he might not be permitted to see his wife?"

"She is too sorely wounded, as appears by the witnesses, to come to you; and Calverley, you well know, is in the opposite direction to Wakefield."

"Sorely wounded!" repeated Walter, in the tone of one who hears evil tidings for the first time—"sorely wounded! and perhaps dying!—you spoke it truly, Sir John; I have been mad—or it may be I am mad now—I have done enough to make me so."

The thrill of horror that went through him as he said this, communicated itself to all around. Sir John, in particular, was deeply affected. He turned to Sir Thomas Bland, who was also in the commission of the peace, and had dropt in during the examination.

"How say you, Sir Thomas? may we, think you, comply with Master Calverley's request without blemishing our character as magistrates?"

"Why not?" said Sir Thomas; "he will be in sufficient custody, and such being the case, it is no more than Christian charity to oblige him in so small a matter."

"I am right glad to hear you say so," replied his brother magistrate; "for, be things as they may, I must needs grieve for Master Calverley's condition, and would do anything honestly in my power to amend it. To tell you the truth, neighbour," he added in a whisper, "it's my constant belief that the poor fellow is not in his right mind—not wholly mad, perhaps, but mad by fits and starts."

"If it's no more than that comes to, it won't do him much good with judge or jury," said Sir Thomas in the same tone.

"I am afraid not," said the other.

And here the conversation ended, when the prisoner was led off under a strong escort, and taken, as he had desired, to his house at Calverley.

It might have been supposed that he would prove no welcome visitant at the house which he had made a house of mourning; but dearly as Philippa loved her children, when he appeared she forgot the mother in the wife, while as to the wounds he had inflicted on herself they weighed as nothing in the balance against her true affection. With pain and difficulty she raised herself from the couch where they had laid her, and flung her arms about his neck, sobbing as though her heart would break, and unable for several minutes to say anything beyond "Oh, my husband—my dear husband!"

"Would that I had indeed deserved such an epithet from your lips," replied Walter sadly; "I should not then have stood before you, as I do now, a self-condemned criminal, repenting when repentance can no longer avail him. But if I wronged you in my life, at least I will not in my death."

The constable, who, contrary to the character usually assigned to such officials, was a shrewd fellow, considered this as an intimation that the prisoner meant to commit suicide, and advancing from the door, where he had hitherto remained, drew near, to be ready in case of the worst—"though how," he said to himself, "Master Calverley intends doing such a thing, I can't imagine, seeing that we haven't left him so much as a pen-knife."

In the midst of his grief, Walter observed the action, and was at no loss to guess what had caused it.

"Do not fear me," he said; "I have no such intention."

"It's best though to be on the safe side, Master Calverley; and with your good leave I'll stay where I am. When I've once lodged you safe in Master Key's house at Wakefield, you can do as you please, or rather as he pleases."

Walter was too much beaten down by his new

grief to dispute the point any farther, and if he felt a momentary pang at finding himself for the first time in his life thus completely at the will of another, the feeling was completely banished, when he again heard the low moaning voice of his Philippa.

"They will not take you from me, will they?" she murmured.

"Alas! yes, my love; we must part in a few minutes, and, I fear, for ever on this side the grave."

"Oh, no—they will not—cannot, be so cruel! For one day—only for one day—I have so much to say to you."

"My gentle, loving, Philippa! how could I ever feel otherwise towards you than I do at this moment? It seems like some horrid dream; but what realities has it left behind!"

"Give them gold," whispered Philippa; "my purse is in the oak cabinet with the money I had saved up for William's birth-day to-morrow. Oh, my child! my child!"

Walter could not reply; the words seemed well nigh to choke him when he would have uttered them, and even the constable was fain to wipe his eyes with his coat sleeve as he again drew back to allow them greater freedom in conversing.

Nearly an hour had passed in this way, so

agonizing to all parties, the constable feeling too much sympathy with their distress to abridge the interview, when the surgeon, who had been sent for long before, at last made his appearance. With more judgment, though perhaps less feeling, than had been exhibited by the officer of the law, he insisted upon their immediate separation, roundly assuring Walter that if he did not wish to complete the mischief he had begun, he would leave the room instantly.

"I must needs," he said, "look to the lady's wounds with as little delay as possible, besides that your presence keeps her in such a state of agitation as may well render all our cares unavailing."

This blunt protest was not lost upon the constable, who, moreover, felt that it was high time to set out for Wakefield. Joining his authority to the rough, but well-meant remonstrances of the surgeon, a separation was effected by something between force and persuasion, in the course of which Philippa fainted, and thus put an end to a scene which was growing inexpressibly distressing to all parties.

Day followed day—night followed night—all alike dark and cheerless to the prisoner, and rendered yet more so by the monotony of suffering. At length came the day of trial, and Walter, who

had been previously removed to York for that purpose, was put to the bar in due course of law, when to the general surprise he refused to plead to his arraignment. It was in vain that the judge explained to him the horrible penalty of the *peine forte et dure*, which the law at that period affixed to such contumacy, and that so far from escaping death he would only make it more certain, and in a form more dreadful. To all this he replied, "I am familiar with everything you can urge, my lord; I know full well that I shall die under lingering tortures, being pressed to death beneath a load of stone or iron, but such pains are as welcome to me as ever were the child-bed throes to the heart of a loving woman; they are the only atonement I can offer to man or heaven. May they be accepted."

"Why, then, you do acknowledge your crime?" said the judge hastily, eager to catch at anything by which the more cruel form of punishment might be avoided. "In that case——"

"By no means, my Lord," interrupted Walter, without allowing him an opportunity of pronouncing judgment; "when I talked of atonement, I said not for what offence; it might be for deeds ten times worse than any I stand accused of, but which, as the secret of them lies buried in my own bosom, come not within your cognizance."

Upon this declaration Calverley was removed from the bar, leaving the people much divided in their opinions upon his conduct. Some considered that he was committing an act of suicide, quite forgetting that he stood a fair chance of being hanged, and thus did no more in refusing to plead than exercise the only choice the law allowed him, which was not between life and death, but between a rope and the *peine forte et dure*. Others took his words in their literal meaning, and believed that he intended these voluntary pains as a sort of catholic penance for his crimes. The wiser few concluded that it was done to save his attainder and prevent the corruption of his blood and consequent forfeiture of lands, in case, as there could be little doubt, he was attainted of felony; in other words, they suspected that his object in submitting to so terrible a death, was to save his estate for his surviving son Henry, for if he allowed them to press him to death, as no felony would have been proved against him for want of trial, no forfeiture could be incurred.*

* Whittaker in his History of Leeds, denies this. He says, "a copy of the inq. post mortem of this unhappy man has fallen into my hands, from which it appears that Ao. 44 Eliz., the manors of Calverley and Pudsey, with the appurtenances in Calverley, &c., were vested in trust on Sir J. Brorke and others for and during the joint natural lives of W. Calverley, Esq., and Philippa his wife, and after their decease to the use and behoof

He was now led from court and taken to a cell which had long borne the name of Pompey's parlour, a phrase, no doubt, originally given to it by some sailor convict, and borrowed from the negroes, who are used to give the grave that appellation. It is about eighteen feet square, and affords sufficient light to read by, and, though entirely devoted to condemned prisoners, it has the luxury of a fire place. In each corner of this dungeon a strong iron ring was then fixed into the wall, but these have been removed, the horrible punishment in which they once aided being now happily obliterated from our law-books. Still more ominous of the tragedy to be enacted was the total absence of bed or seat of any kind. It was plain that he, who entered here as a prisoner, had no longer anything to do with the purposes of life ;

of Will. Calverley, son and heir apparent, and his heirs male, and so forth. The estate therefore being in strict settlement, could not have been affected by a forfeiture. But the stock upon an estate at that period, when rents were very low, and the owners in consequence occupied the greater part of them, when lands might be bought at ten years' purchase, and cattle were comparatively dear, was nearly equal to the value of the stock itself, so that Mr. Calverley had an inducement sufficiently strong to stand mute upon his trial for the benefit of his creditors, whose demands could not otherwise have been satisfied."—*Credat Judæus Apella*; that a man should suffer himself to be tortured to death for the benefit of his creditors is an exercise of superhuman virtue. Even the liberal Antonio tried every means in his power to escape paying old Shylock his pound of flesh.

he came but to die, and to die in unutterable tortures.

Nothing now was heard in the chamber of death but the murmured exhortations of the divine, who was preparing the unhappy man for another world by bringing him to a proper state of penitence in this. That he speeded well in his sacred office was evident from the calm and even assured look, with which, after about half an hour spent in prayer, the victim submitted himself to his executioners, and desired them to do their duty. It was the only atonement he could offer for the crimes, of whose enormity he had now become fully sensible, and he seemed to feel a pride in the tremendous nature of the sacrifice. To his diseased imagination this idea threw a splendour about his crimes that almost made them virtues, and in a great measure reconciled him once again to himself. At his heart was all the exaltation of a martyr.

Being stript to the waist, he was laid upon his back, and a sharp wedge placed under him, while his legs and arms were distended to the utmost by cords passed through the rings in the four corners of the dungeon. The triangular press was then fixed upon him with the point of it to his breast, when its loading was gradually commenced. At first the flushed face of the sufferer, and his

broken ejaculations, alone gave any indications of what he was enduring; but when, after a little while, more weight was added, it was evident that the torture had become insupportable,

"Strengthen me, oh Lord," groaned the unhappy creature. "These pangs are dreadful—they are not to be borne! Water! water!—will no kind heart give me to drink? Death! oh for death!—when will it come? Kill me, kill me. Oh God! God! can man be so cruel to his fellow man!"

In a few minutes the first throb of intense anguish had passed away, and though the sense of pain still continued sufficiently acute, it was far from being what it had been. The executioner, who watched every sign with the eagerness of one that took a horrid delight in his occupation, again added more weight. Then the shrieks and groans of the poor sufferer became absolutely appalling. The terrified clergyman fell upon his knees in fervent prayer, while the drops of mental agony bedewed his forehead, and his cheeks grew pale as ashes! The gaoler himself turned away sickening, and pressed his hands to his ears to shut out sounds so frightful; and the sheriff cried out in tones that seemed to be involuntarily pitched to the screams of the victim, "I can bear this no longer, it must be put an end to."

"If you please, sir," said the executioner, with something very like a grin of self-satisfaction on his coarse features, "if you please, you can all leave the cell. I'll stay here to take the press off if he should happen to change his mind and say he'll plead. To morrow, if he should hold out so long, he may have a spoonful of water and a morsel of dry bread, just enough to keep life in him, but nothing more."

"Put more weight upon him," said the sheriff hastily.

"That would spoil all," replied the fellow, mistaking the kindly motive of his master, and evidently fancying that he also began to take a pleasure in the business; "that would spoil all; the poor devil has got as much as he can bear already, and if we lay on more he'll be sure to give us the slip. Men die so easily; they han't half the life in them that a cat has."

"Do as you are ordered, sirrah," thundered the sheriff, "or give up your office."

"As you please," growled the man; "but I thought it my duty to——"

"This instant, scoundrel——"

With much reluctance the executioner began to obey this order, but without putting himself in any particular hurry.

"More!" exclaimed the sheriff; "more!—more yet!"

And, impatient of the fellow's slowness, he himself laid a heavy stone upon the sufferer, when a crashing of bones was heard, followed by a hollow, stifled groan,—stifled by the gush of blood from the mouth and nostrils,—and all was over.

Remember, gentle reader, this is no idle fiction.* So did Walter Calverley sin, so did he atone for it. If his crimes were great, such also was his punishment, and there are few, we think, who will refuse complying with the solemn injunction, now half effaced, upon his tomb-stone,

Orate pro a " in Walt. Calverley.

Pray for the soul of Walter Calverley.

* The pressing to death took place, August 5th, 1604.

GRACE O'MALLEY.

MANY a wild tradition yet lingers in Ballycroy and in the beautiful island of Clare, concerning that Cleopatra of the West well known as Grana Waile, or Grace O'Malley. She was possessed of a large extent of country principally in the county of Mayo, and her jurisdiction seems to have widely extended into the adjoining counties and over most of the not unfertile but almost inaccessible islands which border the Atlantic from Donegal to Galway. Here English rule and English laws were almost unknown, an occasional inroad, at long intervals, being all that was attempted by the Norman invaders for many centuries. Grana Waile therefore appears to have reigned undisturbed; she was acknowledged and patronized by Queen Elizabeth, a kindred spirit. She built castles; fitted out fleets; raised and maintained troops; and left domains to her descendants, now represented by Sir Samuel O'Malley, Bart.

An act of this extraordinary woman as detailed by an Ecclesiastic well known for his ample stock of traditionary lore, deserves to be recorded.

The wood of Glann covers a bold promontory which stretches far into the magnificent Lough Corrib on its western shore. Here, close to the spot where the waters of the lake so far intrude as almost to make an island of the promontory, formerly stood an ancient house of the better class. It was at the bottom of a gentle hollow whose sides were green and verdant, affording sweet pasturage and productive arable, while the thick wood around and above it, gave shelter from the storm and abundance of useful wood which was cut and manufactured, and then sold in the neighbouring city of Galway which lies at the southern extremity of the lake. In this house known by the name of "Annagh," lived a widow woman and her three sons, of whom the two eldest, Roderic and Donald, were tall and handsome, and the younger, Dermot, crippled in one foot, weakly in frame and small of stature. These all laboured in their vocations to support their mother and maintain the respectability of the house, for they laid claim to a respectable lineage though their estate was now but small and their retainers few.

Who round the shores of Corrib could excel Roderic at the sail—the oar—the rod or the net;

and who could exceed in swiftness of foot—in skill and boldness in the chase, the fair haired Donald of the wood? Dermot had his part too—assisted by old Thady he took the charge of the flock and protected the crops from ravage, and he also occasionally accompanied his brothers to Galway Town in their stout half-decked boat. They were a happy united family, affectionate to one another, dutiful and attentive to their mother, who loved them all tenderly and valued them above all the treasures of the earth. Mixing occasionally in the sports but never in the excesses of their neighbours, they had the reputation of being above the world, for they always paid honestly for what they had, and never stooped to any mean or sordid action. The widow Fitzgerald therefore was counted a happy woman, and so indeed she was. But happiness is not a fee-simple and its possession is exposed to many flaws. A sky ever unclouded is unknown in this our world.

One fine evening early in the autumn, Donald and Dermot were reclining on one of the little rocky headlands that jut into the lake. Scarcely a ripple was upon the water, and the many islands distant and near were more than usually distinct from the extreme clearness of the atmosphere. The quick eye of Dermot was fixed upon

a dark spot afar off which he soon discovered to be a boat making for the shore, but studiously keeping to the northward of the Isle of Illaundarrack.

"That boat," said he to Donald, "belongs to the dark knight of Inchagoil; one man rows it and in the stern cowers a female; I fancy," added he, significantly, "I can see her cloak of dark blue."

Donald shook his head incredulously, and the dark cloud of sorrow passed over his face.

As the boat however neared he gazed more and more eagerly, and now springing upon his feet was quickly lost amid the tangled thickets of the wood of Glann. Arrived at the other side of the peninsula he unmoored a small boat and skirting close by the shore as if to escape observation, he rowed rapidly into one of the little bays of Currarevagh, and there springing upon the land, climbed a tall cliff, from whence unseen he could command a view of the lake and the country inland. Ere long the boat designated by Dermot as coming from Inchagoil was seen to approach, and stealing quietly under shelter of a range of rocks, a female figure landed after cautiously looking round, and walked rapidly up a narrow vale that seemed to wind into the recesses of the neighbouring mountain.

"It is then as I thought," exclaimed Donald, "Eva is paying her annual visit to the mainland that she may perform her devotions at the holy

well of St. Cuthbert." The young man descended from his post and rapidly rising the hill beyond soon looked into the little vale, and there close to the sacred well he saw the figure kneeling just where an ancient and decayed ash tree threw its sheltering boughs athwart the bubbling spring. The devotions over, the young man stood at Eva's side, for it was indeed the maiden whom he loved. The meeting on his part was warm and glowing as ardent affection could make it—on her's there was manifest pleasure indeed, but also embarrassment and fear.

"Go, Donald," said she in a tone of decision, "remember one year more and the heiress of Inchagoil is her own mistress. Do not think that Eva O'Connor can ever forget the promise she made to Donald Fitz-Gerald when they met in the halls of Doonaa Castle, under the protection of Grana Waile."

"I know your truth, Eva," said Donald, "I know that the pledges of former days will with you be ever sacred, but is it true that the knight Mac Moragh, your mother's kinsman, and alas! your guardian, is resolved you should wed his sister's son, the red-haired Gael of Ardnamuchan?"

"It is too true, Donald," replied Eva sighing, "but he cannot compel me to contract with that beggarly Scot. He is expected ere long, but I shall be firm, and if any foul play is intended, I

will escape to my good godmother and friend the mighty Grace O'Malley."

"But how escape? what means have you unaided to effect this? Escape now, Eva, while I am near you, with means ready to conduct and an arm ready to protect you."

"Alas! Donald, I cannot," replied she, casting down her eyes. "It were not maidenly to commit myself thus to your charge, and besides," said she, starting, "there is danger in our being here. Know you who is in the boat—it is the knight's foster brother O'Ruarke. He it was I suspect who betrayed our meeting here last year, and even now I fear some trap may be laid to detect us. Go therefore, dear Donald, while the path is clear, and trust in my firmness for the future. I have promised."

Donald turned pale when he heard the name of O'Ruarke, for he was his deadly foe. He saw at once the danger to himself and Eva, and for her sake determined to retreat while opportunity afforded. He turned, but a warning shriek from Eva and a powerful grasp from behind too late convinced him that the trap was laid, and he had unwittingly fallen into it. Resistance was vain—in a moment he was bound hand and foot, and in an hour's space lodged in the deep dungeon of the old tower of Templenaneve.

"He comes not forth thence," said the gloomy Knight of Inchagoil, "till Eva O'Connor and her broad lands are the property of Ivan Macrae."

Dermod, quick in intellect, and ever ready in device, suspecting his brother's intent had mounted a hill pony and riding by a circuitous path over the intervening mountain had witnessed the whole scene. Roderic was gone up the lake to the town of Cong. Dermod, therefore, though reluctantly, mentioned the facts to his mother, who was horror-struck at the news.

"If O'Ruarke were the man," exclaimed she in an agony, "Donald is surely lost. He will not forget how my poor son chastised him at the fair on the hill of Glann."

"Eva O'Connor too was at the holy well of St. Cuthbert's," said Dermod musingly, "there is danger to Donald from more than O'Ruarke."

"I see it all," cried the distracted mother, "oh that Donald had never sojourned that year at Doonàa. He then might never have seen Eva or crossed the black knight."

"True," replied Dermod quietly, "but remember dear mother, that Grana Waile is Donald's friend and Eva's god-mother. She will not suffer a hair of their heads to be touched."

"How can she help it, my son?" said the widow bitterly. "How can she know of all this and she

at her castle in the Island of Clare? And if she knew, what power has she on these shores, and in the islands of Corrib? The knight would laugh her to scorn."

"That is all we ought to wish," said Dermod, "for if the knight defies her power his doom is sealed. We cannot do better now that Roderic is away, than to go over to the island and claim liberty for Donald. Come mother—let us not waste time, for it is precious, and may God speed us well."

The widow was wont to look up to Dermod's counsel, and she was often heard to say that what he wanted in body was amply made up in mind.

The boat with two rowers was soon ready, and in an hour they were in the small, smooth bay, which is sheltered to the north by the two islets called Burre and Inishannagh. On the western and eastern extremities of Inchagoil the land rises abruptly, terminating in rocky slopes or broken cliffs, and in the centre, overlooking two small bays on opposite sides of the island, stands the old tower of Templenaneve, "whose birth tradition notes not." As the mother and her crippled son approached the portal they were spied by the knight, who expecting his Scotch kinsman that very day, was pacing the battlements above the great hall, casting his eyes ever and anon over the wide extent of waters around him.

"Sir Knight, I pray my son's deliverance," said the widow not humbly but proudly, throwing aside her veil and displaying a countenance yet comely though pale with sorrow and trepidation.

"Your errand is a fruitless one," said the knight, "I know not your son."

"In the name of Grana Waile, release my brother," cried Dermot. "She will not see him injured, and her power is great."

"Grace O'Malley," replied the knight, "has no power here. If she would have the young man, let her dare to fetch him. Begone!"

The widow Fitz-Gerald and her son made no further parley, but hastily regaining their boat, pushed off towards the House of Annagh. It was the Feast of St. Michael, and the festive board was spread in the Castle of Doonàa. Grace O'Malley (or as she was oftener called by her own countrymen Grana Waile) was seated on a canopied chair of state in the centre of the table that crossed the hall, on a raised dais. Her attendant maidens occupied the seats on her left, while her more powerful retainers and men of war graced her right, clad in glittering steel, and equally ready for the combat as the feast. She was in form tall and stately, without being graceful—her eye was restless, quick, and piercing—her face comely, but the expression somewhat fierce and decided,

There was a bold licence in all she said and did, which would ill become an ordinary personage, but she was of another class. Proud, irritable, and domineering, she could also be kind, generous, and even affectionate—her enemies hated and feared her—her friends seldom forsook her. When it suited her purpose she knew the way to win hearts, and what is more difficult still, to keep them. Her morals, perhaps, were not unexceptionable, if, which is not often the case, report spoke truly; but all stood in awe of one, who did not scruple at the means if the end could be gained. In fact, she was well suited, both to the country and to the age in which she lived, and her name has been handed down with honour and respect. The feast was scarcely yet begun when the aged seneschal announced the arrival of a stranger who earnestly entreated an audience.

"He is a beardless youth, crippled, and of small stature," said the seneschal. "I told him your highness would see him on the morrow; but he will not be denied, and says, his errand is of great import."

"Admit him," was the speedy answer, and soon Dermot Fitz-Gerald stood on the pavement of the lofty hall.

"Your business, youth?" was the stern demand of the Queen of the West.

"The sound of woe resounds through our dwelling," replied Dermot; "and the widow Fitz-Gerald, of the house of Annagh, would fain you heard the cry."

"What boots it—can my hearing the cry prevent the cause?"

"No mighty princess, it cannot remedy the past, but it may speed well the future."

"Well said, young man. Tell me, wherefore, then, the widow's tears?"

"She had three sons, and two are not. The second, Donald, is either dead or languishing in a dungeon, and the eldest, Roderic, was murdered in attempting a release. I alone am left, powerless, and a cripple. The widow lays her grief and her wrongs at your feet."

"Donald is a brave youth, and Roderic deserved a better fate. But why should I interfere? He ran his head, doubtless, into the broil, and his family reap the fruits. 'Tis no business of mine."

"Mighty lady, listen for one moment. Eva O'Connor, too, is in danger. Under this very roof she plighted her faith to Donald, but she, too, is under restraint; and it will go hard with her if she consent not to wed the red haired Gael, Ivan Macrae."

"Eva is my god-daughter. She will discover

a method, either to foil or avenge such a proceeding. Who is the man that dares to stand in her path?"

"Her guardian, the black knight of Inchagoil. He swears my brother shall never see the light of day till Eva and her broad lands are the property of his kinsman, Ivan Macrae."

"Well, are they not well matched—two to two? Eva and Donald have not been taught at Doonàa to suffer wrong or insult from any knight or baron, be he black or white. Comfort, boy—they will match him yet. Go, tell them what I say."

"But, Princess, the knight has the upper hand by treachery and foul play. Little can a man do whose thews and sinews are bound with links of iron in the deep recesses of a dark dungeon, and little will a woman's art or strength avail against grated windows and bars of steel. The knight of Inchagoil fears no one, not even Grana Waile."

"Sayest thou so, boy?—the proof?"

"His own words in the presence of his people. I heard them. They were addressed to my wretched mother and myself. The words were these: 'Grace O'Malley has no power here. If she would have the young man, let her dare to fetch him.'"

"Seneschal, dismiss the youth; but treat him

well, and let him return to-morrow. We will have no further interruption to our night's festivity."

The now captive Eva, like an imprisoned bird, restless and unhappy, gazed wistfully from her high casement in the old Tower of Inchagoil, hoping, but, alas ! against hope, that some change might release her from her present thralldom. The night was serene and still. The moon, unclouded, shed her silver beams o'er land and water, and the murmur of each gentle wave, as it broke on the sandy bay below, would have made soothing music to a less unhappy ear. As Eva gazed, she could not but feel that the scene before her was one of surpassing loveliness.

To the westward the broad lake expanded for several miles, studded with islands till its waves washed the shores of the Connemara mountains, or broke upon the rocky coast of the towering Benleva. Around her were the fertile and undulating lands of Inchagoil, with its seven dependent islands once to be her own, but a possession valueless in her eyes, if not shared with Donald Fitzgerald. Far to the left was seen the bold promontory of Annah and the wood of Glann, and there in that dark hollow, was the sacred, but to her fatal, well of St. Cuthbert, all scenes once full of sweet, but now fearful associations. From the great hall below, ever and anon broke forth

the sounds of revelry and military licence, only stilled when the strings of old Cahan's harp made merry minstrelsie. And now Eva's thoughts dwelt on Donald, and her cheek flushed with indignant grief as she thought of his misery—his dungeon and his chains. The tears coursed each other down her fair cheeks, and her spirit burned when she felt her own helpless condition, and how little power she had to assist him, even in her own domain. Then as the rude voice of the hated Scot was heard above all others in the revel, her very soul revolted, and in the agony of her spirit she clasped the bars of her prison, as though her feeble strength could shake their massive hold. But hark—a signal! a figure rises from behind that broad buttress and beckons. Eva leaned forth as far as the bars permitted, and soon recognised Dermot, the cripple. "Despair not, lovely Eva," said he in a suppressed voice, "succour is at hand, but you must escape, or evil may first befall. Twist the bar of that casement, and it will give way. There—that is well. Now, fasten this rope which I throw up to the other bar, and I will be with you in an instant." The descent was not great, and with Dermot's assistance, Eva soon touched the ground, and they hurried to the shore, taking a path that led to the western extremity of the island. "A friend waits for you there, Eva,"

said Dermot, "and we shall soon be safe in the Wood of Glann."

The revel was at the highest, and Cahan's harp was at its most joyous stretch when O'Ruarke, the foster brother, rushed into the hall, and bid the music pause. "A stranger is here, and claims hospitality."

"Who, or what is he, and by whom accompanied," said the knight somewhat sternly.

"She gives her name Grana Waile, but better known, she says, to the Knight of Inchagoil, as Grace O'Malley." A black shade passed over the knight's brow, succeeded by a deadly paleness.

"O'Ruarke," said he, after a moment's pause, during which it was manifest that his mind laboured with some desperate resolve, "give the illustrious lady welcome," but calling O'Ruarke to his side, he added in a low tone—"detain her for a few moments if you can." Evan Macrae had sprung from his seat, and now whispered busily with his kinsman, after which he disappeared. A deep silence pervaded the hall, and a significant glance passed from one retainer to another when that powerful name was thus announced. "Welcome to our hall, Queen of the Isles," said the knight, advancing to meet the haughty potentate as she entered, attended only by one man-at-arms, with his vizor closed.

"For what are we indebted to the honour of this condescending but unexpected visit? What can a knight do to requite this honour?"

"Nay, Mac Morogh, Black Knight of Incha-goil, there we are at issue. My visit is by invitation, therefore not unexpected."

"How lady?" questioned the knight, his brow darkening.

"Do you ask how?" replied she.—"Here I am alone, save this one attendant, and should I come thus but by a knight's invitation?"

"But one attendant!" echoed the knight, his heart beating high at the welcome intelligence.

"But one," replied she, "and I repeat by your invitation, I come. It runs in these words, 'Grace O'Malley has no power here. If she would have the young man, let her dare to fetch him.' This invitation I have accepted, and following out the terms of it, I demand the young man, Donald Fitzgerald. Free him, and I will accept your hospitality, and depart in peace."

"And by what right, Grace O'Malley, do you interfere with my concerns? Begone, I would not willingly stain my knighthood by offering injury to a lady."

"That you have done already, base knight. Where is Eva O'Connor?"

"Far from your custody, and in hands that will know how to retain both her and hers."

"Ah!" exclaimed the knight, as Evan Macrae rushed into the hall, "how now?—I thought, ere this, you were far away with the prize."

"The bird has flown, and is no where to be found," replied the Scot.

"But," exclaimed the knight, "Donald Fitzgerald? you have not failed there?"

"He is here," said the man-at-arms, throwing up his vizor, and displaying the handsome features of Donald Fitzgerald, "ready and willing to do battle, and to avenge his wrongs. Come on false knight—a fair field is all I require against the dastardly murderer of my brother."

"Seize him, O'Ruarke—down with him, Evan," cried the now furious knight, rising from his seat and drawing his sword, but O'Ruarke's obedience cost him his life. There was a moment's pause—the Scot retreated to his kinsman's side, and Grace O'Malley calmly looked on as if standing in her own halls.

"Will no one down with that caitiff? Will no one seize that woman?" again roared the knight. Not a hand moved, not a voice was heard. Each retainer stood motionless and stiff as marble. "Then to it ourselves, Evan Macrae," said the knight, "and thus let us first avenge O'Ruarke."

Evan would have obeyed, but the iron grasp of two retainers withheld him, and the knight found

himself confronting Donald Fitz-Gerald single-handed. The contest was fierce—not long ; the knight, sorely wounded, dropped his sword, and leaned against the wall for support.

“Enough,” said Grace O'Malley ; “Donald put up your sword, and do you, base knight, hear me. I well knew your cowardly designs upon Eva, and have long taken measures to defeat them. Think you, false Southron, to enter the lists with me ? And think you the brave men of Inchagoil and Connemara, her own people, were to be the instruments of your tyranny ? That, Sir Knight, was all settled between us ere I set foot within these walls. Through their co-operation, Donald was released, or that craven Scot would have murdered him when bound in chains. By their assistance Eva O'Connor is now in the House of Annagh, under the protection of her future mother-in-law ; and, had you dared to lay your dastardly hands on me, by their swords your own life would have paid the penalty. Take that meddling Scot,” continued she, pointing to the now fear-struck Evan Macrae, “throw him into the lake—he may swim or drown, but if he ever sets foot in Inchagoil again, be it your fault, Donald, if he returns alive. And as for you, Sir Knight of the Black Scarf and Sable Plume, you well deserve the fate you have inflicted upon a

better man ; but I bid you begone—a boat awaits you—if you survive this day and venture hither again, Donald Fitz-Gerald, the lord of this domain will not forget who was his brother's murderer."

So ends the tradition. Ages have elapsed, and the Island of Inchagoil, one of the fairest in lovely Erin, is now the home of a Saxon. What still remains of the ancient Tower of Templeneeve, is carefully preserved, and report says, that ere long it will be renewed in a portion of its former strength and beauty. Close by, are the ruins of the time-honoured pile of St. Patrick. Within those sacred walls are deposited the remains of Donald Fitz-Gerald and his wife Eva, and a scarcely legible inscription informs us, that their two sons died, seized of Connemara and Ballycroy, and their daughter, Grace, married Maurice O'Donel, of Doonàa.

**RODERIC O'CONNOR, THE LAST KING OF
IRELAND.**

THE western parts of Ireland, more particularly the Province of Connaught, long maintained an independent attitude with regard to the Norman invaders. It included a very mountainous district, full of noble lakes and rivers, and also of innumerable islands off the coast, some thickly inhabited by a brave and hardy race. In this district are the two magnificent lakes Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, the former twenty-five miles in length, with an area or superficies of nearly 50,000 acres; the latter about ten miles long and four broad. The islands on Lough Corrib comprehend nearly 2000 acres, some of them, as Inchagoil and Inishdoorus, very fertile and beautiful, while others are partially covered with wood, or afford valuable pasturage for cattle. The ancient but almost inaccessible pass into Joyce's Country and Connemara was through the old town of Cong and over

the Maam Mountain—another was by Galway, and more to the north than either was the romantic pass through the Vale of Errive.

But Cong, situated on the narrow neck of land which divides Lough Mask from Lough Corrib was a place of considerable importance in the earliest ages of Irish tradition. A situation more beautiful and truly romantic cannot be conceived. Here for many generations was the residence of the Kings of Connaught—here was founded in times too remote to ascertain the date, but believed to be in the seventh century, one of the most splendid abbeys in the island, well denominated, “Sanctorum Insula;” and it was within its quiet cloisters and holy recesses that Roderic O’Connor, the last of the Kings of Ireland retired from tumults and from war, and, full of years and honour, died in peace about the year of our Lord 1198. A brief notice of this Prince may not be uninteresting, as his history is connected with the first great invasion of Ireland by Richard (son of Gibbert de Clare) surnamed Strongbow, Earl of Strigul and Chepstow. For three centuries or more from 868 A.D., the Irish annals present little but a continued detail of intestine war between the natives and Danes, or as they are better known the Ostmen or Eastmen. In the year 1162, Dermot Mac-Morogh was King of Leinster, and on

several occasions was victorious over these invaders. Giraldus de Barri, a contemporary writer, thus describes him :—"He was tall and great bodie. A valiant and bold warrior in his nation, and by reason of his continual halowing and crieng hoarse in voice. (*Encrebro continuoque belli clamore voce raucisona.*) He chose to be feared rather than loved, was a great oppressor of his nobilitie, but a great allowancer of the poor and weak "*Manus omnium contra ipsum et ipse contrarius omni.*"—(*Hooker's Translation.*)

It was the insolence and oppressions of this man which roused the resentment of Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught. He invaded the Province of Leinster, and the subjects of Dermot Mac-Morogh taking this opportunity to free themselves from his tyrannies, deserted him when he would have led them to the battle. Dermot fled and took refuge in England, where throwing himself at the feet of King Henry the Second, he sought his protection, and offered to swear allegiance to him. Henry, who had already meditated the invasion of Ireland, and even procured a Bull from Pope Adrian to authorize the conquest, gladly seized this pretext, and after many delays Richard Strongbow, Earl of Strigul and Chepstow, was authorized to assist in the restoration of the King of Leinster. While the expedition was preparing

Dermod, anxious again to behold his native land, even though at a distance, took up his residence at the Episcopal city of St. David's, where, as Giraldus says—"languishing for a passage he comforted himself as well as he might; sometime drawing and as it were breathing the air of his country, which he seemed to breathe and smell; sometimes viewing and beholding his country which on a fair day a man may ken and descry."

Rhys ap Gruffydh, King of South Wales, and David Fitz-Gerald, who was Bishop of St. David's, commiserated the condition of the Irish Prince, and used all their influence to interest others in his cause. Partly at their instigation the following agreement was made with Mac-Morogh—"That Robert Fitz-Stephen, Constable of Aberteivi, or Cardigan, and Maurice Fitz-Gerald should aid and assist him in the recovery of his possessions, and in consideration thereof should receive a grant of the town of Wexford and two cantreds of land adjoining in fee to them and their heirs for ever.

In the year 1170, this invasion of Ireland took place—Dermod Mac-Morogh was restored—a treaty was concluded with Roderic O'Connor acknowledging him (Roderic) to be chief monarch of Ireland; and Wexford and the two cantreds of land were delivered up to Fitz-Stephen. The two Kings, however, *secretly* agreed that "as soon as

his own people were reduced to good order Mac-Morogh should send home the English and never invite any more to come over."

Treacherously and covertly invited, however, by the false King of Leinster, who still in his heart thirsted for vengeance upon Roderic, Strongbow at length landed in Ireland on the vigil of the Feast of St. Bartholomew. He soon got possession of Waterford and Dublin, notwithstanding a determined opposition, and from this moment may be dated the downfall of Irish independence. Mac Morogh not satisfied with reducing his own subjects by means of his English auxiliaries, also turned the same force against those he conceived to be opposed to his proceedings. Reginald, Prince of the Danes at Waterford, and Malachy O'Feolain, Prince of the Decies, and O'Ruarke, Prince of Meath, all fell under the vengeance of this foul traitor to his country. It happened that Roderic O'Connor had the son of Mac Morogh in his hold as a hostage for the fulfilment of their treaty, and thinking "That as his neighbour's house was set on fire, his own might shortly suffer the same fate," he sent messengers to Mac Morogh, saying—"Contrary to the order of peace thou hast called together a great multitude of strangers, and as long as thou didst keep thyself in thine own country of Leinster we bare therewith. But as

now not caring for thine oath thou hast so insolently passed thy bounds, I am to require thee to retire and withdraw these excurses of strangers or else without fail I will cut off thy son's head and send it thee."

Mac Morogh answered, "that he would not desist from his enterprise until he had subdued all Connaught, and recovered for himself the monarchy of Ireland." Whereupon, Roderic ordered his son's head to be cut off, and sent to him. Soon after, Dermot Mac Morogh died at Fernes. Roderic immediately joined Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, in forming a powerful coalition of Irish princes against the invaders, and they closely besieged Earl Strongbow and his associates in the city of Dublin. Actuated by despair, however, a determined band of 600 sallied forth early in the morning from the city, directing their attack against the quarters of King Roderic. Taken by surprise, the Irish gave way, and the King narrowly escaped being captured. King Henry, hearing of these successes, resolved himself to visit Ireland, and leaving Milford Haven in the year 1172, landed at Waterford with an army consisting of 500 knights and 4000 soldiers. On his arrival, Dermot Mac Carthy, King of Cork, voluntarily submitted himself, took the oath of allegiance, and agreed to pay tribute

annually. On his arrival at Cashel, Donald, King of Limerick, did the same, as also Donald, Prince of Ossory, and Malachy O'Feolaine, Prince of the Decies, and many other powerful men. But the haughty Roderic O'Connor kept aloof, burning with indignation at the cowardice and meanness of these his countrymen, and refused peremptorily to set foot beyond the Shannon, even to greet the English monarch. To avert, however, the horrors of war, and to spare his people a contest which, single-handed, he felt was hopeless, he consented to take the oath of allegiance, which was administered by Hugh de Lacy and William Fitz-Adeline. O'Ruarke, Prince of Meath, however, and Donald, Prince of Limerick, still kept the field against the invaders, and Roderic O'Connor, joining his forces to theirs, crossed the Shannon, invaded the province of Meath, and devastated the country up to the very walls of Dublin. They then invaded Leinster, but hearing that the valiant Norman chief, Reymund, who had just married Basilia, the sister of Earl Strongbow, was marching against them with a large force, Roderic retired into Connaught. Tradition mentions, that, meeting with great ingratitude from his sons, and foreseeing and lamenting the downfall of his country, this bold and consistent prince, who, well supported, might have

secured the independence of Ireland, for a time at least, retired to the Abbey of Cong, where, endeavouring to forget the concerns of this life, he busied himself in preparing for another. His memory has been honoured by posterity, and Cong Abbey, the place of his retreat, though in ruins, still remains, giving external evidence that it was one of the most splendid piles that adorned "the Island of Saints."

SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM AND THE WHITE HORSE.

AT the end of the last century, Sir William Wyndham being on his travels through Venice, observed accidentally, as he was passing through St. Mark's Place in his cabriolet, a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. On stopping, he found it was a mountebank who had occasioned it, and who was pretending to tell fortunes, conveying his predictions to the people by means of a long narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Sir William, among others, held up a piece of money,

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on which the charlatan immediately directed his tube to the cabriolet, and said to him, very distinctly, in Italian, "Signor Inglese, cavete il bianco cavallo."

This circumstance made a very forcible impression upon him, from the recollection that some years before, when very young, having been out at a stag-hunt, in returning home from the sport he found several of the servants at his father's gate standing round a fortune teller, who either was, or pretended to be, both deaf and dumb, and for a small remuneration wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a piece of chalk, answers to such questions as the servants put to him by the same method. As Sir William rode by, the man made signs to him that he was willing to tell him his fortune as well as the rest, and in good humour he would have complied; but as he could not recollect any particular question to ask, the man took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words written legibly, "Beware of a white horse." Sir William smiled at the absurdity, and totally forgot the circumstance, till the coincidence at Venice reminded him of it. He immediately and naturally imagined that the English fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had found his speech; and he was now curious to know the truth of the

circumstance. Upon inquiry, however, he felt assured that the fellow had never been out of Italy, nor understood any other language than his own.

Sir William Wyndham had a great share in the transactions of government during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, in which a design to restore the son of James II. to the British throne, which his father had forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on the arrival of George I. many persons were punished, by being put into prison or sent into banishment. Among the former of those who had entered into this combination was Sir William Wyndham, who, in 1715, was committed as a prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was then some alteration to be made, in consequence of the succession of the house of Brunswick; and as Sir William's chariot was passing through, conveying him to his prison, the painter was at work adding the white horse, which formed the arms of the Elector of Hanover. It struck Sir William forcibly. He immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him there during his confinement; and, although

probably not inclined to superstition, he looked upon it as a prophecy which was fully accomplished. But in this he was much mistaken; for many years after, being out hunting, he had the misfortune to be thrown whilst leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

This was the famous statesman and orator, of whom Pope has left an elegant eulogium:—

“ How can I Pult’ney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms and Attic wit!
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own.”

Sir William’s death occurred on the 27th of June, 1740. His son, Charles, succeeded, at the demise of his maternal uncle, Algernon, Duke of Somerset, to the earldom of Egremont.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

THE following account exhibits the grandeur of housekeeping among the English nobles in the time of the Plantagenets, being the debit side of the account of H. Leicester, cofferer to Thomas Earl of Lancaster, containing the amount of all the disbursements relating to domestic expenses in the year 1313 (Record of Pontefract), regno Edwardi II. :—

	£	s.	d.
To the amount of the charge of pantry, buttery, and kitchen .	3405	0	0
To 369 pipes of red wine, and two pipes of white	104	17	6
To all sorts of grocery wares . .	180	17	0
To 6 barrels of sturgeon . . .	19	0	0
To 6000 dried fishes of all sorts .	41	6	7
To 1614lb. of wax, vermilion, and turpentine	314	7	4
To the charge of the Earl's great horses, and servants' wages .	436	4	3

	£	s.	d.
To linen for the Earl, his chaplains, and table	43	17	0
To 129 dozen of skins of parch- ment, and ink	4	8	3
To two scarlet cloths for the Earl's use ; one of russet to the Bishop of Angew ; seventy of blue for the knights ; twenty-eight for the 'squires ; fifteen for the clerks ; fifteen for the officers ; nineteen for the grooms ; five for the archers ; four for the minstrels and carpenters, with the sharing and carriage, for the Earl's li- veries at Christmas	460	15	0
To 7 furs of powdered ermine ; 7 hoods of purple ; 395 furs of budge, for the liveries of barons, knights, and clerks, and 123 furs of lamb, bought at Christmas for the 'squires	147	17	8
To 168 yards of russet cloth, and 24 coats for poor men, with money given to the poor on Maundy Thursday	8	16	7
To 65 saffron-coloured cloths for			

	£	s.	d.
the barons and knights in summer,			
12 red cloths for the 'squires, 1			
for the officers, and 4 ray cloths			
for carpets in the hall . . .	345	13	8
To 100 pieces of green silk for the			
knights, 14 budge furs for sur-			
coats, 13 hoods of budge for the			
clerks, and 75 furs of lambs for			
liveries in summer, with canvass			
and cords to tie them . . .	72	19	0
To saddles for the summer liveries .	51	6	8
To one saddle for the Earl . . .	2	0	0
To several items, the particulars in			
the account defaced . . .	241	14	1
To horses lost in service . . .	8	6	8
To fees paid to earls, barons, knights,			
and 'squires . . .	623	15	5
To gifts to French knights, Countess			
of Warren, Queen's nurses,			
'squires, minstrels, messengers,			
and riders . . .	92	14	0
To 24 silver dishes, 24 saucers, 24			
cups, 1 pair of pater nosters, and			
1 silver coffin, all bought this			
year, when silver was at 1s. 8d.			
per ounce . . .	103	5	6
To several messengers . . .	34	19	8

	£	s.	d.
To sundry things in the Earl's bed-chamber	5	0	0
To several old debts paid this year	88	16	0½
To the Countess's disbursements at Pickering	440	5	0
To 2319lb. of tallow candles, and 1780lb. of lights, called Paris candles, or white wax candles .	31	14	3
Sum total	£7309	12	6½

We may add, for the due appreciation of the foregoing, that silver was then at one shilling and eight-pence per ounce; so that twelve ounces went to a pound sterling; by which it does appear, that the sum total expended in that year amounts, in our money, to £2078 17s. 8d., whereby is shewn, that the Earl must have had a prodigious estate, especially considering the vast disparity of the prices of provisions then and now; therefore, we may justly conclude, that such an estate at present would bring in, at least, £200,000 per annum.

ACTRESSES RAISED BY MARRIAGE.

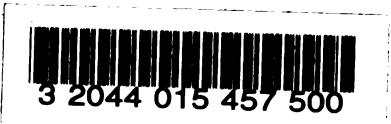
THE first person among "the gentry," who chose a wife from the stage was Martin Folkes, the antiquary, a man of fortune, who about the year 1713, married Lucretia Bradshaw, the representative of Farquhar's heroines. A contemporary writer styles her "one of the greatest and most promising *genii* of her time," and assigns "her prudent and exemplary conduct," as the attraction that won the learned antiquary. The next actress, whose husband moved in an elevated rank, was Anastasia Robinson, the singer. The great Lord Peterborough—the hero of the Spanish war—the friend of Pope and Swift, publicly acknowledged Anastasia as his Countess in 1735. In four years after, the Lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of James, 1st Earl of Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert, bestowed her hand on James Beard, the performer. Subsequently, about the middle of the eighteenth century, Lavinia Best-

wick, the original "Polly Peachum," became Duchess of Bolton. The next on record was Miss Linley's marriage to Sheridan, one of the most romantic episodes in theatrical unions; and before the 18th century closed, Elizabeth Farren, a perfect gentlewoman, became Countess of the proudest Earl in England, the representative of the illustrious Stanleys. She was Lord Derby's second consort, and mother of the present Countess of Wilton. In 1807, the beautiful Miss Searle became the wife of Robert Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.; and in the same year Louisa Brunton was married to the late Earl Craven. Her son is now Earl Craven, and her niece, Mrs. Yates, the actress, still exhibits the dramatic genius of the Brunton family. "The Beggars' Opera" again conferred a coronet; Mary Catherine Bolton's impersonation of "Polly Peachum" captivated Lord Thurlow. She was married to his lordship in 1813. In more recent times—the most fascinating of our actresses, Miss O'Neill wedded Sir William Wrixon Becher, Bart.; Miss Foote, the Earl of Harrington; Miss Stephens, the Earl of Essex; and Mrs. Nisbett, Sir William Boothby, Bart. It has been remarked that the conduct of each one of these ladies in her wedded life was unexceptionable.

END OF VOL. I.

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